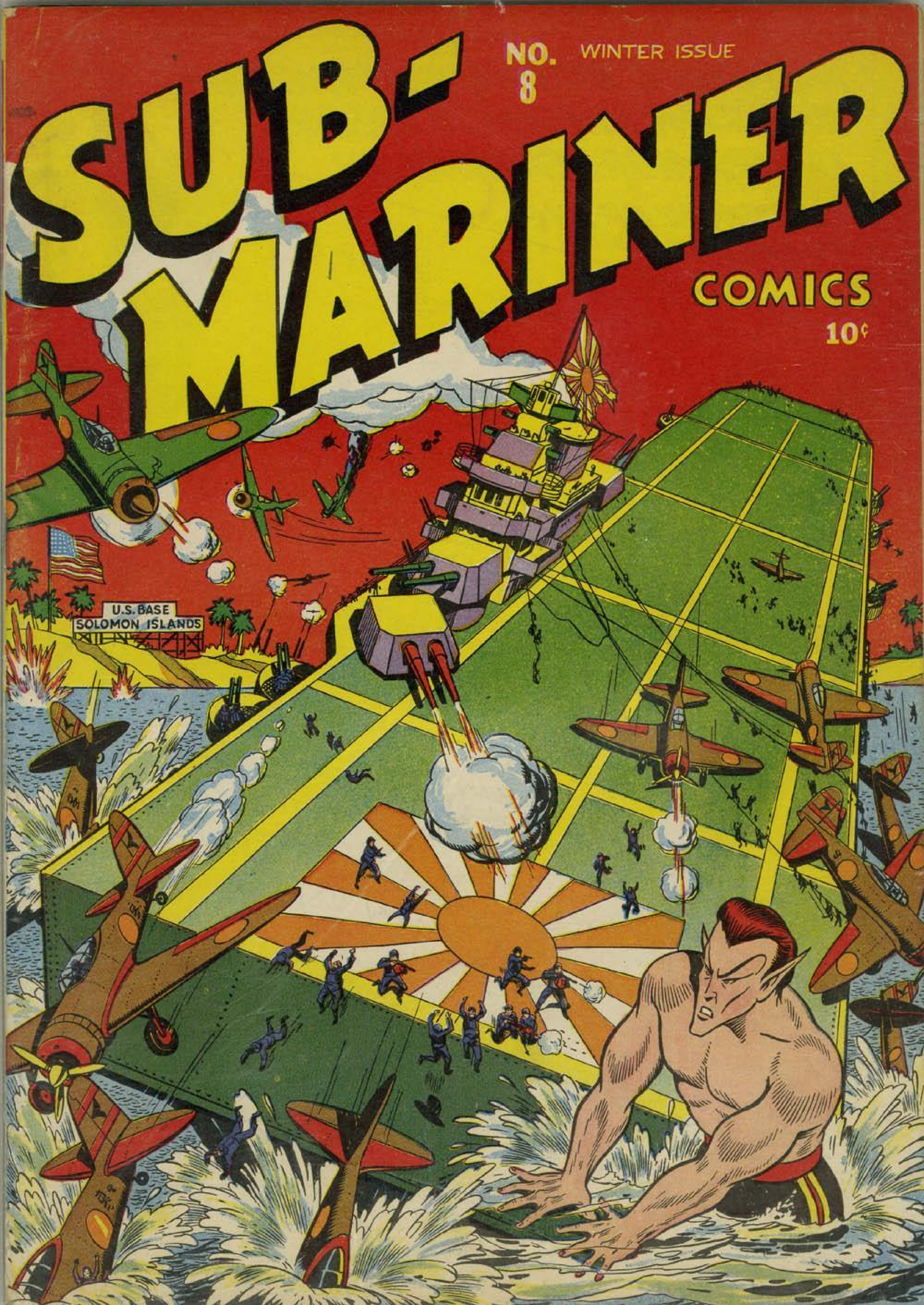
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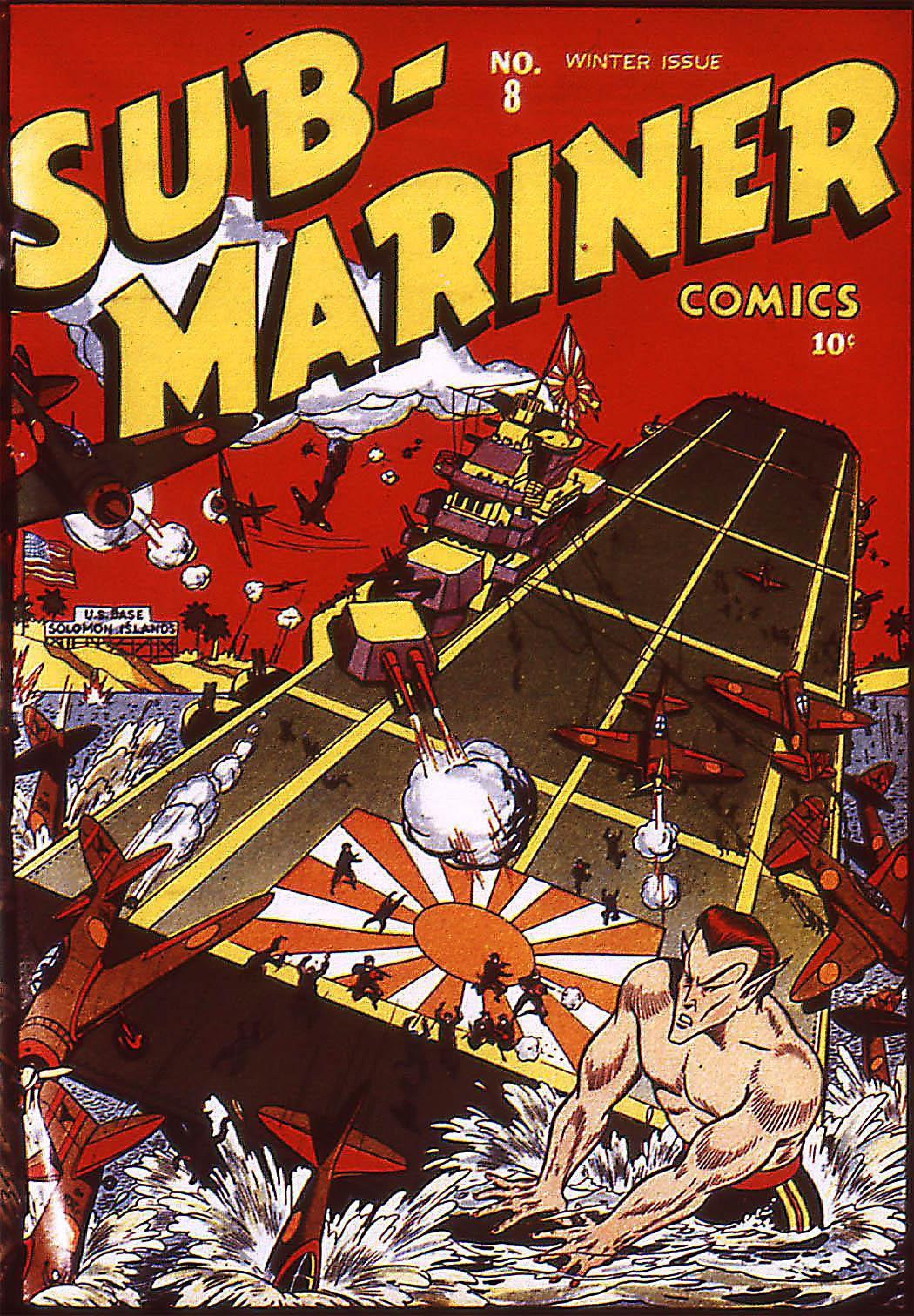
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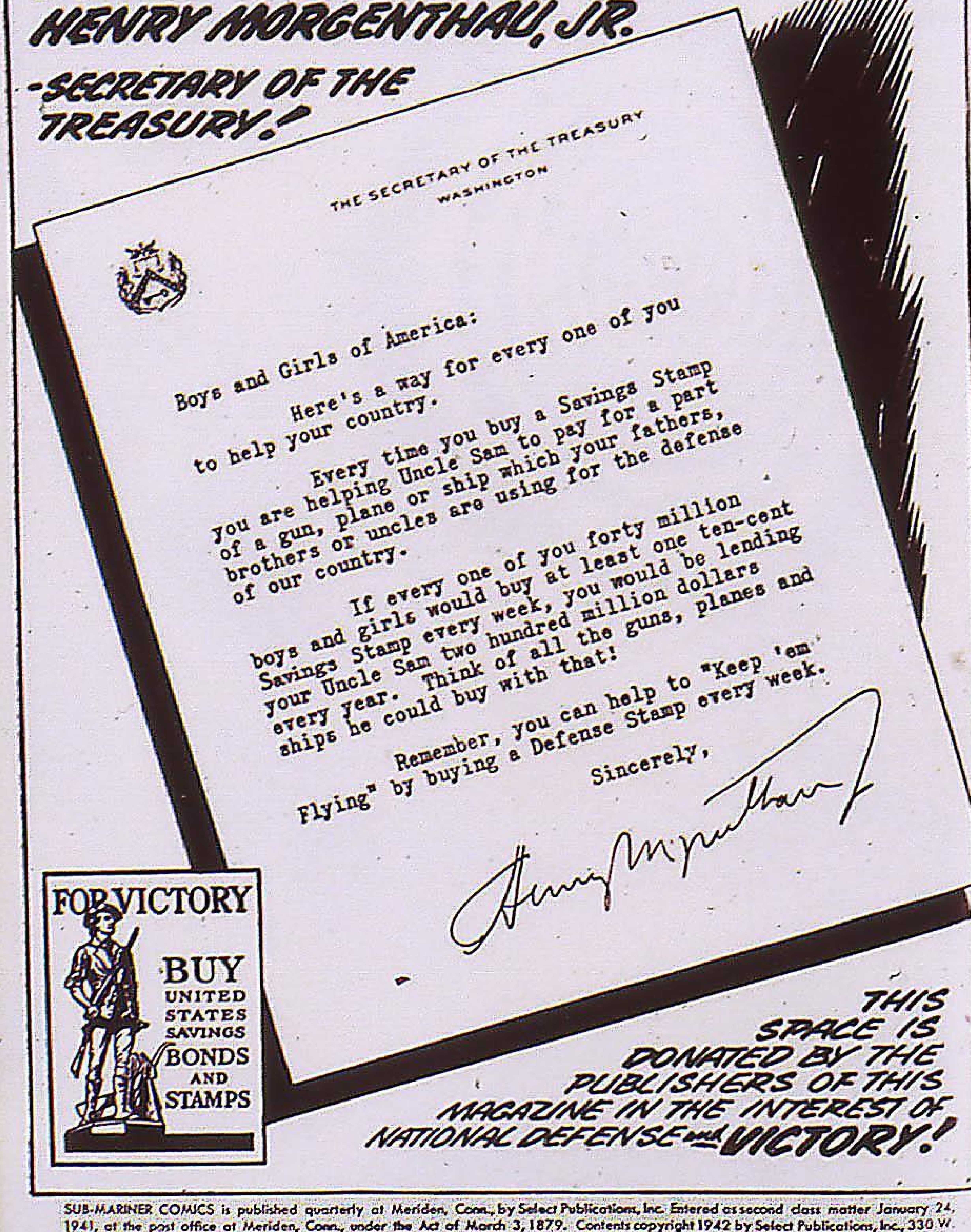
A SPECIAL MESSAGE TO THE BOYS and GIRLS OF AMERICA FROM HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR. -SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY!



THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY
WASHINGTON

Boys and Girls of America:

Here's a way for every one of you to help your country.

Every time you buy a Savings Stamp you are helping Uncle Sam to pay for a part of a gun, plane or ship which your fathers, brothers or uncles are using for the defense of our country.

If every one of you forty million boys and girls would buy at least one ten-cent Savings Stamp every week, you would be lending your Uncle Sam two hundred million dollars every year. Think of all the guns, planes and ships he could buy with that!

Remember, you can help to "Keep 'em Flying" by buying a Defense Stamp every week.

Sincerely,

Henry Morgenthau Jr

THIS SPACE IS DONATED BY THE PUBLISHERS OF THIS MAGAZINE IN THE INTEREST OF NATIONAL DEFENSE and VICTORY!

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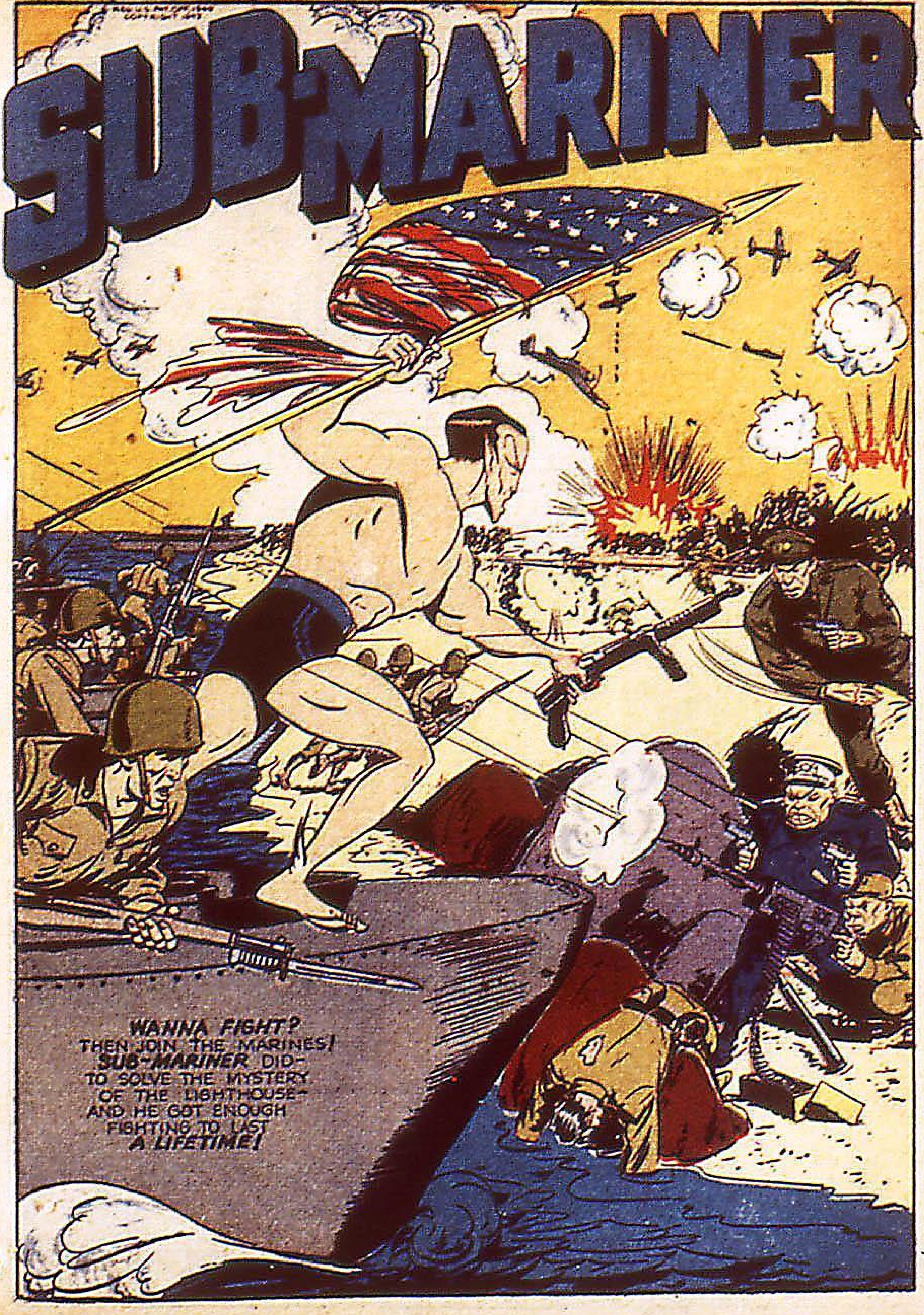
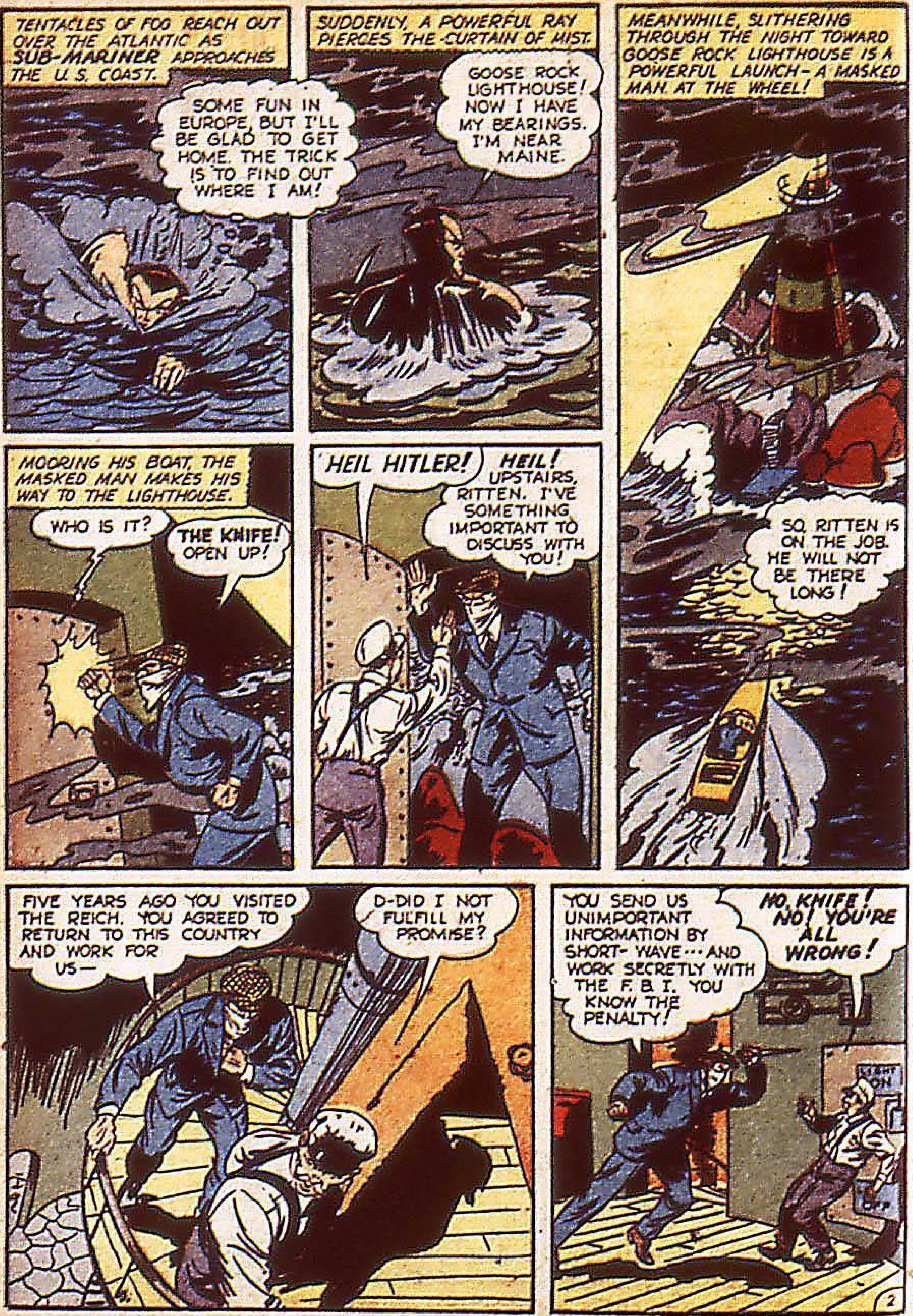
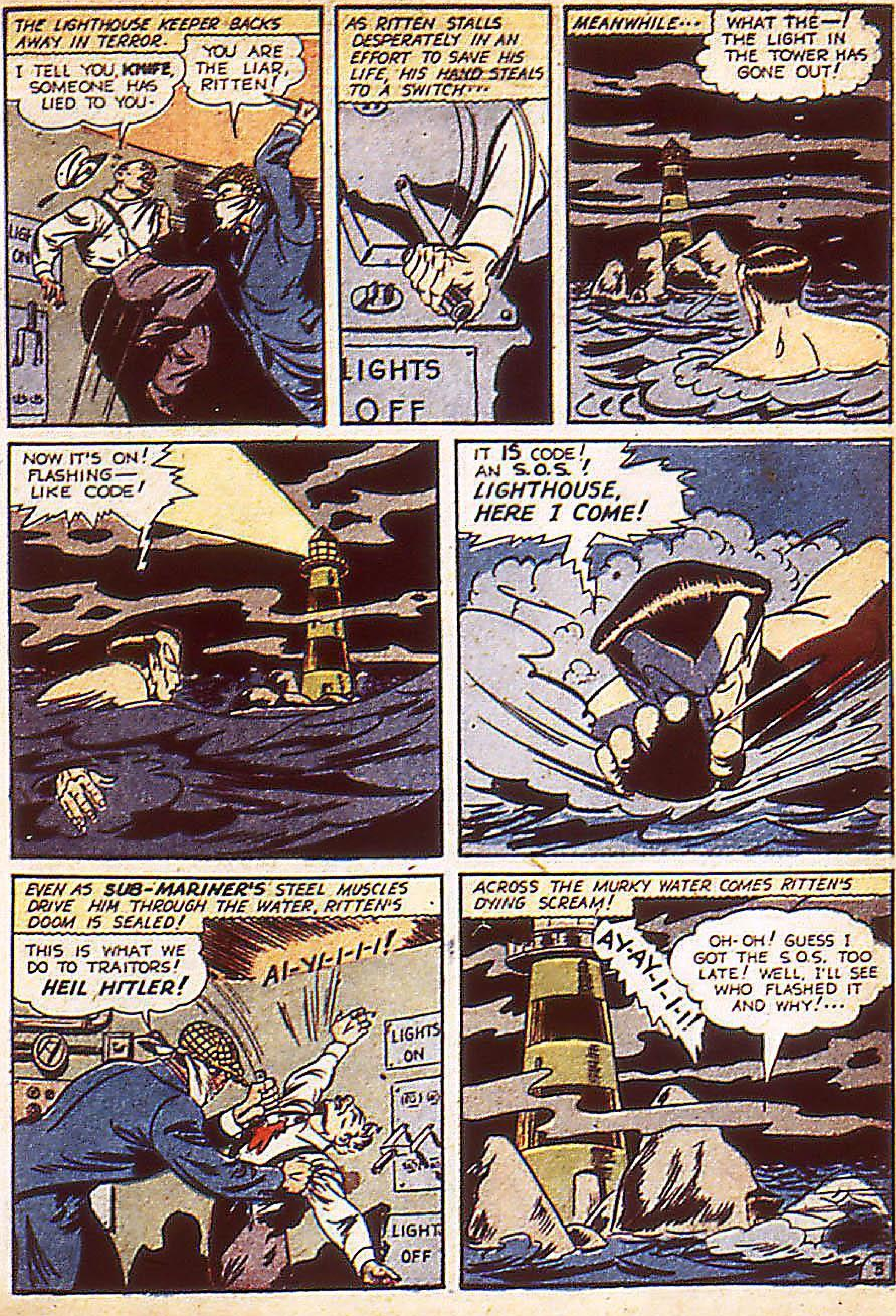
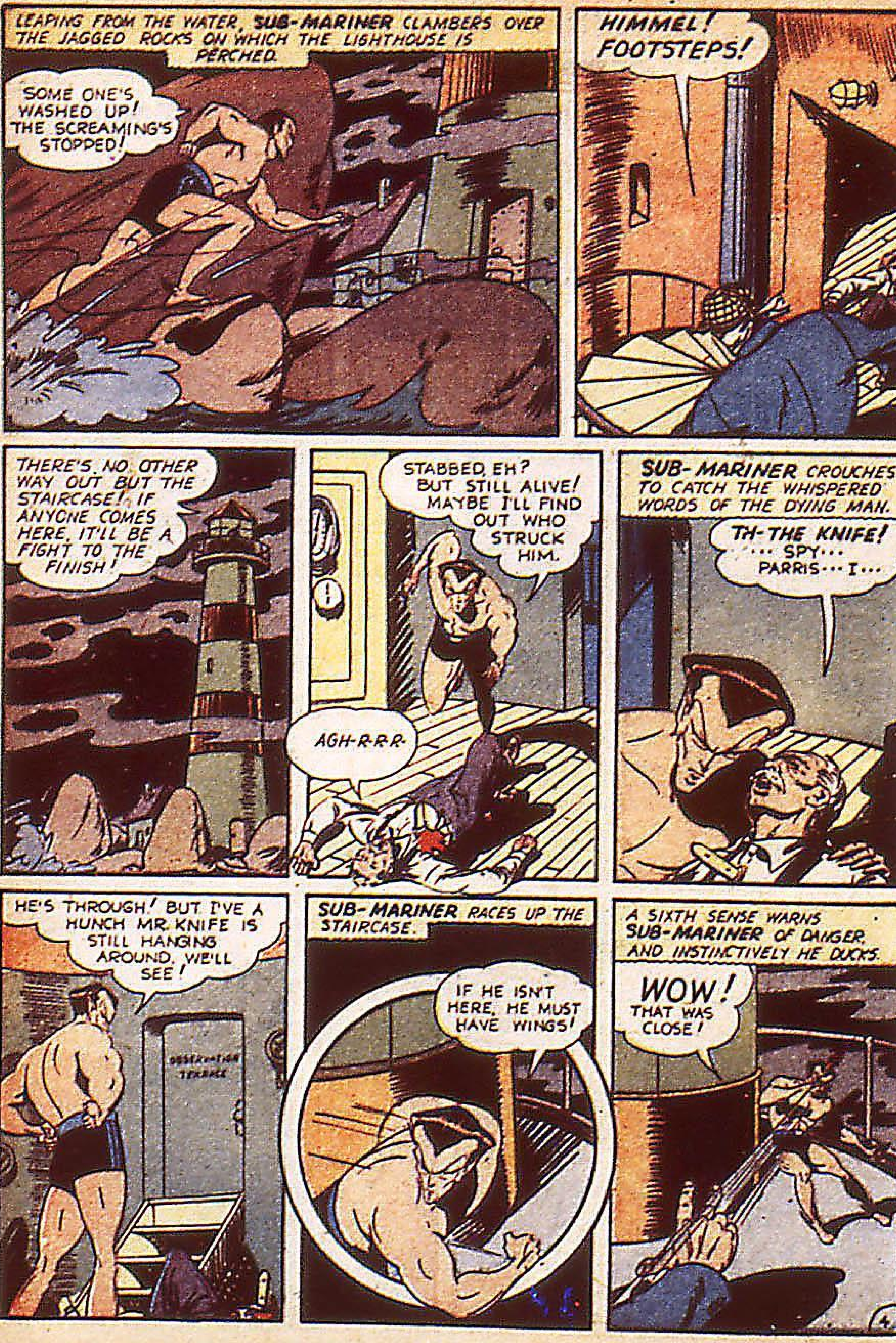
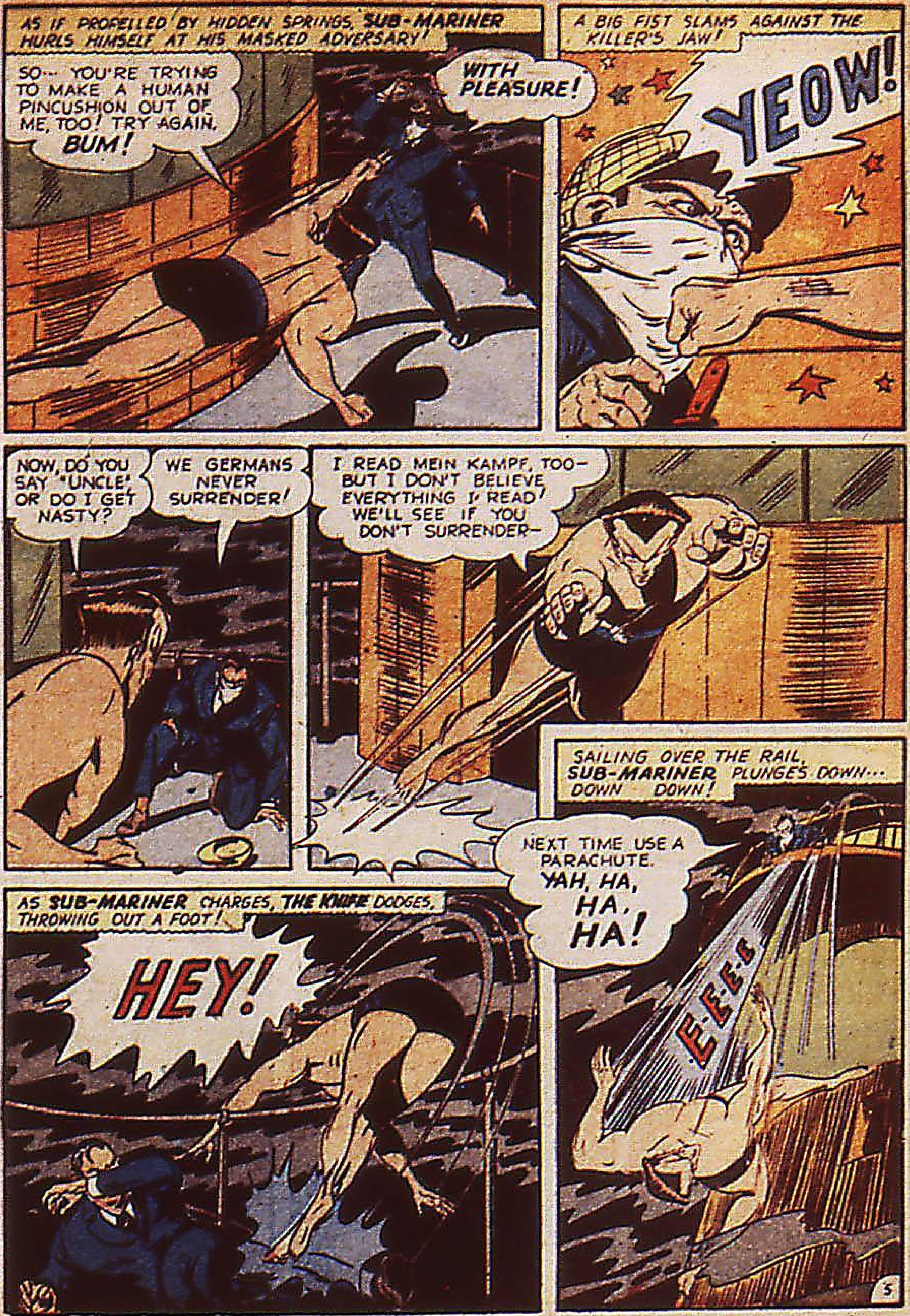
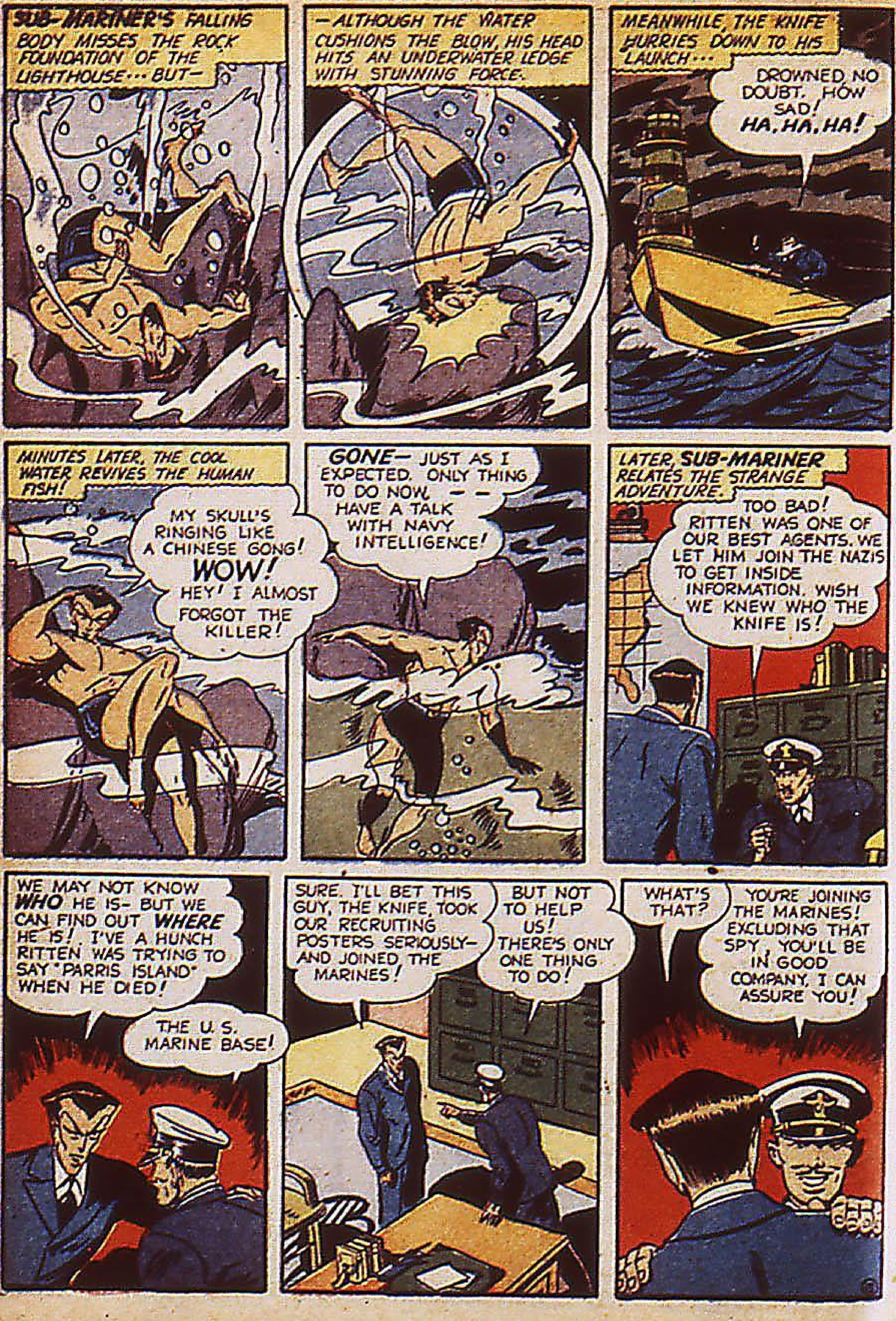

SUB-MARINER
WANNA FIGHT? THEN JOIN THE MARINES! SUB-MARINER DID— TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THE LIGHTHOUSE— AND HE GOT ENOUGH FIGHTING TO LAST A LIFETIME!

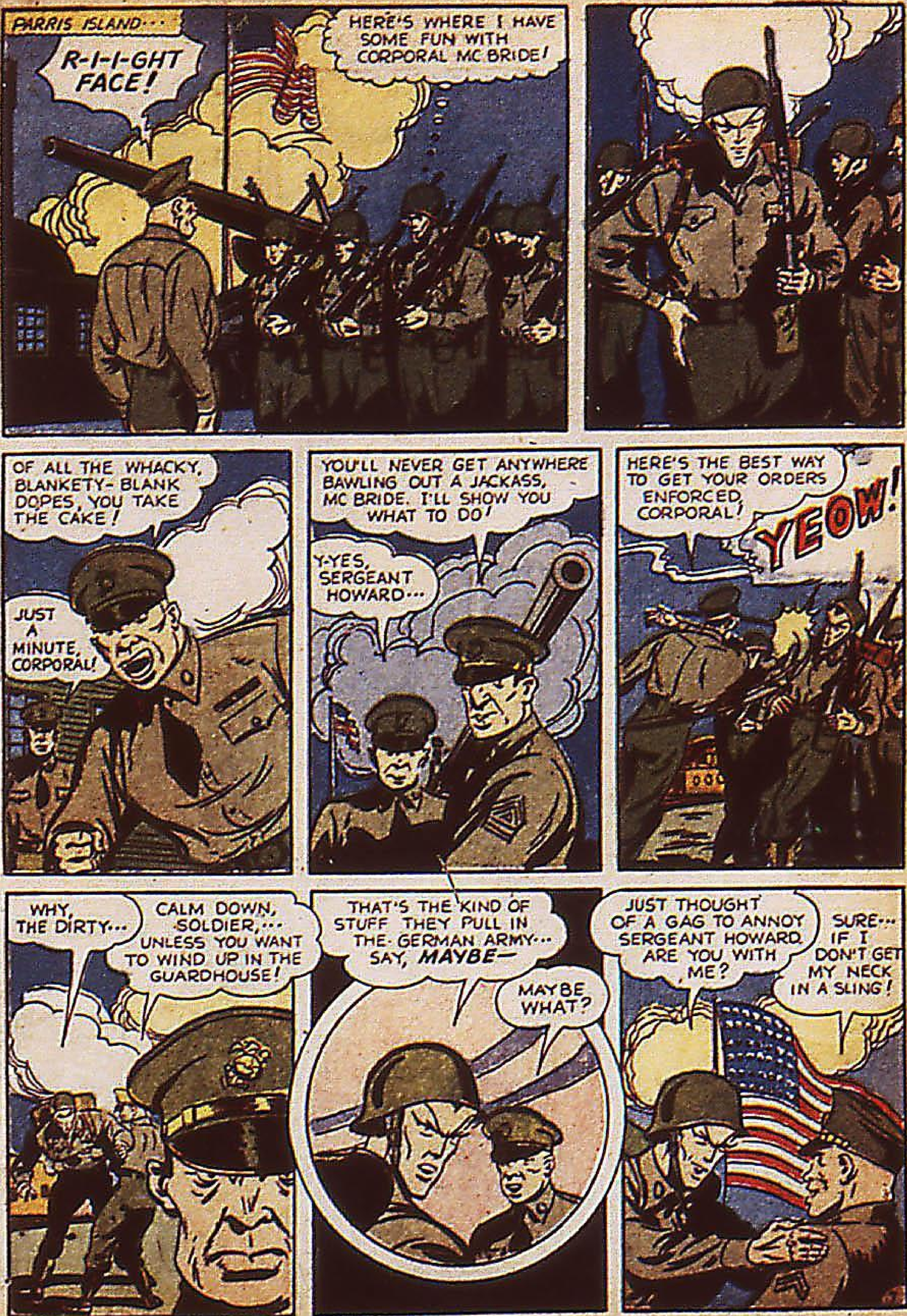

TENTACLES OF FOG REACH OUT OVER THE ATLANTIC AS SUB-MARINER APPROACHES THE U.S. COAST.
SOME FUN IN EUROPE, BUT I'LL BE GLAD TO GET HOME. THE TRICK IS TO FIND OUT WHERE I AM!
SUDDENLY, A POWERFUL RAY PIERCES THE CURTAIN OF MIST.
GOOSE ROCK LIGHTHOUSE! NOW I HAVE MY BEARINGS. I'M NEAR MAINE.
MEANWHILE, SLITHERING THROUGH THE NIGHT TOWARD GOOSE ROCK LIGHTHOUSE IS A POWERFUL LAUNCH - A MASKED MAN AT THE WHEEL!
SO, RITTEN IS ON THE JOB. HE WILL NOT BE THERE LONG!
MOORING HIS BOAT, THE MASKED MAN MAKES HIS WAY TO THE LIGHTHOUSE.
WHO IS IT?
THE KNIFE! OPEN UP!
HEIL HITLER!
HEIL! UPSTAIRS, RITTEN. I'VE SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO DISCUSS WITH YOU!
FIVE YEARS AGO YOU VISITED THE REICH. YOU AGREED TO RETURN TO THIS COUNTRY AND WORK FOR US—
D-DID I NOT FULFILL MY PROMISE?
YOU SEND US UNIMPORTANT INFORMATION BY SHORT-WAVE ... AND WORK SECRETLY WITH THE F. B. I. YOU KNOW THE PENALTY!
NO, KNIFE! NO! YOU'RE ALL WRONG!
LIGHT ON
OFF

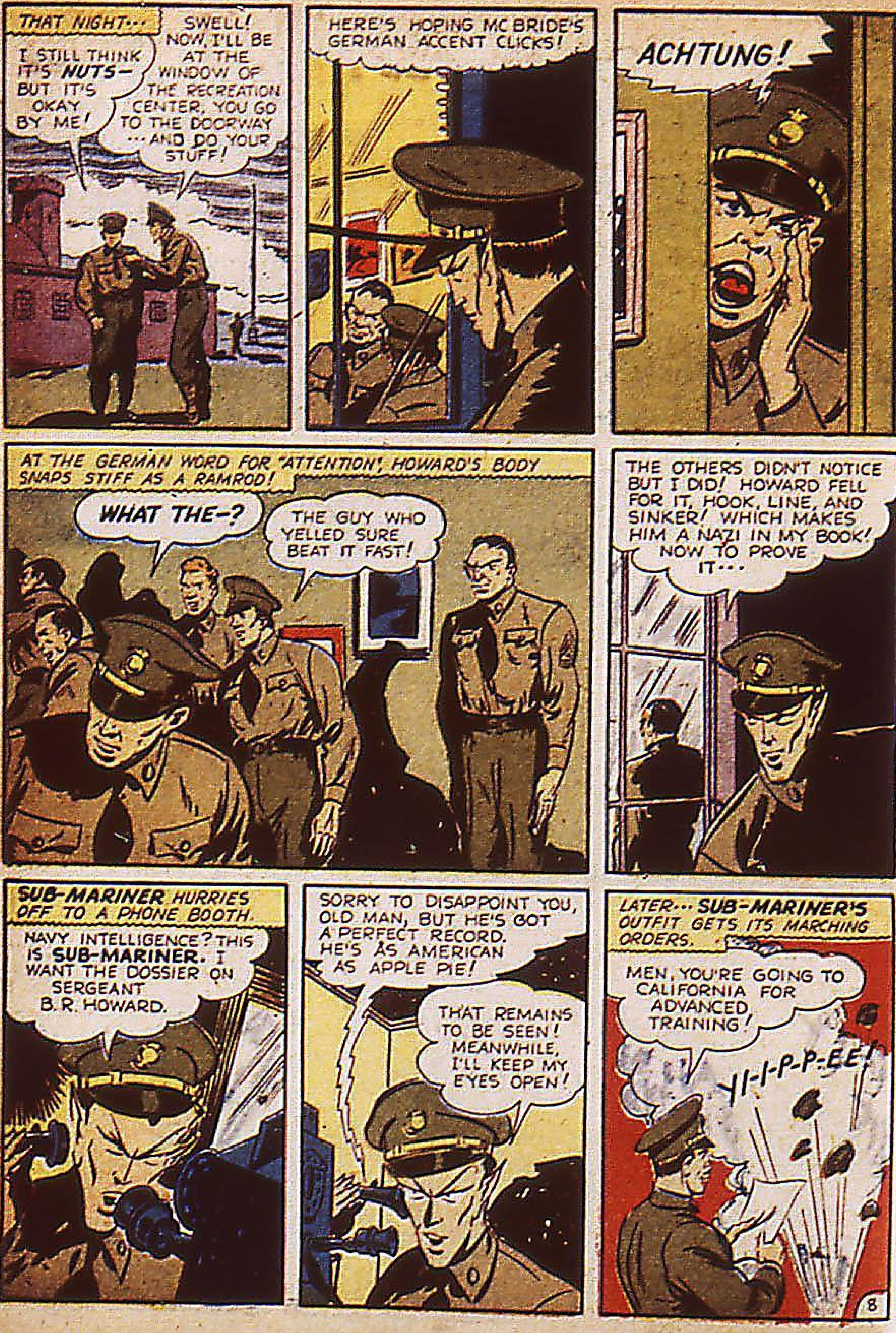

THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER BACKS AWAY IN TERROR.
I TELL YOU, KNIFE, SOMEONE HAS LIED TO YOU-
YOU ARE THE LIAR, RITTEN!
LIGHT ON
AS RITTEN STALLS DESPERATELY IN AN EFFORT TO SAVE HIS LIFE, HIS HAND STEALS TO A SWITCH···
LIGHTS OFF
MEANWHILE···
WHAT THE—! THE LIGHT IN THE TOWER HAS GONE OUT!
NOW IT'S ON! FLASHING— LIKE CODE!
IT IS CODE! AN S.O.S.! LIGHTHOUSE, HERE I COME!
EVEN AS SUB-MARINER'S STEEL MUSCLES DRIVE HIM THROUGH THE WATER, RITTEN'S DOOM IS SEALED!
THIS IS WHAT WE DO TO TRAITORS! HEIL HITLER!
AI-YI-I-I-I!
LIGHTS ON
LIGHTS OFF
ACROSS THE MURKY WATER COMES RITTEN'S DYING SCREAM!
AY-AY-I-I-I!
OH-OH! GUESS I GOT THE S.O.S. TOO LATE! WELL, I'LL SEE WHO FLASHED IT AND WHY!...

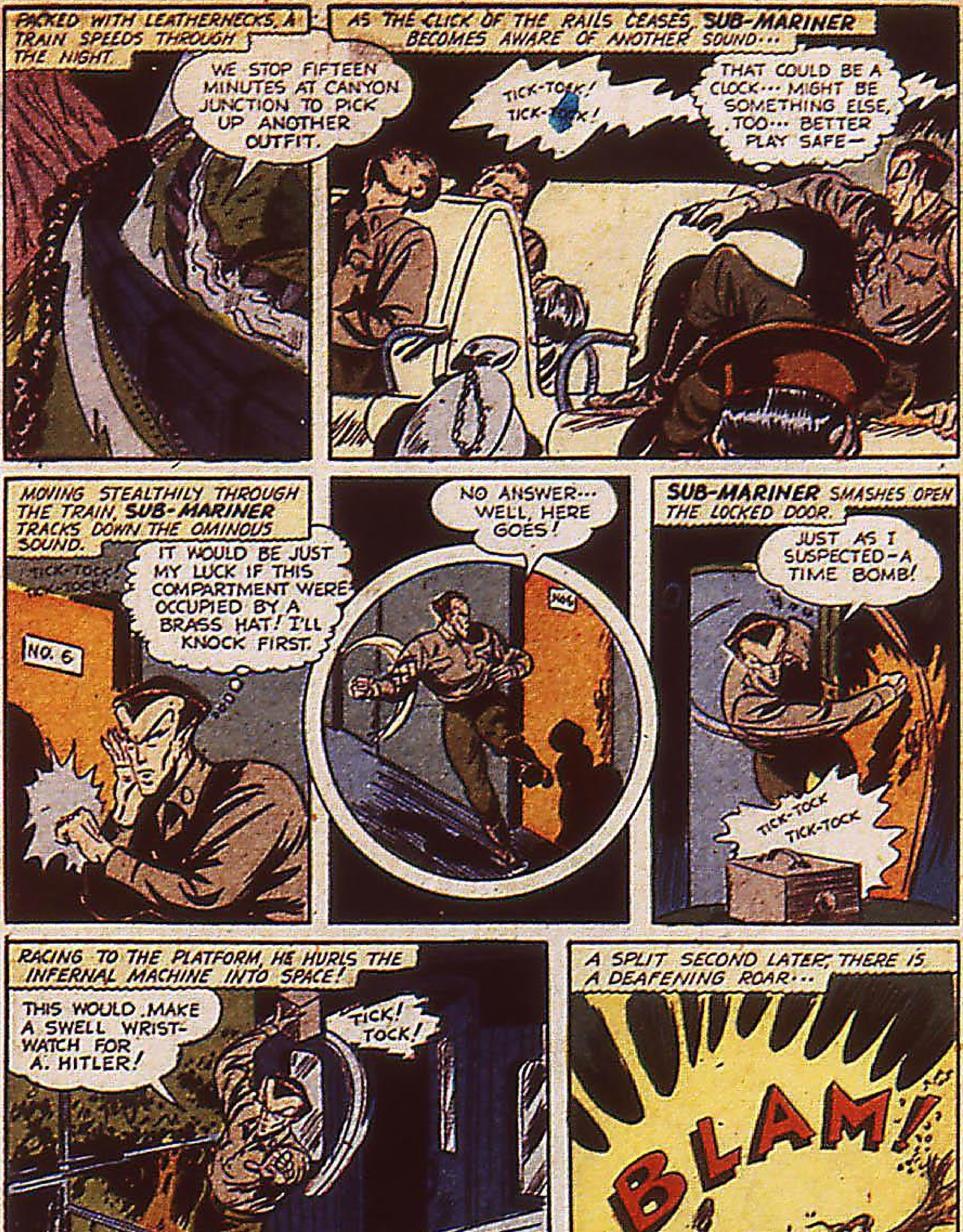

LEAPING FROM THE WATER, SUB-MARINER CLAMBERS OVER THE JAGGED ROCKS ON WHICH THE LIGHTHOUSE IS PERCHED.
SOME ONE'S WASHED UP! THE SCREAMING'S STOPPED!
HIMMEL! FOOTSTEPS!
THERE'S NO OTHER WAY OUT BUT THE STAIRCASE! IF ANYONE COMES HERE, IT'LL BE A FIGHT TO THE FINISH!
STABBED, EH? BUT STILL ALIVE! MAYBE I'LL FIND OUT WHO STRUCK HIM.
AGH-R-R-R
SUB-MARINER CROUCHES TO CATCH THE WHISPERED WORDS OF THE DYING MAN.
TH-THE KNIFE! ... SPY... PARRIS... I...
HE'S THROUGH! BUT I'VE A HUNCH MR. KNIFE IS STILL HANGING AROUND. WE'LL SEE!
OBSERVATION TERRACE
SUB-MARINER RACES UP THE STAIRCASE.
IF HE ISN'T HERE, HE MUST HAVE WINGS!
A SIXTH SENSE WARNS SUB-MARINER OF DAIGER, AND INSTINCTIVELY HE DUCKS.
WOW! THAT WAS CLOSE!

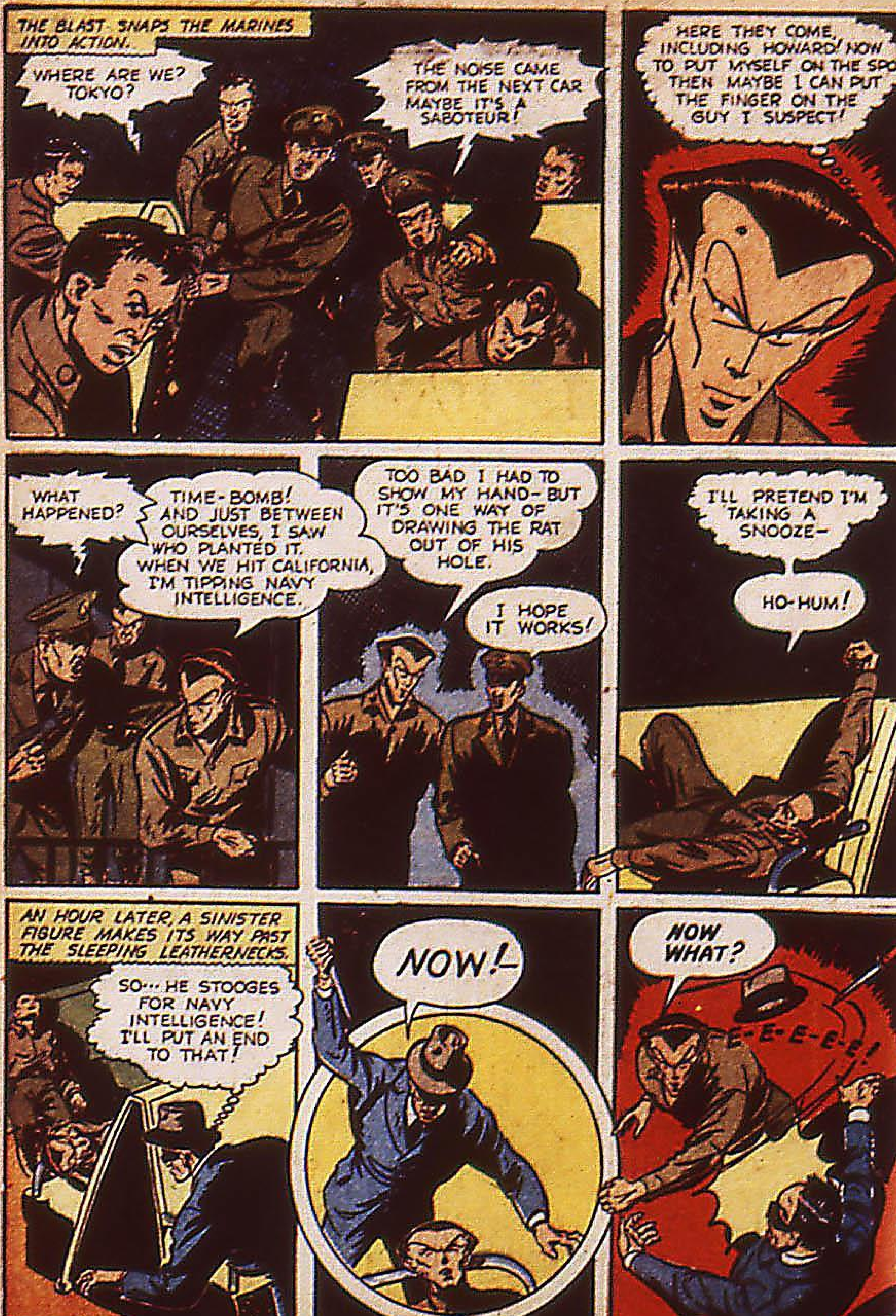

AS IF PROPELLED BY HIDDEN SPRINGS, SUB-MARINER HURLS HIMSELF AT HIS MASKED ADVERSARY!
SO-- YOU'RE TRYING TO MAKE A HUMAN PINCUSHION OUT OF ME, TOO! TRY AGAIN, BUM!
WITH PLEASURE!
A BIG FIST SLAMS AGAINST THE KILLER'S JAW!
YEOW!
NOW, DO YOU SAY 'UNCLE' OR DO I GET NASTY?
WE GERMANS NEVER SURRENDER!
I READ MEIN KAMPF, TOO-- BUT I DON'T BELIEVE EVERYTHING I READ! WE'LL SEE IF YOU DON'T SURRENDER--
SAILING OVER THE RAIL, SUB-MARINER PLUNGES DOWN... DOWN DOWN!
NEXT TIME USE A PARACHUTE. YAH, HA, HA, HA!
E-E-E-E
AS SUB-MARINER CHARGES, THE KNIFE DODGES, THROWING OUT A FOOT!
HEY!

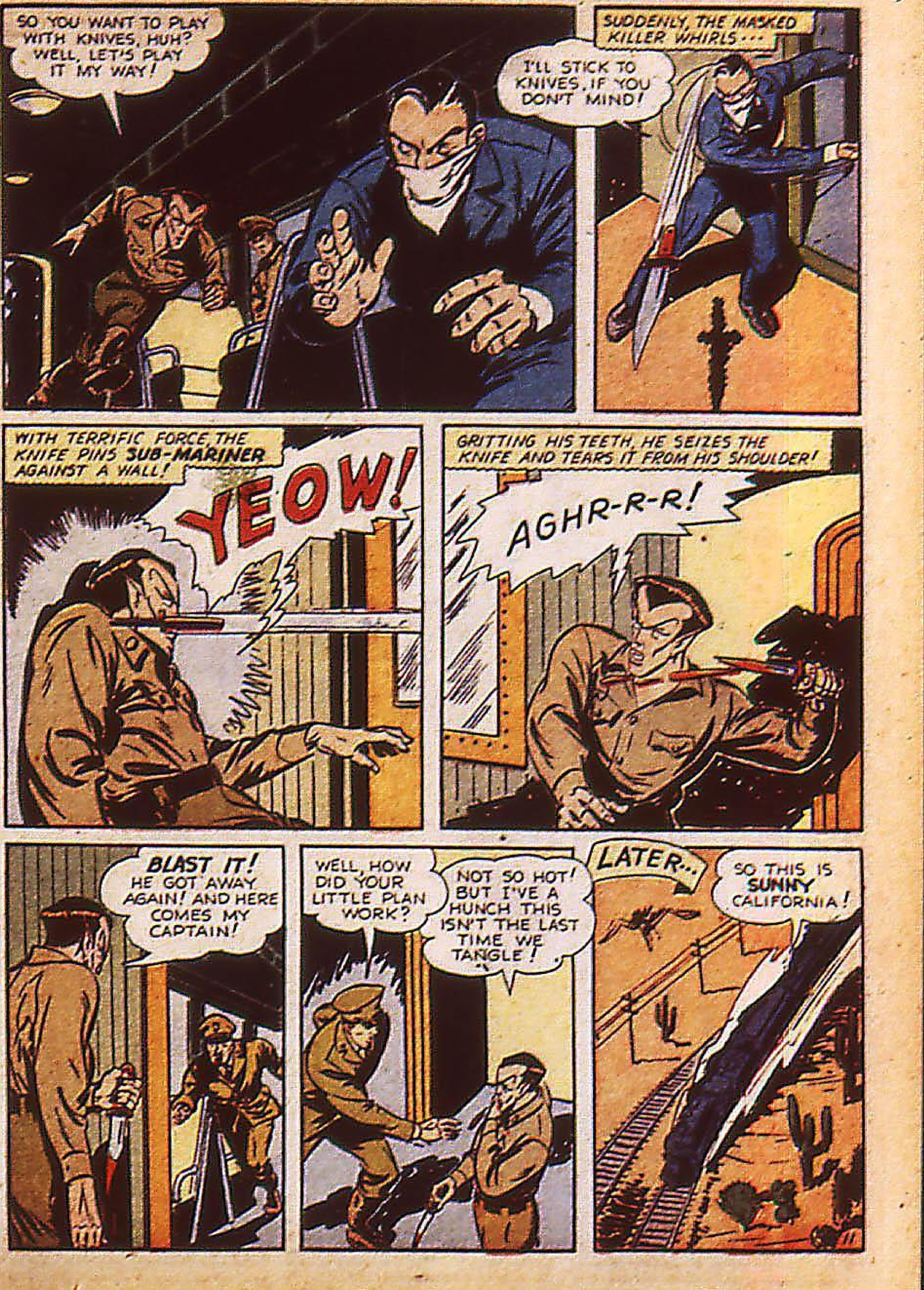

SUB-MARINER'S FALLING BODY MISSES THE ROCK FOUNDATION OF THE LIGHTHOUSE... BUT—
—ALTHOUGH THE WATER CUSHIONS THE BLOW, HIS HEAD HITS AN UNDERWATER LEDGE WITH STUNNING FORCE.
MEANWHILE, THE KNIFE HURRIES DOWN TO HIS LAUNCH...
DROWNED NO DOUBT. HOW SAD! HA, HA, HA!
MINUTES LATER, THE COOL WATER REVIVES THE HUMAN FISH!
MY SKULL'S RINGING LIKE A CHINESE GONG! WOW! HEY! I ALMOST FORGOT THE KILLER!
GONE— JUST AS I EXPECTED. ONLY THING TO DO NOW — — HAVE A TALK WITH NAVY INTELLIGENCE!
LATER, SUB-MARINER RELATES THE STRANGE ADVENTURE.
TOO BAD! RITTEN WAS ONE OF OUR BEST AGENTS. WE LET HIM JOIN THE NAZIS TO GET INSIDE INFORMATION. WISH WE KNEW WHO THE KNIFE IS!
WE MAY NOT KNOW WHO HE IS— BUT WE CAN FIND OUT WHERE HE IS! I'VE A HUNCH RITTEN WAS TRYING TO SAY "PARRIS ISLAND" WHEN HE DIED!
THE U.S. MARINE BASE!
SURE. I'LL BET THIS GUY, THE KNIFE, TOOK OUR RECRUITING POSTERS SERIOUSLY— AND JOINED THE MARINES!
BUT NOT TO HELP US! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO!
WHAT'S THAT?
YOU'RE JOINING THE MARINES! EXCLUDING THAT SPY, YOU'LL BE IN GOOD COMPANY, I CAN ASSURE YOU!

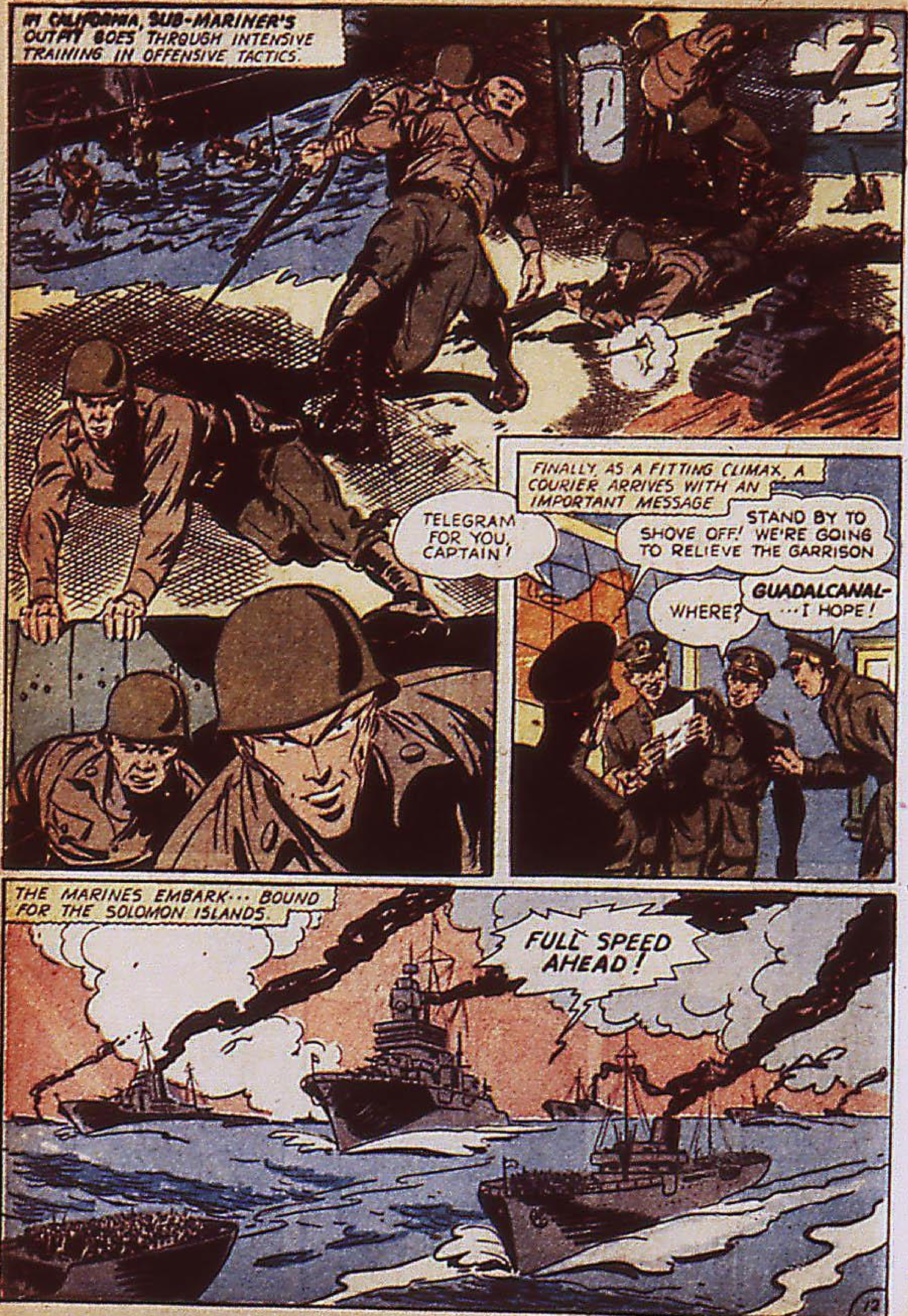

PARRIS ISLAND···
R-I-I-GHT FACE!
HERE'S WHERE I HAVE SOME FUN WITH CORPORAL MC BRIDE!
OF ALL THE WHACKY, BLANKETY-BLANK DOPES, YOU TAKE THE CAKE!
JUST A MINUTE, CORPORAL!
YOU'LL NEVER GET ANYWHERE BAWLING OUT A JACKASS, MC BRIDE. I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT TO DO!
Y-YES, SERGEANT HOWARD···
HERE'S THE BEST WAY TO GET YOUR ORDERS ENFORCED, CORPORAL!
YEOW!
WHY, THE DIRTY···
CALM DOWN, SOLDIER,··· UNLESS YOU WANT TO WIND UP IN THE GUARDHOUSE!
THAT'S THE KIND OF STUFF THEY PULL IN THE GERMAN ARMY··· SAY, *MAYBE*—
MAYBE WHAT?
JUST THOUGHT OF A GAG TO ANNOY SERGEANT HOWARD. ARE YOU WITH ME?
SURE··· IF I DON'T GET MY NECK IN A SLING!

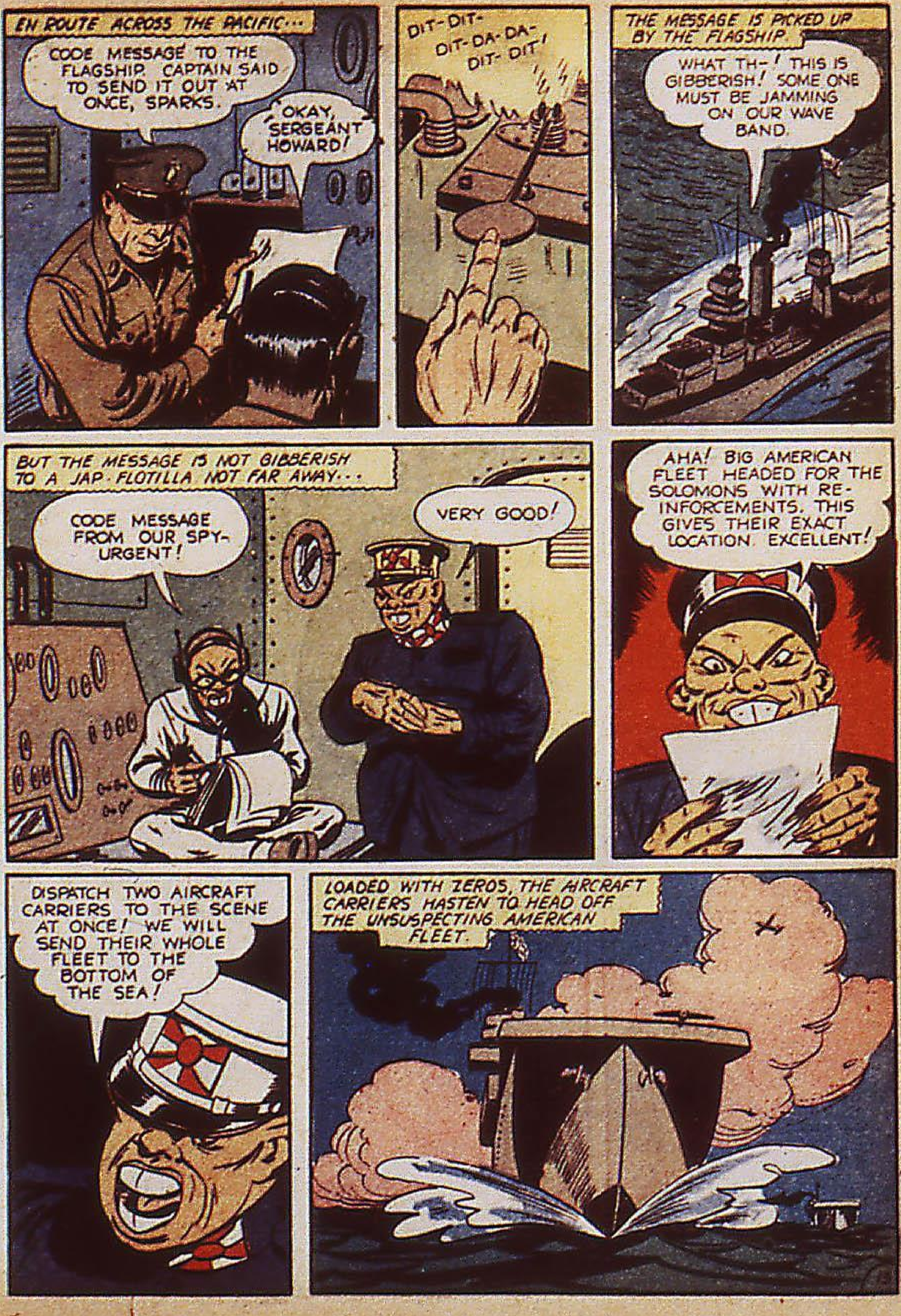

THAT NIGHT...
I STILL THINK IT'S NUTS— BUT IT'S OKAY BY ME!
SWELL! NOW, I'LL BE AT THE WINDOW OF THE RECREATION CENTER. YOU GO TO THE DOORWAY ... AND DO YOUR STUFF!
HERE'S HOPING MC BRIDE'S GERMAN ACCENT CLICKS!
ACHTUNG!
AT THE GERMAN WORD FOR "ATTENTION", HOWARD'S BODY SNAPS STIFF AS A RAMROD!
WHAT THE—?
THE GUY WHO YELLED SURE BEAT IT FAST!
THE OTHERS DIDN'T NOTICE BUT I DID! HOWARD FELL FOR IT, HOOK, LINE, AND SINKER! WHICH MAKES HIM A NAZI IN MY BOOK! NOW TO PROVE IT...
SUB-MARINER HURRIES OFF TO A PHONE BOOTH.
NAVY INTELLIGENCE? THIS IS SUB-MARINER. I WANT THE DOSSIER ON SERGEANT B. R. HOWARD.
SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, OLD MAN, BUT HE'S GOT A PERFECT RECORD. HE'S AS AMERICAN AS APPLE PIE!
THAT REMAINS TO BE SEEN! MEANWHILE, I'LL KEEP MY EYES OPEN!
LATER... SUB-MARINER'S OUTFIT GETS ITS MARCHING ORDERS.
MEN, YOU'RE GOING TO CALIFORNIA FOR ADVANCED TRAINING!
YI-I-P-P-EE!
8

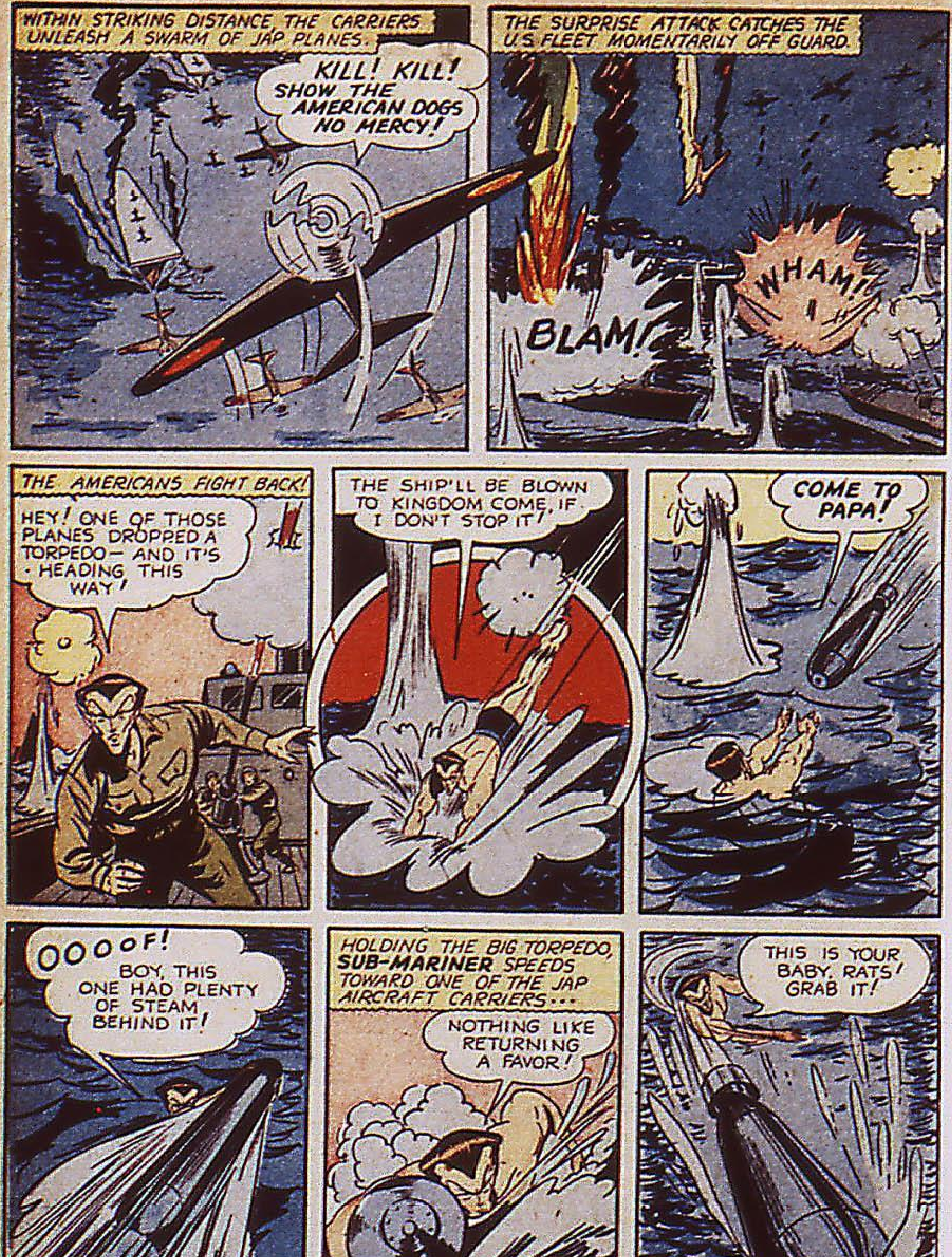

PACKED WITH LEATHERNECKS, A TRAIN SPEEDS THROUGH THE NIGHT.
WE STOP FIFTEEN MINUTES AT CANYON JUNCTION TO PICK UP ANOTHER OUTFIT.
AS THE CLICK OF THE RAILS CEASES, SUB-MARINER BECOMES AWARE OF ANOTHER SOUND...
TICK-TOCK! TICK-TOCK!
THAT COULD BE A CLOCK... MIGHT BE SOMETHING ELSE, TOO... BETTER PLAY SAFE—
MOVING STEALTHILY THROUGH THE TRAIN, SUB-MARINER TRACKS DOWN THE OMINOUS SOUND.
TICK-TOCK! TICK-TOCK!
IT WOULD BE JUST MY LUCK IF THIS COMPARTMENT WERE OCCUPIED BY A BRASS HAT! I'LL KNOCK FIRST.
NO. 6
NO ANSWER... WELL, HERE GOES!
No. 6
SUB-MARINER SMASHES OPEN THE LOCKED DOOR.
JUST AS I SUSPECTED—A TIME BOMB!
TICK-TOCK TICK-TOCK
RACING TO THE PLATFORM, HE HURLS THE INFERNAL MACHINE INTO SPACE!
THIS WOULD MAKE A SWELL WRIST-WATCH FOR A. HITLER!
TICK! TOCK!
A SPLIT SECOND LATER, THERE IS A DEAFENING ROAR...
BLAM!

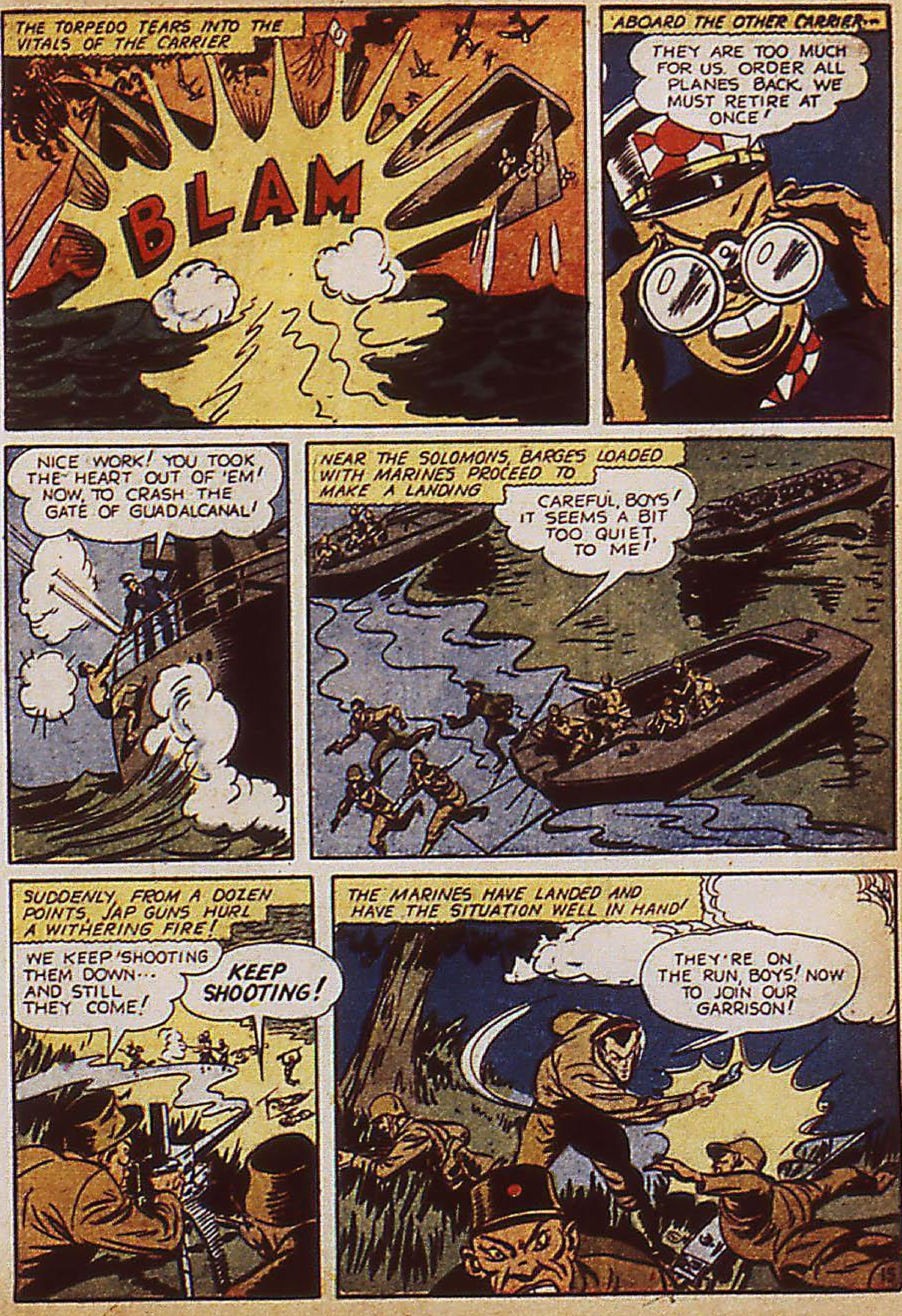

THE BLAST SNAPS THE MARINES INTO ACTION.
WHERE ARE WE? TOKYO?
THE NOISE CAME FROM THE NEXT CAR MAYBE IT'S A SABOTEUR!
HERE THEY COME, INCLUDING HOWARD! NOW TO PUT MYSELF ON THE SPOT. THEN MAYBE I CAN PUT THE FINGER ON THE GUY I SUSPECT!
WHAT HAPPENED?
TIME-BOMB! AND JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES, I SAW WHO PLANTED IT. WHEN WE HIT CALIFORNIA, I'M TIPPING NAVY INTELLIGENCE.
TOO BAD I HAD TO SHOW MY HAND- BUT IT'S ONE WAY OF DRAWING THE RAT OUT OF HIS HOLE.
I HOPE IT WORKS!
I'LL PRETEND I'M TAKING A SNOOZE-
HO-HUM!
AN HOUR LATER, A SINISTER FIGURE MAKES ITS WAY PAST THE SLEEPING LEATHERNECKS.
SO... HE STOOGES FOR NAVY INTELLIGENCE! I'LL PUT AN END TO THAT!
NOW!-
NOW WHAT?
E-E-E-E-E!

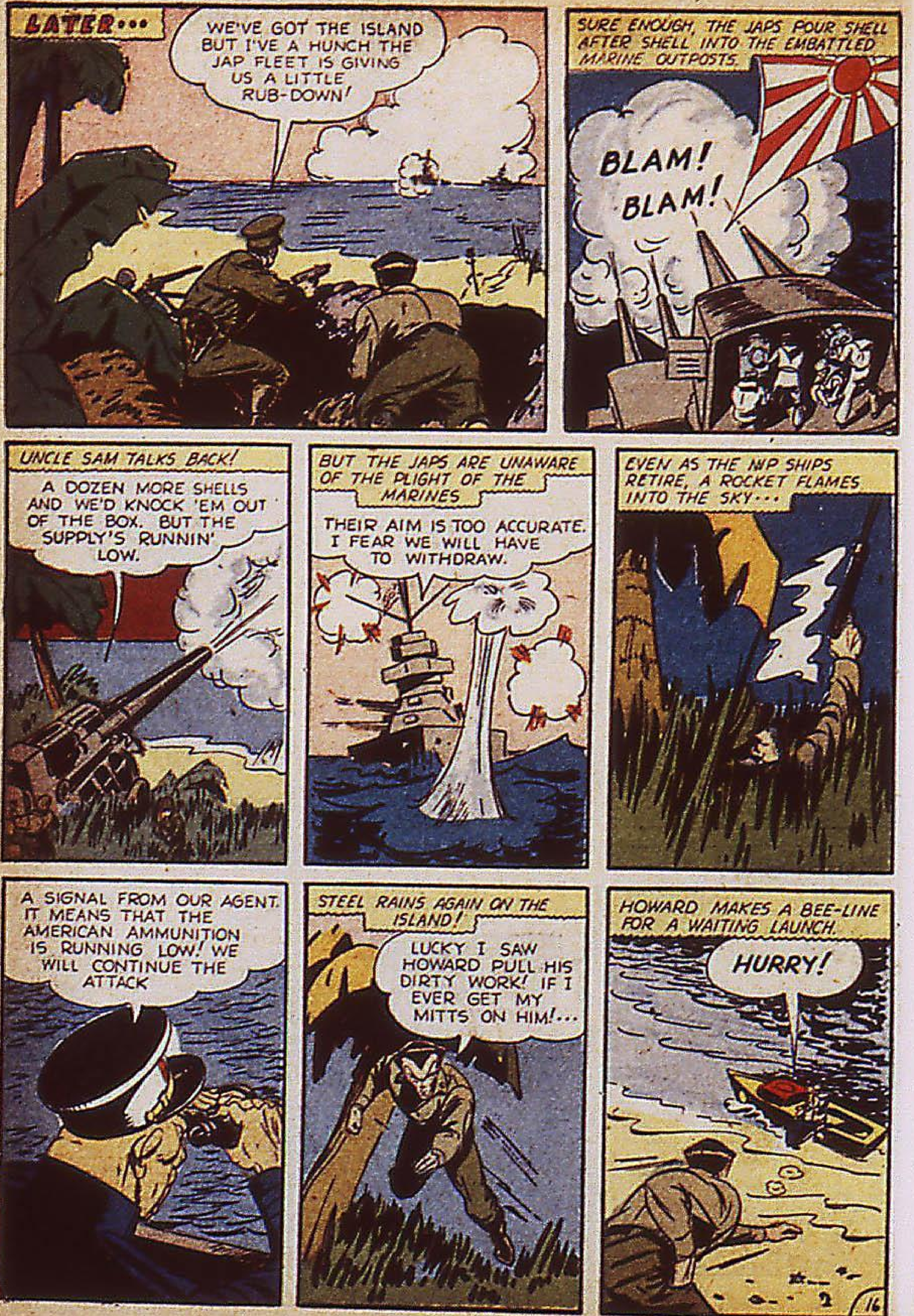

SO YOU WANT TO PLAY WITH KNIVES, HUH? WELL, LET'S PLAY IT MY WAY!
SUDDENLY, THE MASKED KILLER WHIRLS...
I'LL STICK TO KNIVES, IF YOU DON'T MIND!
WITH TERRIFIC FORCE THE KNIFE PINS SUB-MARINER AGAINST A WALL!
YEOW!
GRITTING HIS TEETH, HE SEIZES THE KNIFE AND TEARS IT FROM HIS SHOULDER!
AGHR-R-R!
BLAST IT! HE GOT AWAY AGAIN! AND HERE COMES MY CAPTAIN!
WELL, HOW DID YOUR LITTLE PLAN WORK?
NOT SO HOT! BUT I'VE A HUNCH THIS ISN'T THE LAST TIME WE TANGLE!
LATER...
SO THIS IS SUNNY CALIFORNIA!

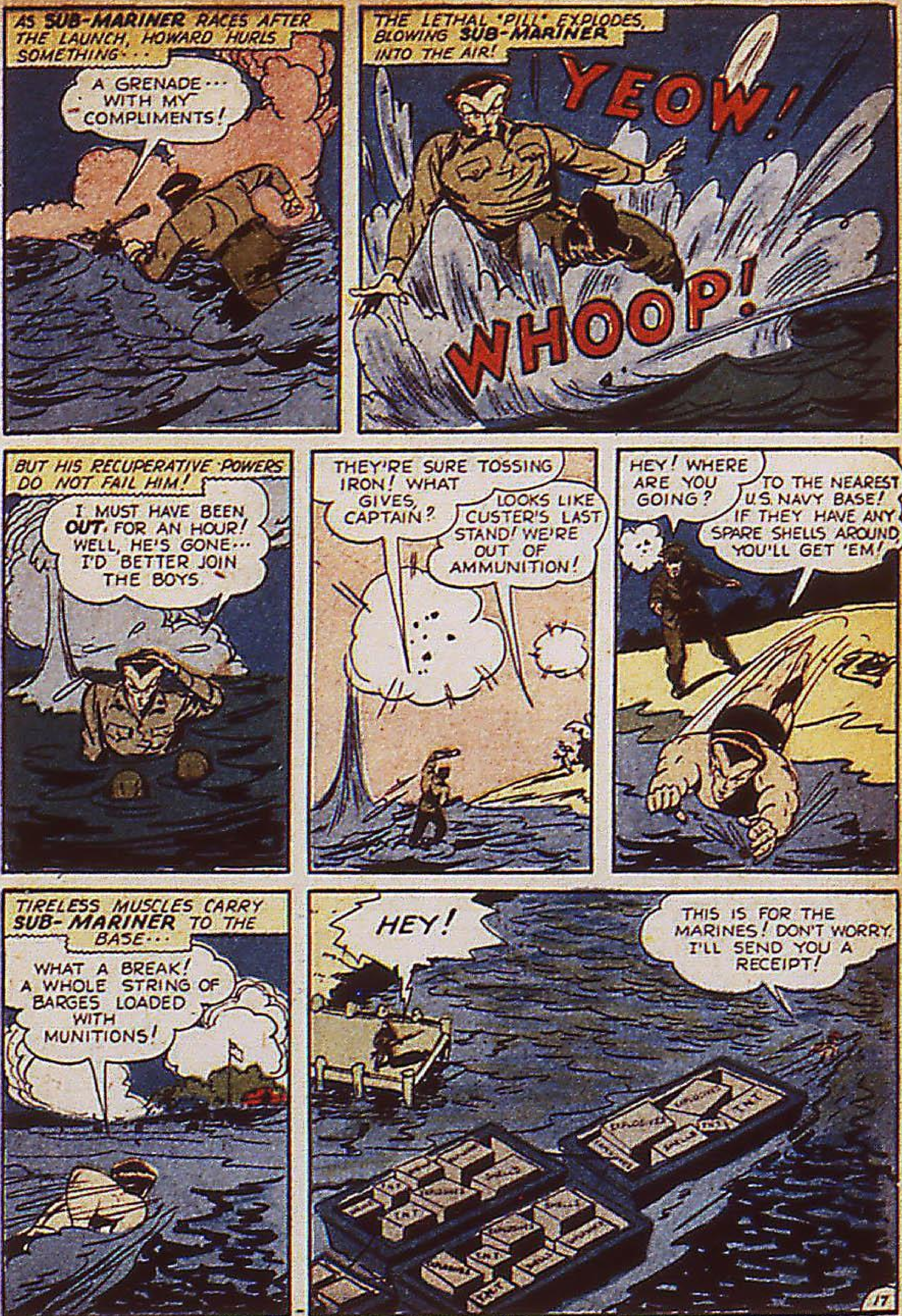

IN CALIFORNIA, SUB-MARINER'S OUTFIT GOES THROUGH INTENSIVE TRAINING IN OFFENSIVE TACTICS.
FINALLY, AS A FITTING CLIMAX, A COURIER ARRIVES WITH AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE
TELEGRAM FOR YOU, CAPTAIN!
STAND BY TO SHOVE OFF! WE'RE GOING TO RELIEVE THE GARRISON
WHERE?
GUADALCANAL- ...I HOPE!
THE MARINES EMBARK... BOUND FOR THE SOLOMON ISLANDS.
FULL SPEED AHEAD!

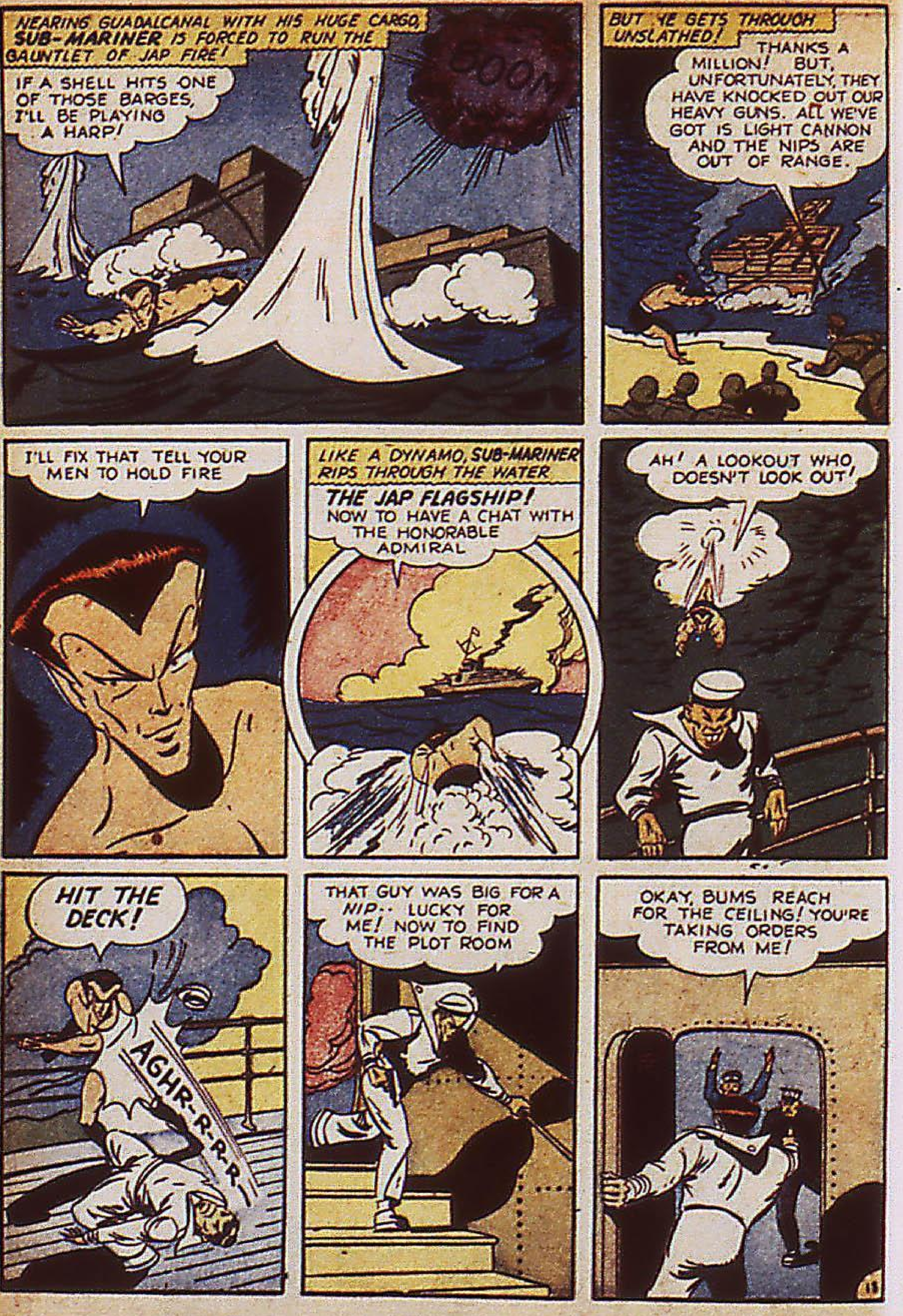

EN ROUTE ACROSS THE PACIFIC...
CODE MESSAGE TO THE FLAGSHIP. CAPTAIN SAID TO SEND IT OUT AT ONCE, SPARKS.
OKAY, SERGEANT HOWARD!
DIT-DIT-DIT-DA-DA-DIT-DIT!
THE MESSAGE IS PICKED UP BY THE FLAGSHIP.
WHAT TH-! THIS IS GIBBERISH! SOME ONE MUST BE JAMMING ON OUR WAVE BAND.
BUT THE MESSAGE IS NOT GIBBERISH TO A JAP FLOTILLA NOT FAR AWAY...
CODE MESSAGE FROM OUR SPY-URGENT!
VERY GOOD!
AHA! BIG AMERICAN FLEET HEADED FOR THE SOLOMONS WITH RE-INFORCEMENTS. THIS GIVES THEIR EXACT LOCATION. EXCELLENT!
DISPATCH TWO AIRCRAFT CARRIERS TO THE SCENE AT ONCE! WE WILL SEND THEIR WHOLE FLEET TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA!
LOADED WITH ZEROS, THE AIRCRAFT CARRIERS HASTEN TO HEAD OFF THE UNSUSPECTING AMERICAN FLEET.

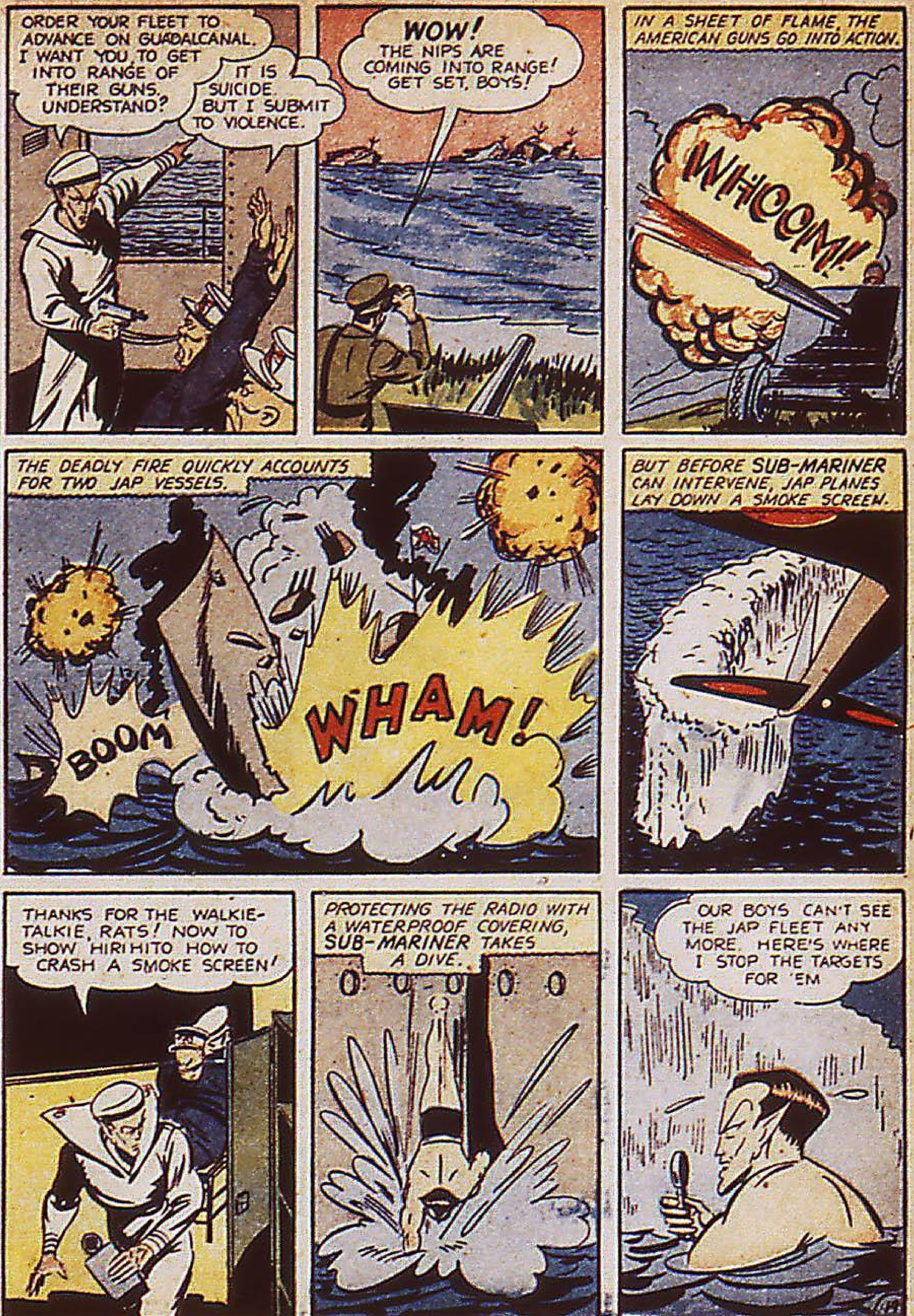

WITHIN STRIKING DISTANCE, THE CARRIERS UNLEASH A SWARM OF JAP PLANES.
KILL! KILL! SHOW THE AMERICAN DOGS NO MERCY!
THE SURPRISE ATTACK CATCHES THE U.S. FLEET MOMENTARILY OFF GUARD.
BLAM!
WHAM!
THE AMERICANS FIGHT BACK!
HEY! ONE OF THOSE PLANES DROPPED A TORPEDO— AND IT'S HEADING THIS WAY!
THE SHIP'LL BE BLOWN TO KINGDOM COME, IF I DON'T STOP IT!
COME TO PAPA!
OOOOF! BOY, THIS ONE HAD PLENTY OF STEAM BEHIND IT!
HOLDING THE BIG TORPEDO, SUB-MARINER SPEEDS TOWARD ONE OF THE JAP AIRCRAFT CARRIERS...
NOTHING LIKE RETURNING A FAVOR!
THIS IS YOUR BABY, RATS! GRAB IT!

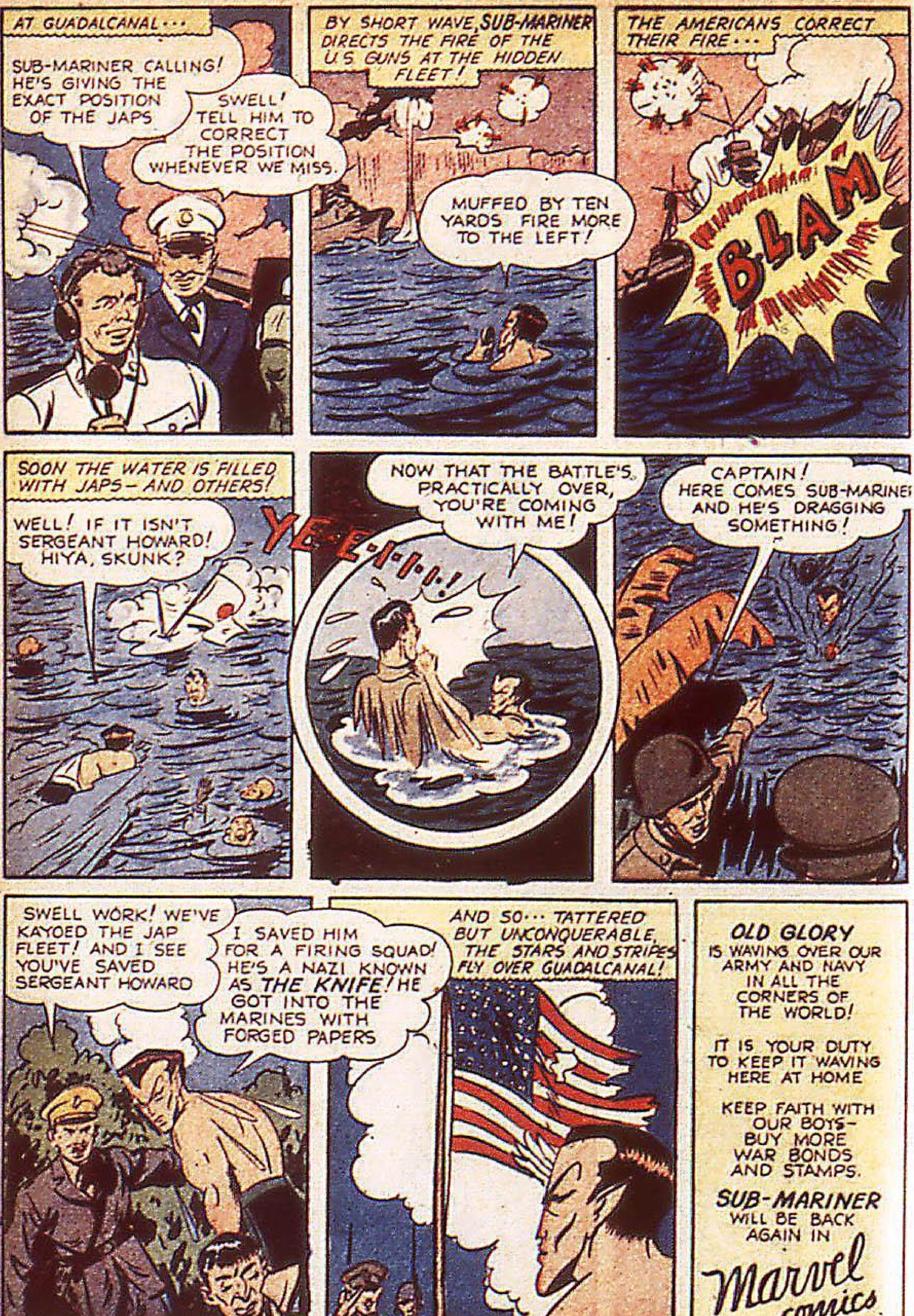

THE TORPEDO TEARS INTO THE VITALS OF THE CARRIER
BLAM
ABOARD THE OTHER CARRIER--
THEY ARE TOO MUCH FOR US. ORDER ALL PLANES BACK. WE MUST RETIRE AT ONCE!
NICE WORK! YOU TOOK THE HEART OUT OF 'EM! NOW, TO CRASH THE GATE OF GUADALCANAL!
NEAR THE SOLOMONS, BARGES LOADED WITH MARINES PROCEED TO MAKE A LANDING
CAREFUL, BOYS! IT SEEMS A BIT TOO QUIET, TO ME!
SUDDENLY, FROM A DOZEN POINTS, JAP GUNS HURL A WITHERING FIRE!
WE KEEP SHOOTING THEM DOWN... AND STILL THEY COME!
KEEP SHOOTING!
THE MARINES HAVE LANDED AND HAVE THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND!
THEY'RE ON THE RUN, BOYS! NOW TO JOIN OUR GARRISON!

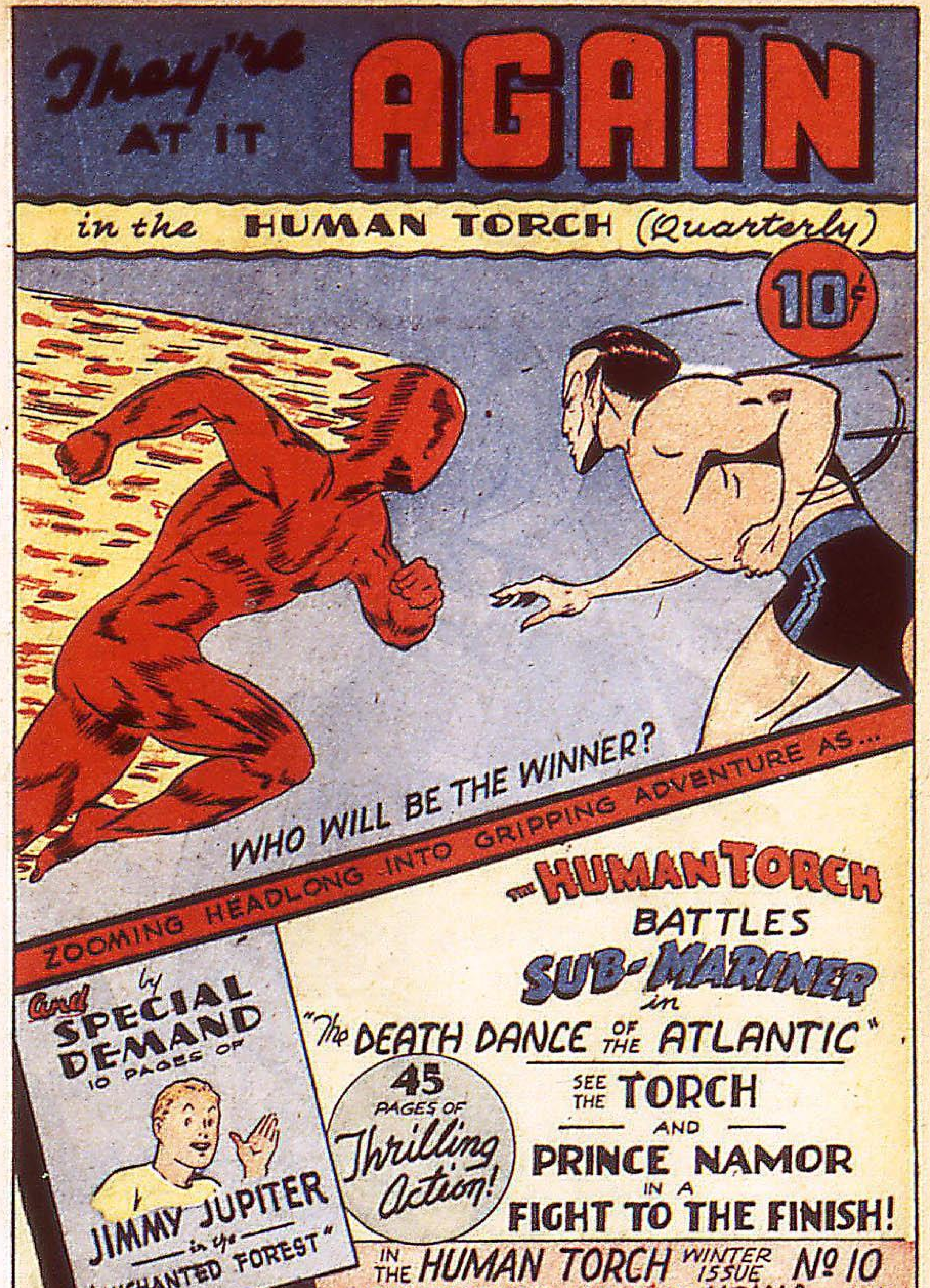

LATER...
WE'VE GOT THE ISLAND BUT I'VE A HUNCH THE JAP FLEET IS GIVING US A LITTLE RUB-DOWN!
SURE ENOUGH, THE JAPS POUR SHELL AFTER SHELL INTO THE EMBATTLED MARINE OUTPOSTS.
BLAM! BLAM!
UNCLE SAM TALKS BACK!
A DOZEN MORE SHELLS AND WE'D KNOCK 'EM OUT OF THE BOX. BUT THE SUPPLY'S RUNNIN' LOW.
BUT THE JAPS ARE UNAWARE OF THE PLIGHT OF THE MARINES
THEIR AIM IS TOO ACCURATE. I FEAR WE WILL HAVE TO WITHDRAW.
EVEN AS THE NIP SHIPS RETIRE, A ROCKET FLAMES INTO THE SKY...
A SIGNAL FROM OUR AGENT. IT MEANS THAT THE AMERICAN AMMUNITION IS RUNNING LOW! WE WILL CONTINUE THE ATTACK
STEEL RAINS AGAIN ON THE ISLAND!
LUCKY I SAW HOWARD PULL HIS DIRTY WORK! IF I EVER GET MY MITTS ON HIM!...
HOWARD MAKES A BEE-LINE FOR A WAITING LAUNCH.
HURRY!


AS SUB-MARINER RACES AFTER THE LAUNCH, HOWARD HURLS SOMETHING...
A GRENADE... WITH MY COMPLIMENTS!
THE LETHAL "PILL" EXPLODES, BLOWING SUB-MARINER INTO THE AIR!
YEOW!
WHOOP!
BUT HIS RECUPERATIVE POWERS DO NOT FAIL HIM!
I MUST HAVE BEEN OUT FOR AN HOUR! WELL, HE'S GONE... I'D BETTER JOIN THE BOYS.
THEY'RE SURE TOSSING IRON! WHAT GIVES, CAPTAIN?
LOOKS LIKE CUSTER'S LAST STAND! WE'RE OUT OF AMMUNITION!
HEY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
TO THE NEAREST U.S. NAVY BASE! IF THEY HAVE ANY SPARE SHELLS AROUND, YOU'LL GET 'EM!
TIRELESS MUSCLES CARRY SUB-MARINER TO THE BASE...
WHAT A BREAK! A WHOLE STRING OF BARGES LOADED WITH MUNITIONS!
HEY!
THIS IS FOR THE MARINES! DON'T WORRY, I'LL SEND YOU A RECEIPT!

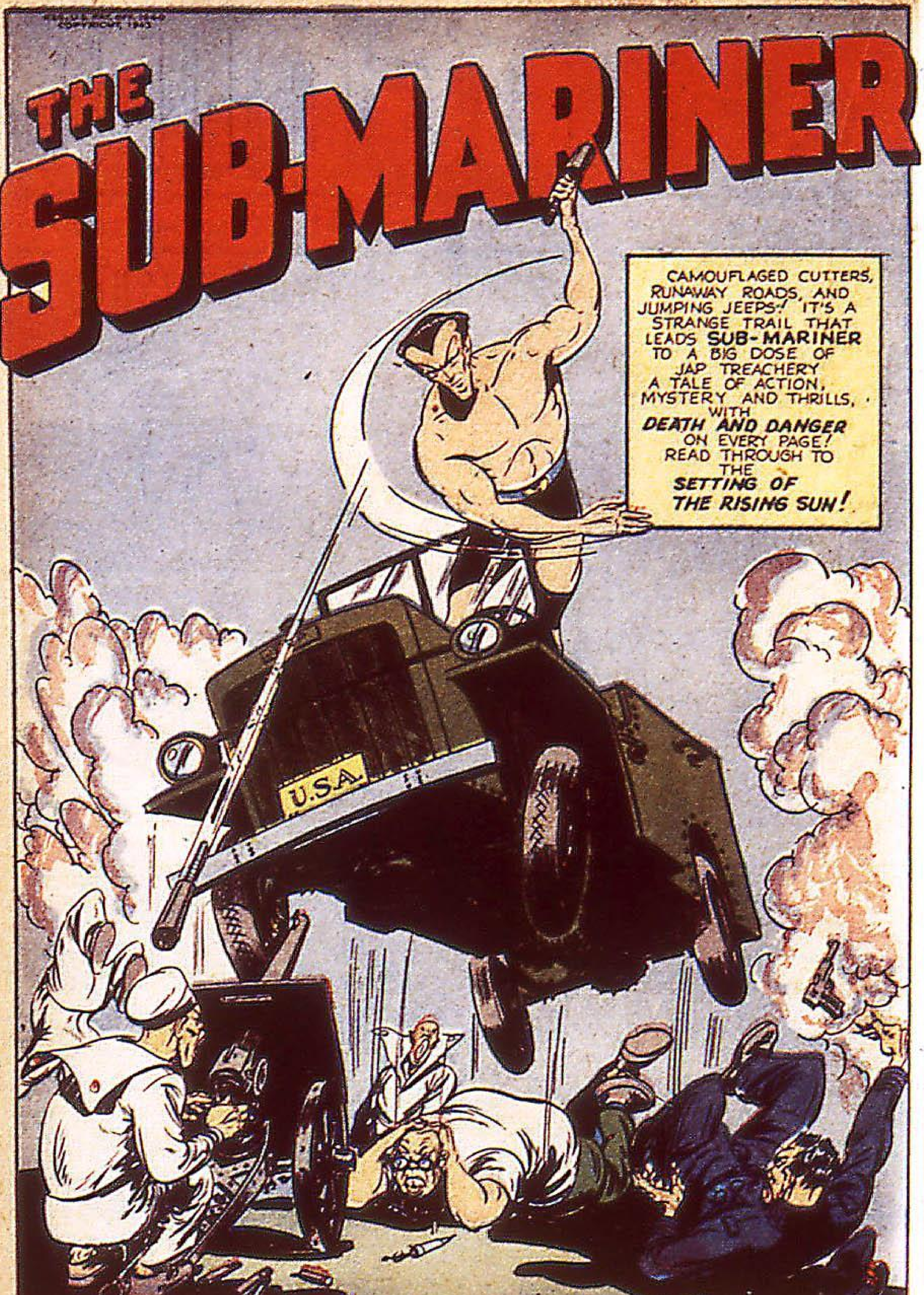

NEARING GUADALCANAL WITH HIS HUGE CARGO, SUB-MARINER IS FORCED TO RUN THE GAUNTLET OF JAP FIRE!
BOOM
IF A SHELL HITS ONE OF THOSE BARGES, I'LL BE PLAYING A HARP!
BUT HE GETS THROUGH UNSLATHED!
THANKS A MILLION! BUT, UNFORTUNATELY, THEY HAVE KNOCKED OUT OUR HEAVY GUNS. ALL WE'VE GOT IS LIGHT CANNON AND THE NIPS ARE OUT OF RANGE.
I'LL FIX THAT. TELL YOUR MEN TO HOLD FIRE
LIKE A DYNAMO, SUB-MARINER RIPS THROUGH THE WATER
THE JAP FLAGSHIP! NOW TO HAVE A CHAT WITH THE HONORABLE ADMIRAL
AH! A LOOKOUT WHO DOESN'T LOOK OUT!
HIT THE DECK!
AGHR-R-R-R
THAT GUY WAS BIG FOR A NIP.. LUCKY FOR ME! NOW TO FIND THE PLOT ROOM
OKAY, BUMS REACH FOR THE CEILING! YOU'RE TAKING ORDERS FROM ME!

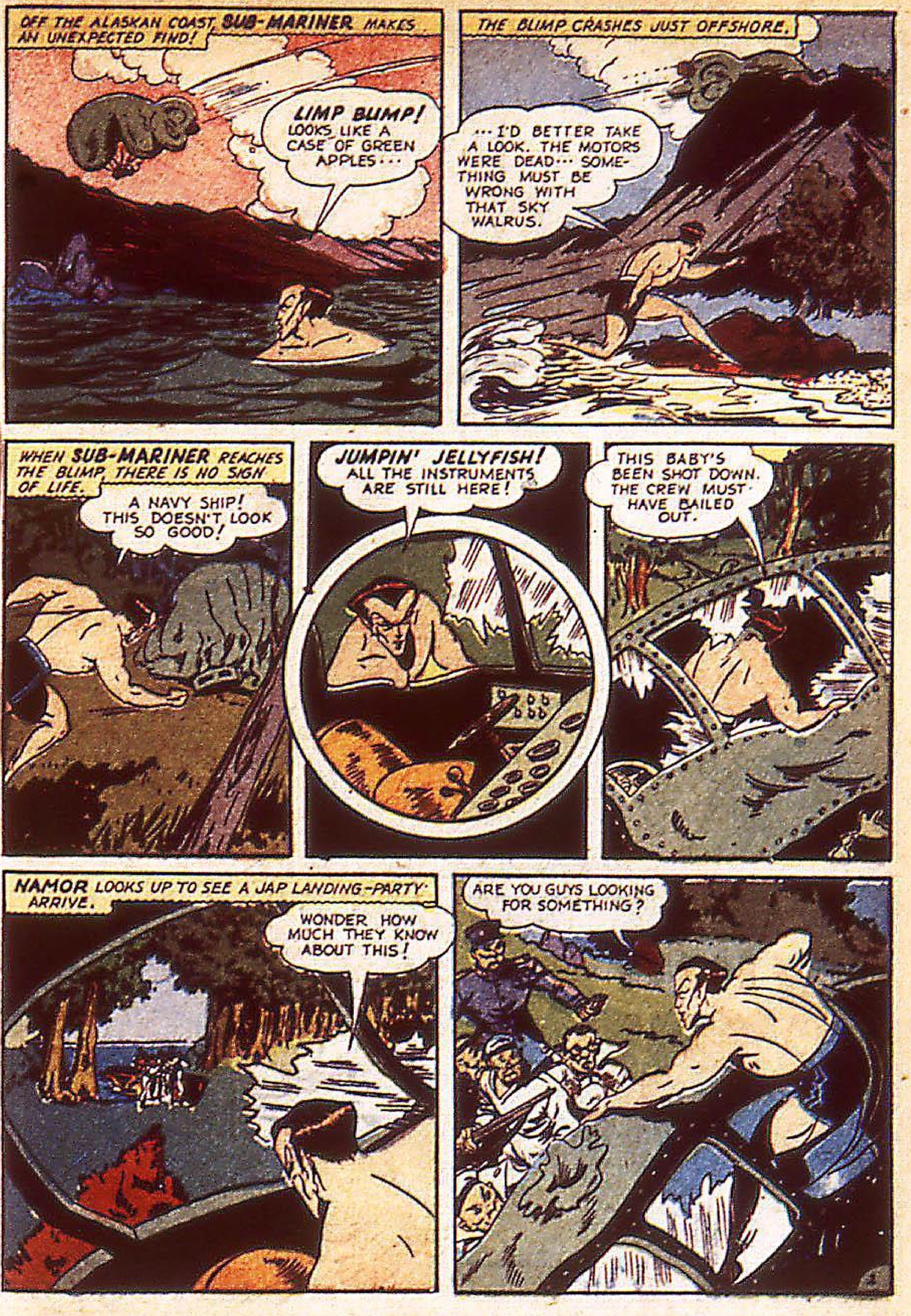

ORDER YOUR FLEET TO ADVANCE ON GUADALCANAL. I WANT YOU TO GET INTO RANGE OF THEIR GUNS. UNDERSTAND?
IT IS SUICIDE. BUT I SUBMIT TO VIOLENCE.
WOW! THE NIPS ARE COMING INTO RANGE! GET SET, BOYS!
IN A SHEET OF FLAME, THE AMERICAN GUNS GO INTO ACTION.
WHOOM!
THE DEADLY FIRE QUICKLY ACCOUNTS FOR TWO JAP VESSELS.
BOOM
WHAM!
BUT BEFORE SUB-MARINER CAN INTERVENE, JAP PLANES LAY DOWN A SMOKE SCREEN.
THANKS FOR THE WALKIE-TALKIE, RATS! NOW TO SHOW HIRIHITO HOW TO CRASH A SMOKE SCREEN!
PROTECTING THE RADIO WITH A WATERPROOF COVERING, SUB-MARINER TAKES A DIVE.
OUR BOYS CAN'T SEE THE JAP FLEET ANY MORE. HERE'S WHERE I STOP THE TARGETS FOR 'EM
14

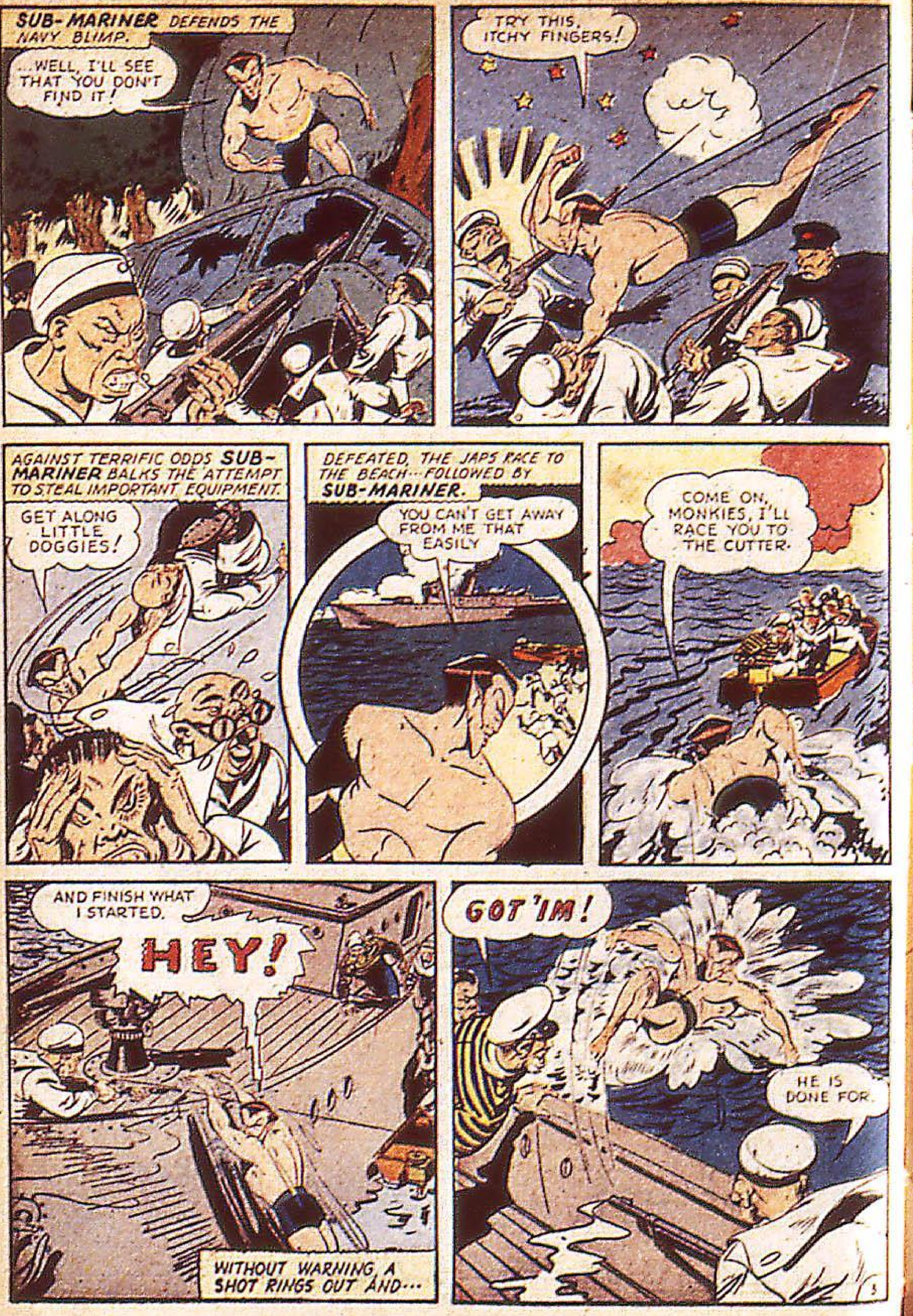

AT GUADALCANAL···
SUB-MARINER CALLING! HE'S GIVING THE EXACT POSITION OF THE JAPS
SWELL! TELL HIM TO CORRECT THE POSITION WHENEVER WE MISS.
BY SHORT WAVE, SUB-MARINER DIRECTS THE FIRE OF THE U.S GUNS AT THE HIDDEN FLEET!
MUFFED BY TEN YARDS FIRE MORE TO THE LEFT!
THE AMERICANS CORRECT THEIR FIRE···
B-LAM
SOON THE WATER IS FILLED WITH JAPS—AND OTHERS!
WELL! IF IT ISN'T SERGEANT HOWARD! HIYA, SKUNK?
NOW THAT THE BATTLE'S PRACTICALLY OVER, YOU'RE COMING WITH ME!
YE-E-I-I-I-I-!
CAPTAIN! HERE COMES SUB-MARINE AND HE'S DRAGGING SOMETHING!
SWELL WORK! WE'VE KAYOED THE JAP FLEET! AND I SEE YOU'VE SAVED SERGEANT HOWARD
I SAVED HIM FOR A FIRING SQUAD! HE'S A NAZI KNOWN AS THE KNIFE! HE GOT INTO THE MARINES WITH FORGED PAPERS
AND SO··· TATTERED BUT UNCONQUERABLE, THE STARS AND STRIPES FLY OVER GUADALCANAL!
OLD GLORY IS WAVING OVER OUR ARMY AND NAVY IN ALL THE CORNERS OF THE WORLD!
IT IS YOUR DUTY TO KEEP IT WAVING HERE AT HOME
KEEP FAITH WITH OUR BOYS—BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS.
SUB-MARINER WILL BE BACK AGAIN IN
Marvel comics

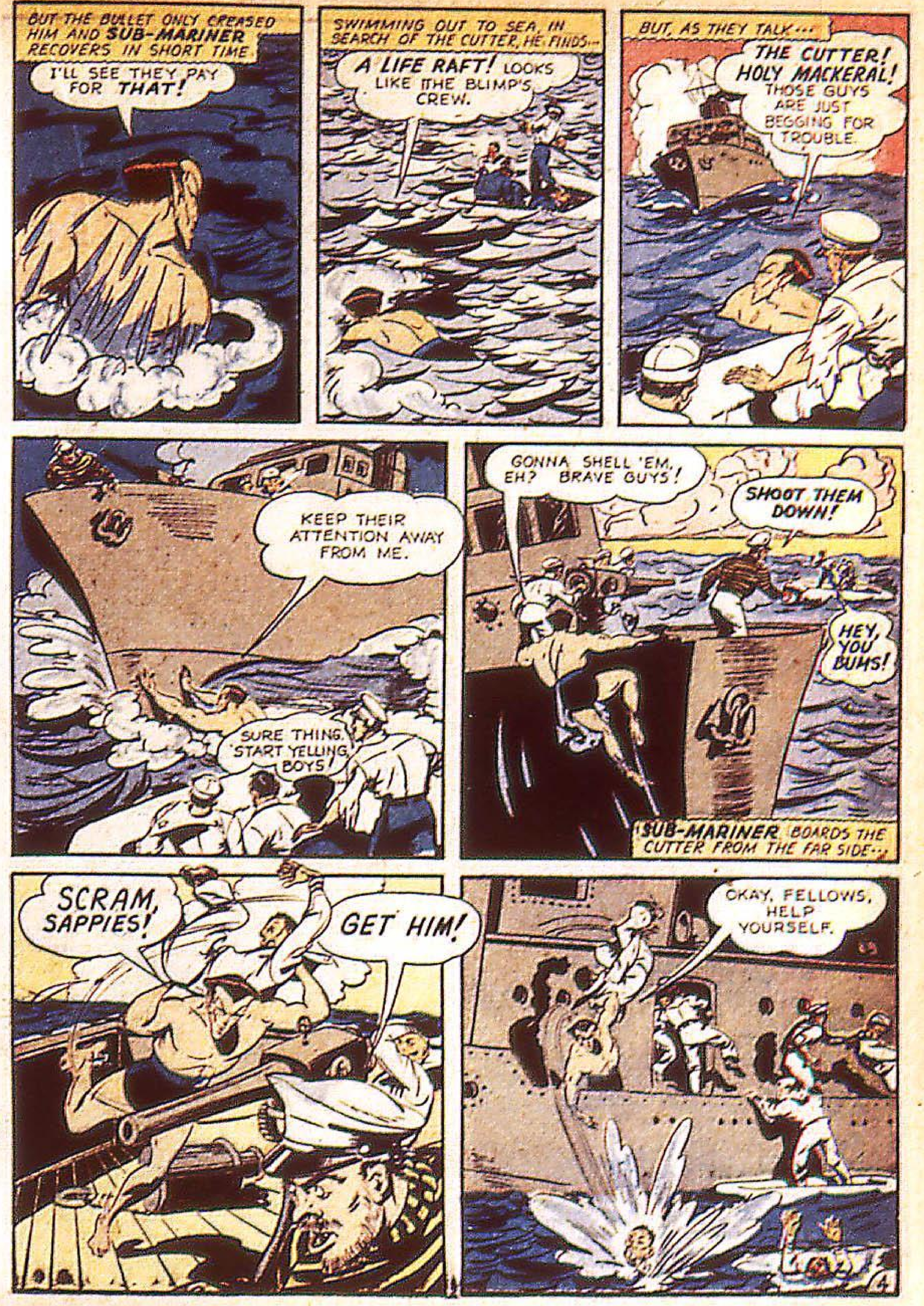

They're AT IT AGAIN
in the HUMAN TORCH (Quarterly)
10¢
WHO WILL BE THE WINNER?
ZOOMING HEADLONG INTO GRIPPING ADVENTURE AS...
THE HUMAN TORCH BATTLES SUB-MARINER in "The DEATH DANCE OF THE ATLANTIC"
SEE THE TORCH AND PRINCE NAMOR IN A FIGHT TO THE FINISH!
45 PAGES OF Thrilling Action!
And by SPECIAL DEMAND 10 PAGES OF JIMMY JUPITER in the "ENCHANTED FOREST"
IN THE HUMAN TORCH WINTER ISSUE Nº 10
AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND NOW!... 10¢

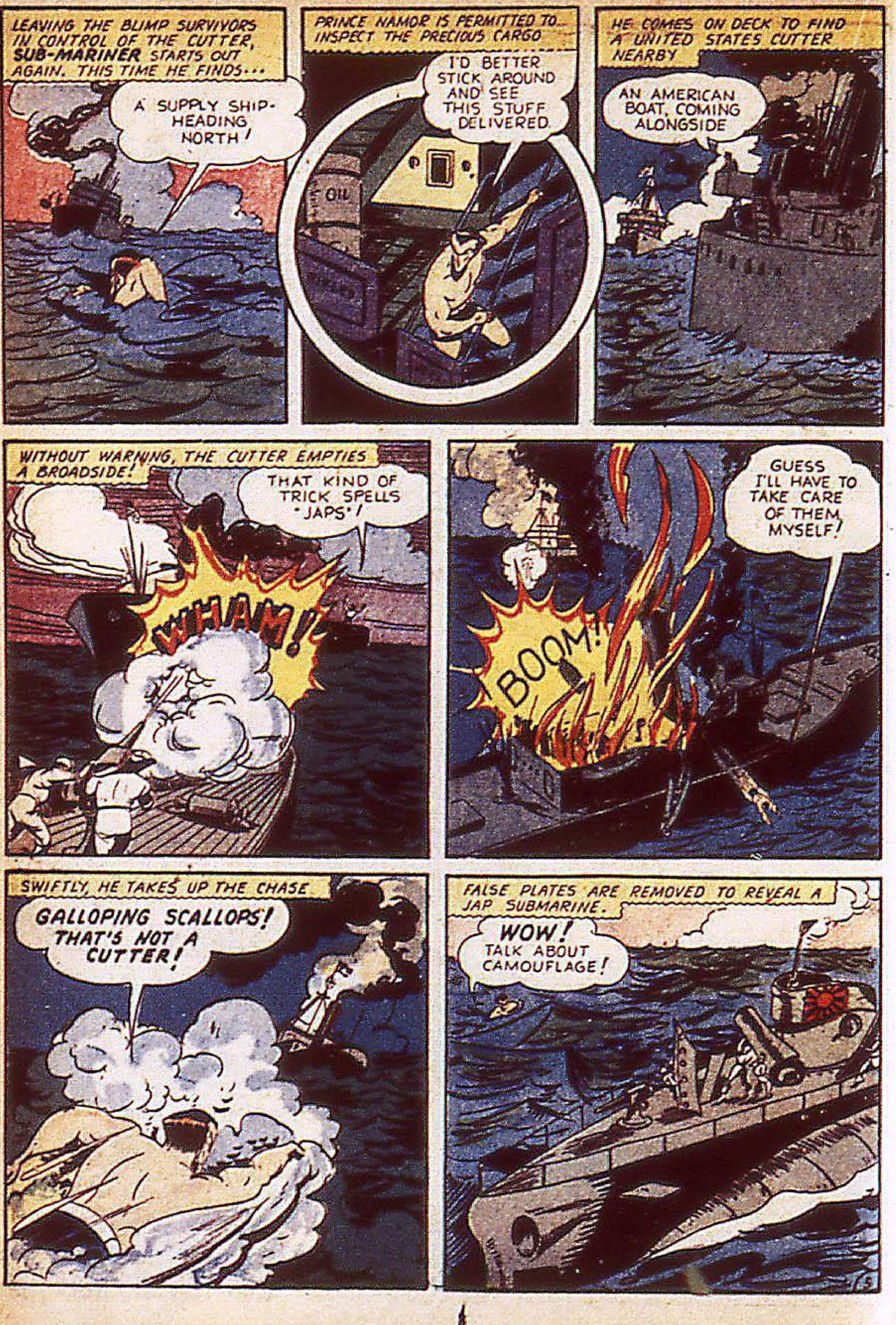
THE SUB-MARINER

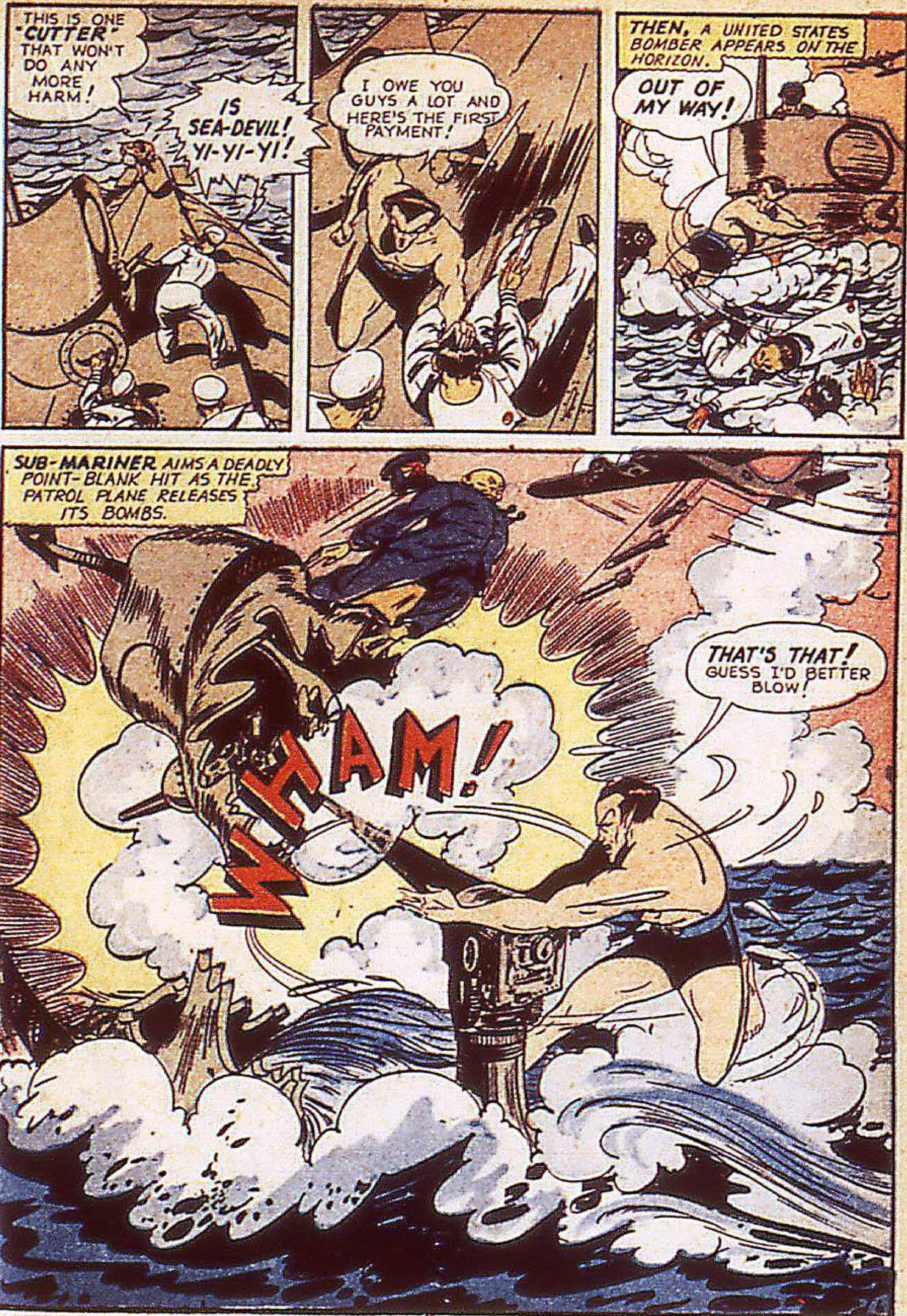

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 1940
COPYRIGHT, 1943
CAMOUFLAGED CUTTERS, RUNAWAY ROADS, AND JUMPING JEEPS! IT'S A STRANGE TRAIL THAT LEADS **SUB-MARINER** TO A BIG DOSE OF JAP TREACHERY A TALE OF ACTION, MYSTERY AND THRILLS, WITH ***DEATH AND DANGER*** ON EVERY PAGE! READ THROUGH TO THE ***SETTING OF THE RISING SUN!***
U.S.A.

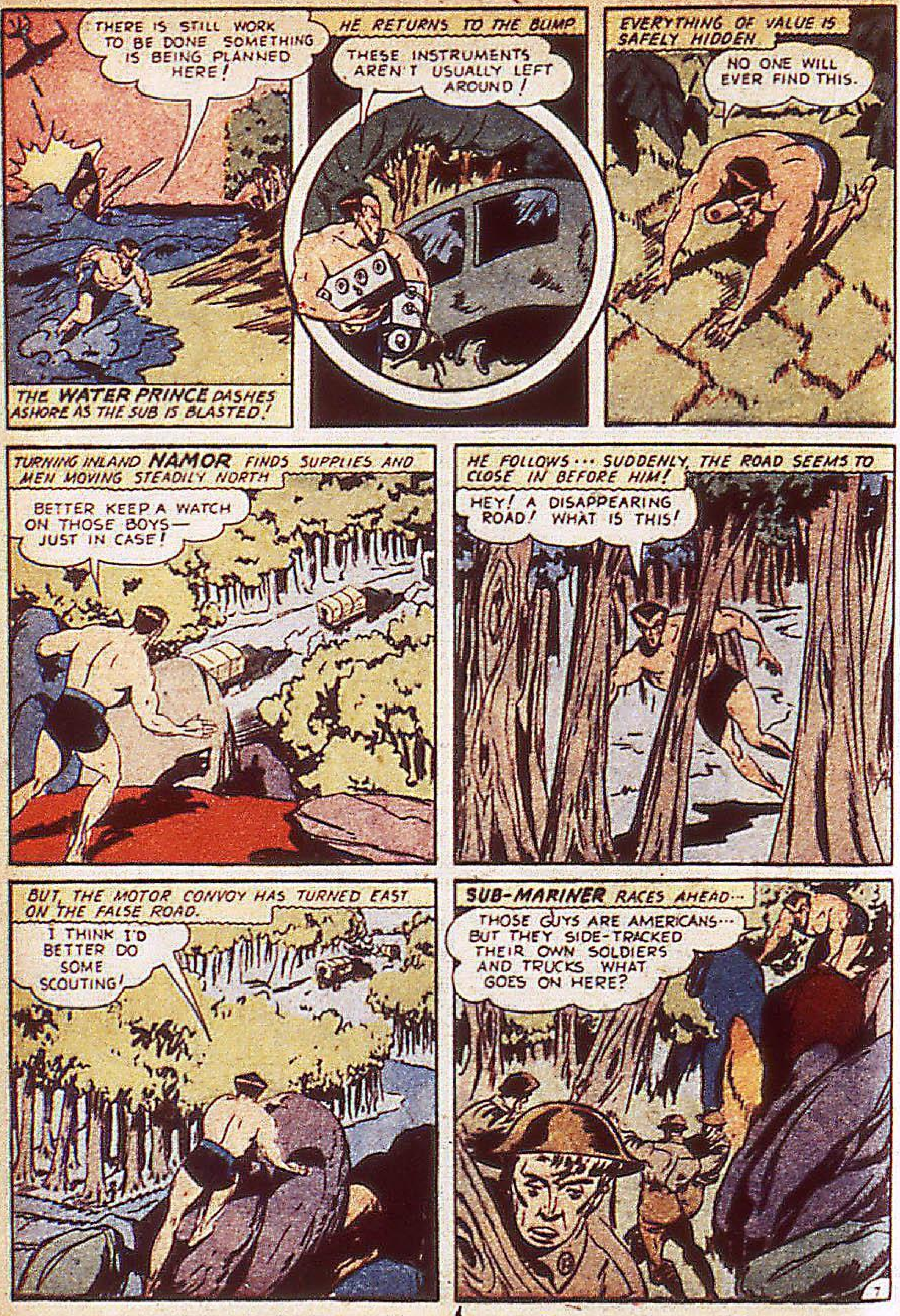

OFF THE ALASKAN COAST, SUB-MARINER MAKES AN UNEXPECTED FIND!
LIMP BUMP! LOOKS LIKE A CASE OF GREEN APPLES...
THE BLIMP CRASHES JUST OFFSHORE.
...I'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK. THE MOTORS WERE DEAD... SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG WITH THAT SKY WALRUS.
WHEN SUB-MARINER REACHES THE BLIMP, THERE IS NO SIGN OF LIFE.
A NAVY SHIP! THIS DOESN'T LOOK SO GOOD!
JUMPIN' JELLYFISH! ALL THE INSTRUMENTS ARE STILL HERE!
THIS BABY'S BEEN SHOT DOWN. THE CREW MUST HAVE BAILED OUT.
NAMOR LOOKS UP TO SEE A JAP LANDING-PARTY ARRIVE.
WONDER HOW MUCH THEY KNOW ABOUT THIS!
ARE YOU GUYS LOOKING FOR SOMETHING?

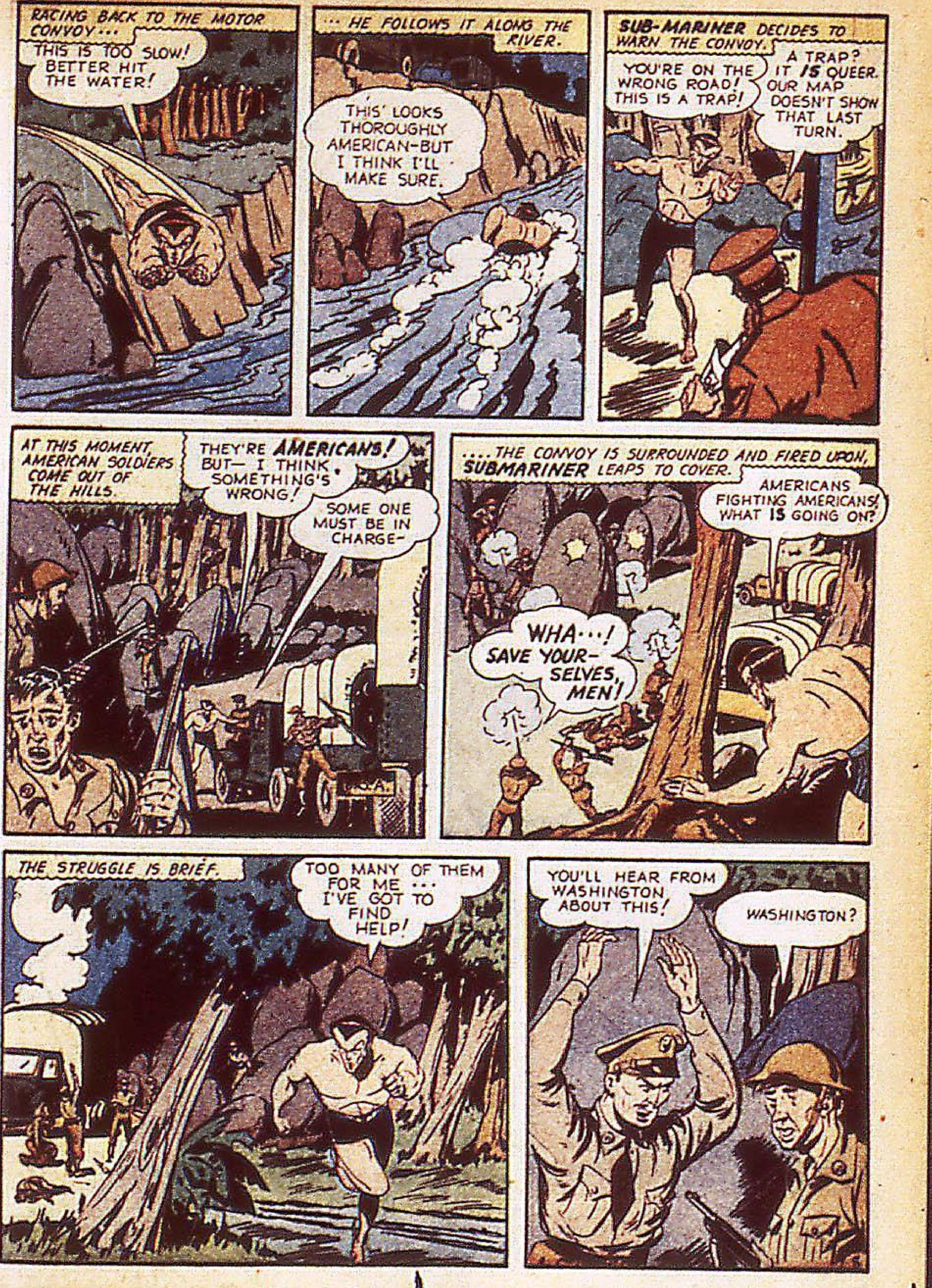

SUB-MARINER DEFENDS THE NAVY BLIMP.
...WELL, I'LL SEE THAT YOU DON'T FIND IT!
TRY THIS, ITCHY FINGERS!
AGAINST TERRIFIC ODDS SUB-MARINER BALKS THE ATTEMPT TO STEAL IMPORTANT EQUIPMENT.
GET ALONG LITTLE DOGGIES!
DEFEATED, THE JAPS RACE TO THE BEACH...FOLLOWED BY SUB-MARINER.
YOU CAN'T GET AWAY FROM ME THAT EASILY
COME ON, MONKIES, I'LL RACE YOU TO THE CUTTER.
AND FINISH WHAT I STARTED.
HEY!
WITHOUT WARNING A SHOT RINGS OUT AND...
GOT 'IM!
HE IS DONE FOR.

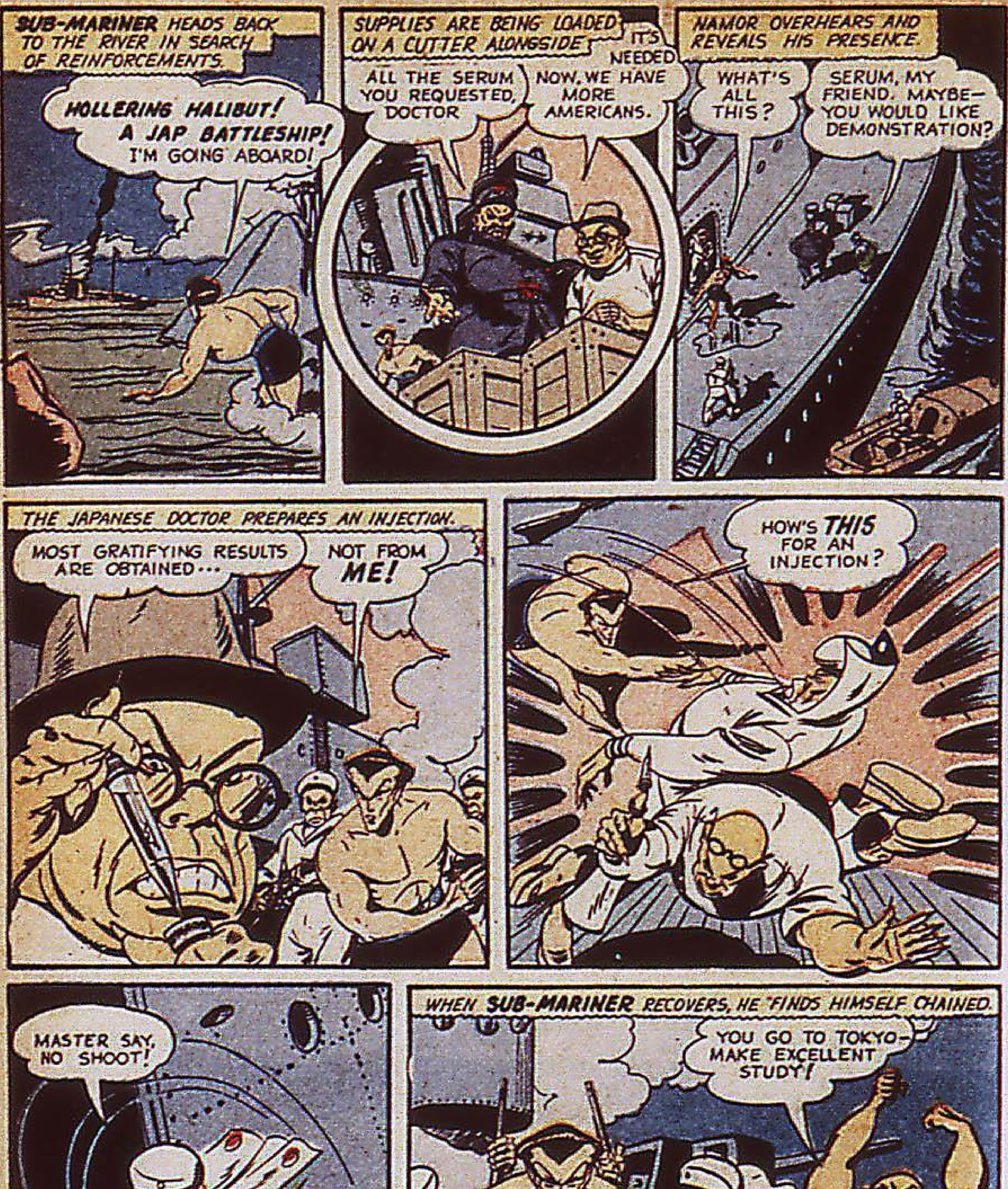

BUT THE BULLET ONLY CREASED HIM AND SUB-MARINER RECOVERS IN SHORT TIME
I'LL SEE THEY PAY FOR THAT!
SWIMMING OUT TO SEA, IN SEARCH OF THE CUTTER, HE FINDS--
A LIFE RAFT! LOOKS LIKE THE BLIMP'S CREW.
BUT, AS THEY TALK...
THE CUTTER! HOLY MACKERAL! THOSE GUYS ARE JUST BEGGING FOR TROUBLE.
KEEP THEIR ATTENTION AWAY FROM ME.
SURE THING. START YELLING, BOYS!
GONNA SHELL 'EM, EH? BRAVE GUYS!
SHOOT THEM DOWN!
HEY, YOU BUMS!
SUB-MARINER BOARDS THE CUTTER FROM THE FAR SIDE--
SCRAM, SAPPIES!
GET HIM!
OKAY, FELLOWS, HELP YOURSELF.

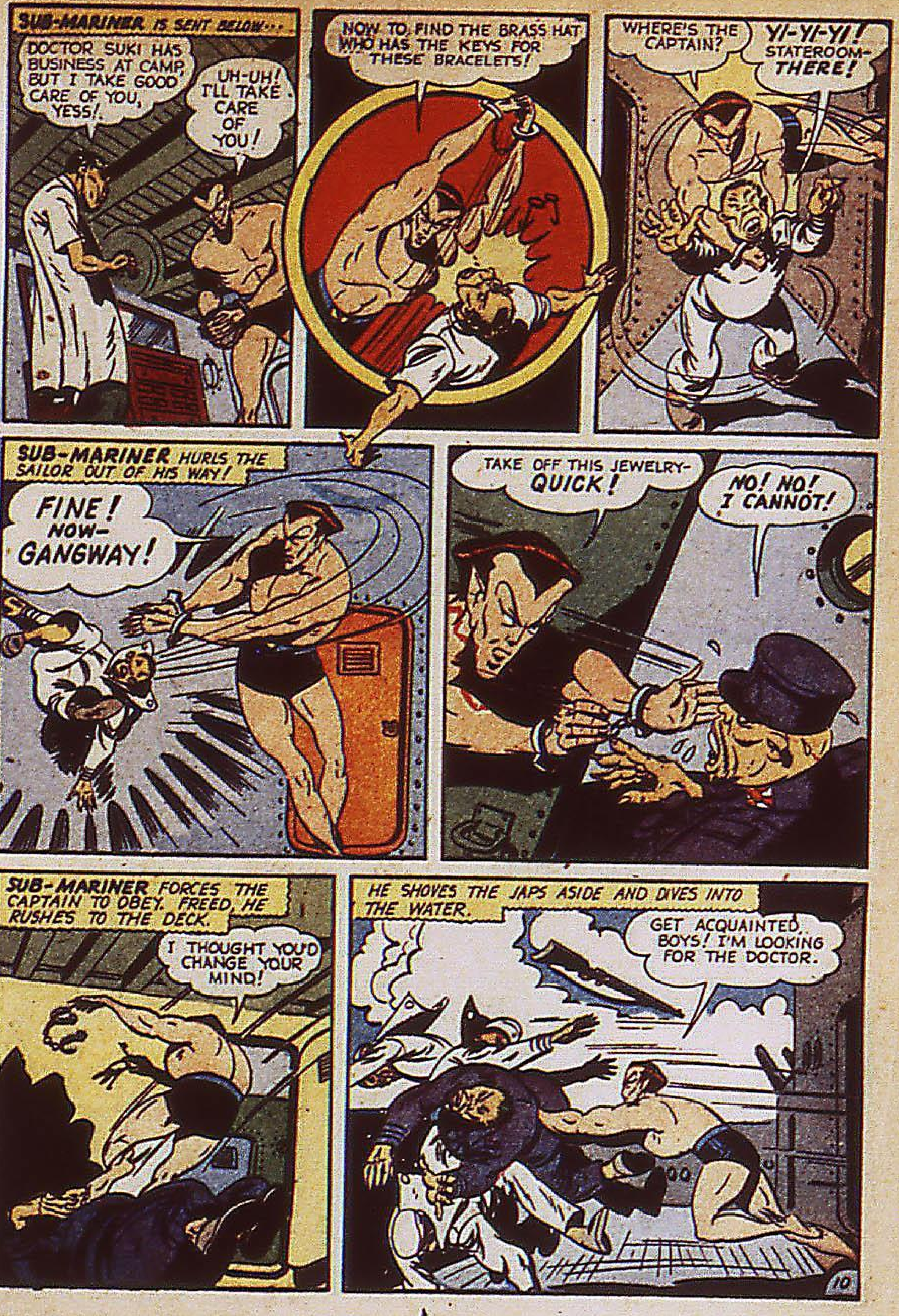

LEAVING THE BLIMP SURVIVORS IN CONTROL OF THE CUTTER, SUB-MARINER STARTS OUT AGAIN. THIS TIME HE FINDS...
A SUPPLY SHIP-HEADING NORTH!
PRINCE NAMOR IS PERMITTED TO INSPECT THE PRECIOUS CARGO
I'D BETTER STICK AROUND AND SEE THIS STUFF DELIVERED
OIL
HE COMES ON DECK TO FIND A UNITED STATES CUTTER NEARBY
AN AMERICAN BOAT, COMING ALONGSIDE
WITHOUT WARNING, THE CUTTER EMPTIES A BROADSIDE!
THAT KIND OF TRICK SPELLS 'JAPS'!
WHAM!
GUESS I'LL HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF THEM MYSELF!
BOOM!
SWIFTLY, HE TAKES UP THE CHASE
GALLOPING SCALLOPS! THAT'S NOT A CUTTER!
FALSE PLATES ARE REMOVED TO REVEAL A JAP SUBMARINE.
WOW! TALK ABOUT CAMOUFLAGE!
5

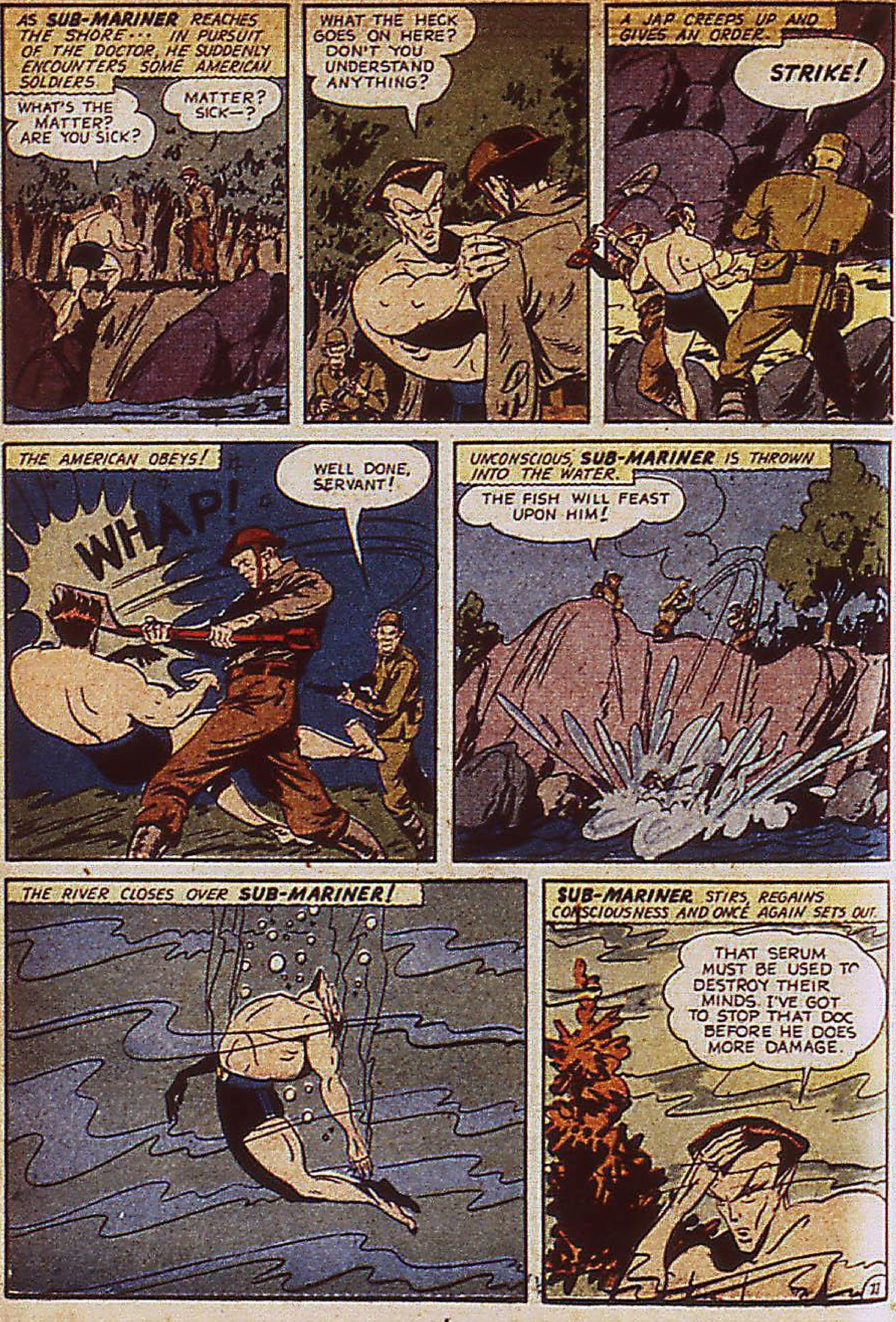

THIS IS ONE "CUTTER" THAT WON'T DO ANY MORE HARM!
IS SEA-DEVIL! YI-YI-YI!
I OWE YOU GUYS A LOT AND HERE'S THE FIRST PAYMENT!
THEN, A UNITED STATES BOMBER APPEARS ON THE HORIZON.
OUT OF MY WAY!
SUB-MARINER AIMS A DEADLY POINT-BLANK HIT AS THE PATROL PLANE RELEASES ITS BOMBS.
WHAM!
THAT'S THAT! GUESS I'D BETTER BLOW!

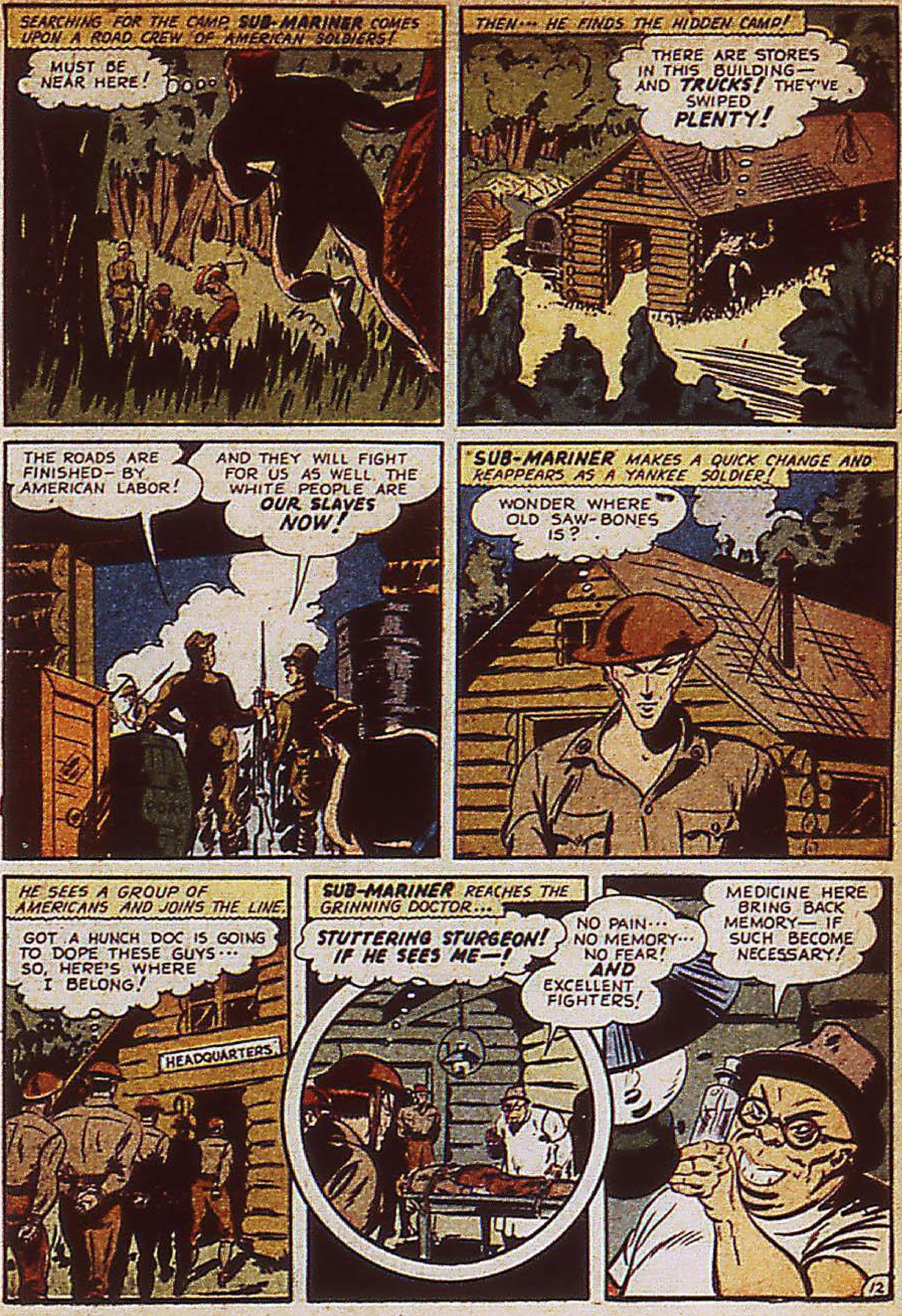

THERE IS STILL WORK TO BE DONE SOMETHING IS BEING PLANNED HERE!
THE WATER PRINCE DASHES ASHORE AS THE SUB IS BLASTED!
HE RETURNS TO THE BUMP
THESE INSTRUMENTS AREN'T USUALLY LEFT AROUND!
EVERYTHING OF VALUE IS SAFELY HIDDEN
NO ONE WILL EVER FIND THIS.
TURNING INLAND NAMOR FINDS SUPPLIES AND MEN MOVING STEADILY NORTH
BETTER KEEP A WATCH ON THOSE BOYS— JUST IN CASE!
HE FOLLOWS ··· SUDDENLY, THE ROAD SEEMS TO CLOSE IN BEFORE HIM!
HEY! A DISAPPEARING ROAD! WHAT IS THIS!
BUT, THE MOTOR CONVOY HAS TURNED EAST ON THE FALSE ROAD.
I THINK I'D BETTER DO SOME SCOUTING!
SUB-MARINER RACES AHEAD···
THOSE GUYS ARE AMERICANS··· BUT THEY SIDE-TRACKED THEIR OWN SOLDIERS AND TRUCKS WHAT GOES ON HERE?
7

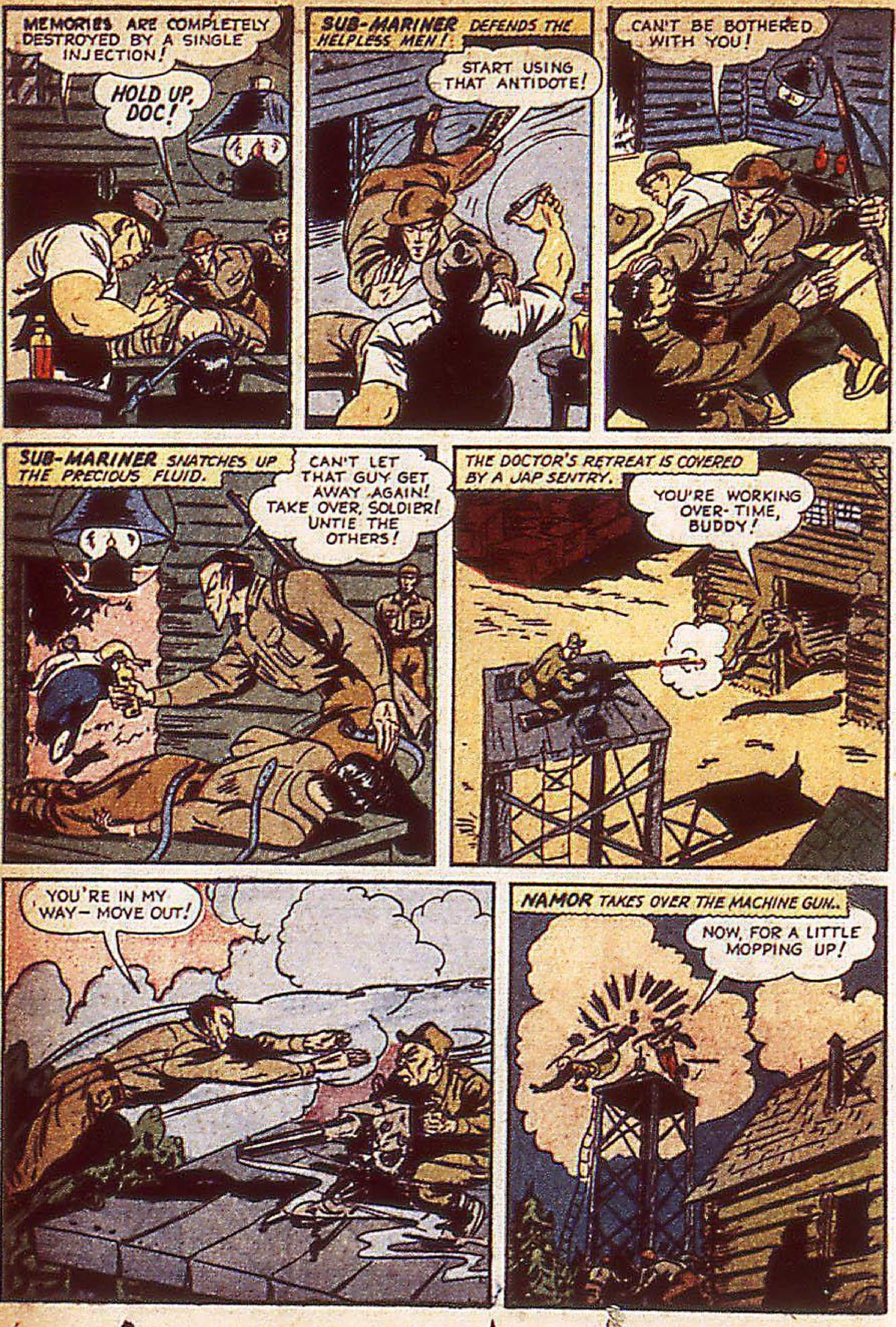

RACING BACK TO THE MOTOR CONVOY...
THIS IS TOO SLOW! BETTER HIT THE WATER!
... HE FOLLOWS IT ALONG THE RIVER.
THIS' LOOKS THOROUGHLY AMERICAN-BUT I THINK I'LL MAKE SURE.
SUB-MARINER DECIDES TO WARN THE CONVOY.
YOU'RE ON THE WRONG ROAD! THIS IS A TRAP!
A TRAP? IT IS QUEER. OUR MAP DOESN'T SHOW THAT LAST TURN.
AT THIS MOMENT, AMERICAN SOLDIERS COME OUT OF THE HILLS.
THEY'RE AMERICANS! BUT— I THINK, SOMETHING'S WRONG!
SOME ONE MUST BE IN CHARGE-
....THE CONVOY IS SURROUNDED AND FIRED UPON, SUBMARINER LEAPS TO COVER.
AMERICANS FIGHTING AMERICANS! WHAT IS GOING ON?
WHA...! SAVE YOUR-SELVES, MEN!
THE STRUGGLE IS BRIEF.
TOO MANY OF THEM FOR ME... I'VE GOT TO FIND HELP!
YOU'LL HEAR FROM WASHINGTON ABOUT THIS!
WASHINGTON?

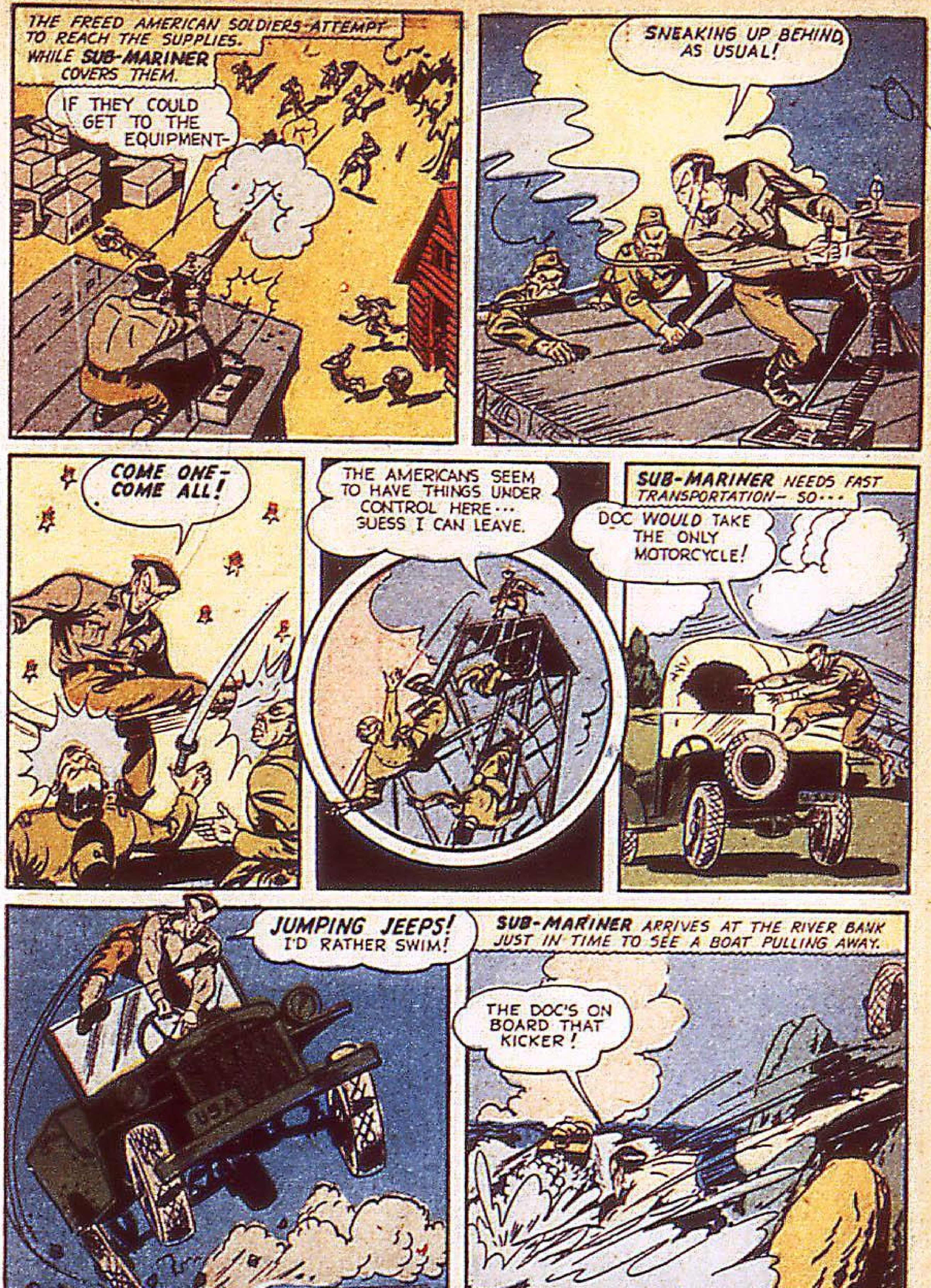

SUB-MARINER HEADS BACK TO THE RIVER IN SEARCH OF REINFORCEMENTS.
HOLLERING HALIBUT! A JAP BATTLESHIP! I'M GOING ABOARD!
SUPPLIES ARE BEING LOADED ON A CUTTER ALONGSIDE
ALL THE SERUM YOU REQUESTED, DOCTOR
IT'S NEEDED NOW. WE HAVE MORE AMERICANS.
NAMOR OVERHEARS AND REVEALS HIS PRESENCE.
WHAT'S ALL THIS?
SERUM, MY FRIEND. MAYBE-YOU WOULD LIKE DEMONSTRATION?
THE JAPANESE DOCTOR PREPARES AN INJECTION.
MOST GRATIFYING RESULTS ARE OBTAINED...
NOT FROM ME!
HOW'S THIS FOR AN INJECTION?
MASTER SAY, NO SHOOT!
WHEN SUB-MARINER RECOVERS, HE FINDS HIMSELF CHAINED.
YOU GO TO TOKYO-MAKE EXCELLENT STUDY!

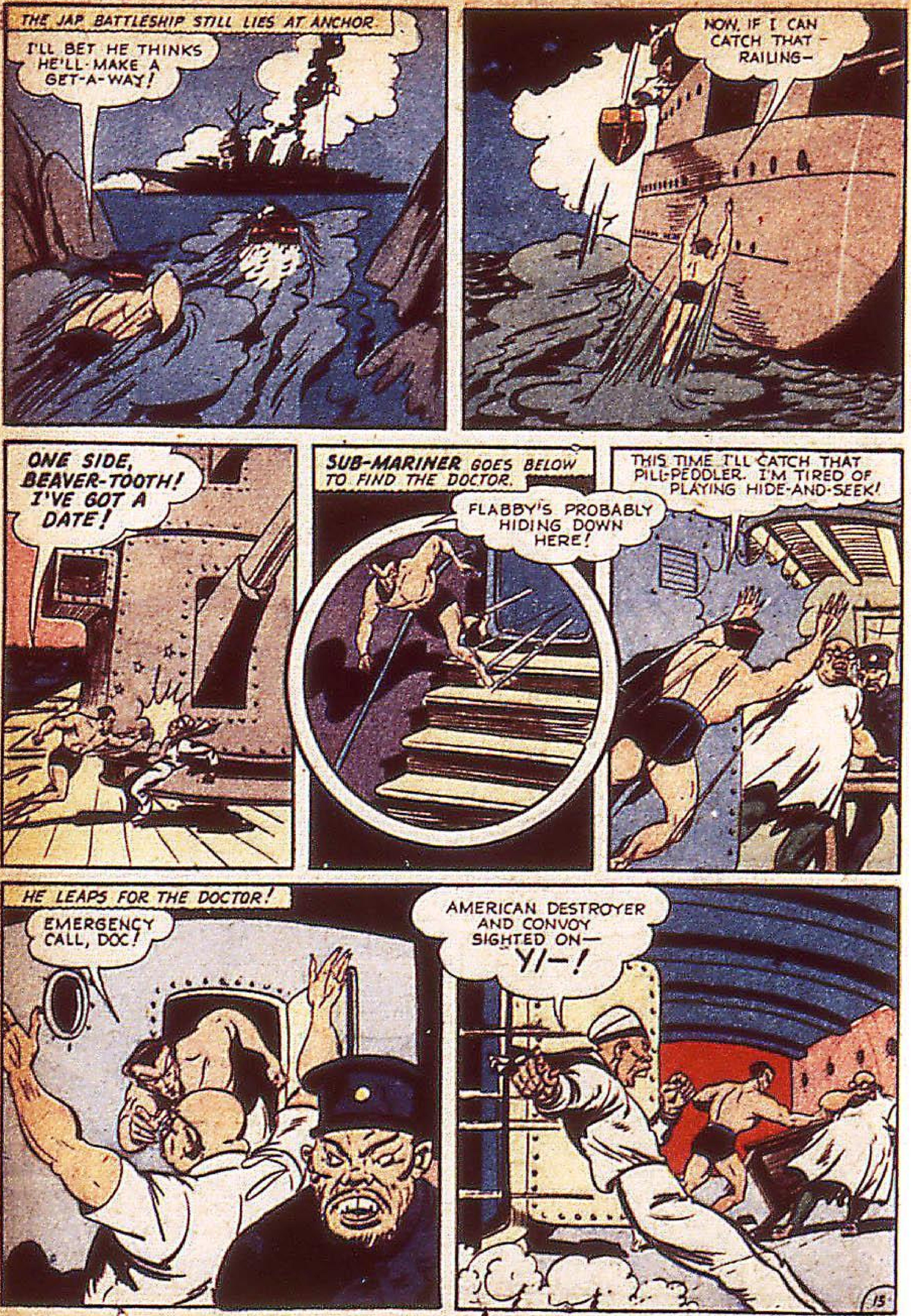

SUB-MARINER IS SENT BELOW...
DOCTOR SUKI HAS BUSINESS AT CAMP, BUT I TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOU, YESS!
UH-UH! I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU!
NOW TO FIND THE BRASS HAT WHO HAS THE KEYS FOR THESE BRACELETS!
WHERE'S THE CAPTAIN?
YI-YI-YI! STATEROOM- THERE!
SUB-MARINER HURLS THE SAILOR OUT OF HIS WAY!
FINE! NOW- GANGWAY!
TAKE OFF THIS JEWELRY- QUICK!
NO! NO! I CANNOT!
SUB-MARINER FORCES THE CAPTAIN TO OBEY. FREED, HE RUSHES TO THE DECK.
I THOUGHT YOU'D CHANGE YOUR MIND!
HE SHOVES THE JAPS ASIDE AND DIVES INTO THE WATER.
GET ACQUAINTED BOYS! I'M LOOKING FOR THE DOCTOR.
10

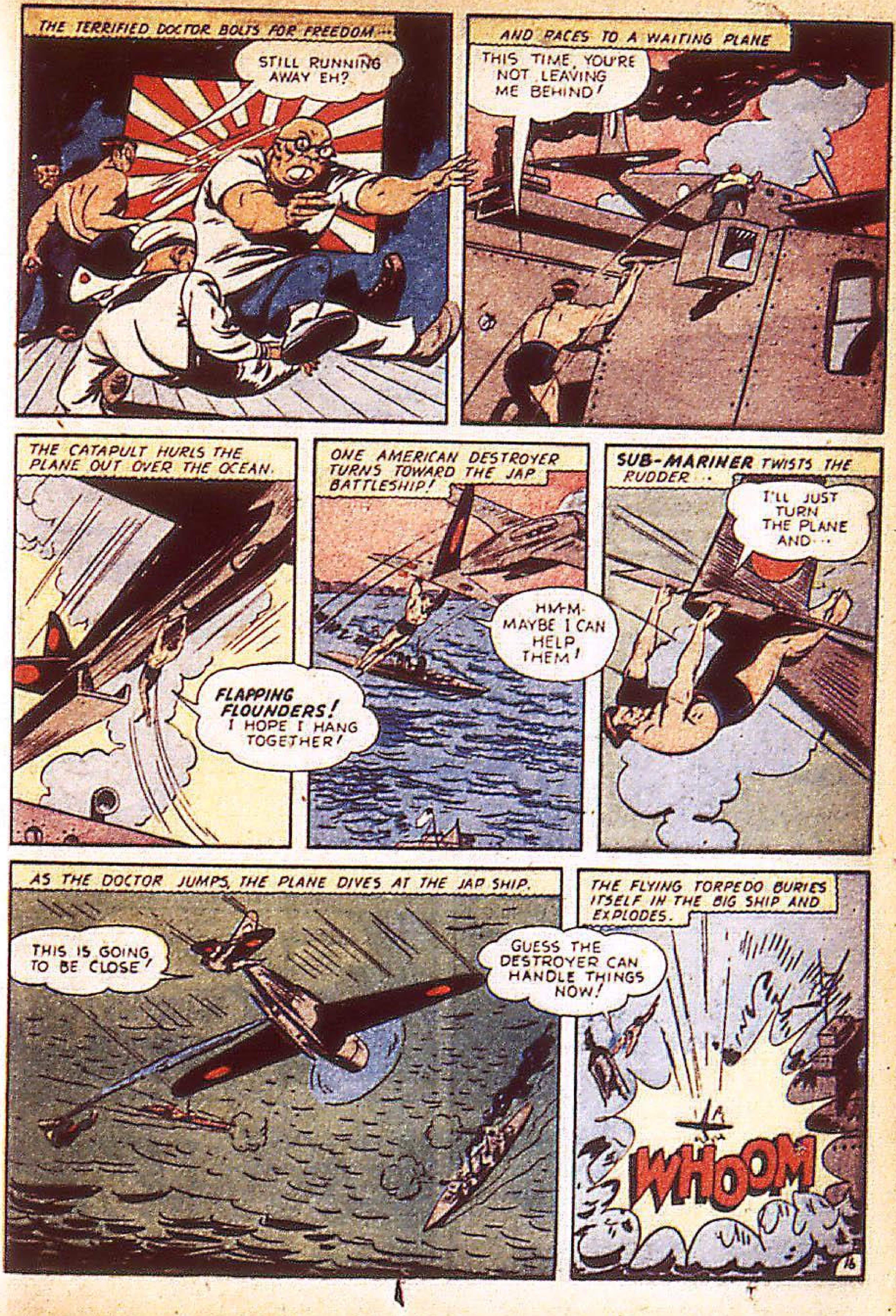

AS SUB-MARINER REACHES THE SHORE··· IN PURSUIT OF THE DOCTOR, HE SUDDENLY ENCOUNTERS SOME AMERICAN SOLDIERS.
WHAT'S THE MATTER? ARE YOU SICK?
MATTER? SICK—?
WHAT THE HECK GOES ON HERE? DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND ANYTHING?
A JAP CREEPS UP AND GIVES AN ORDER.
STRIKE!
THE AMERICAN OBEYS!
WHAP!
WELL DONE, SERVANT!
UNCONSCIOUS, SUB-MARINER IS THROWN INTO THE WATER.
THE FISH WILL FEAST UPON HIM!
THE RIVER CLOSES OVER SUB-MARINER!
SUB-MARINER STIRS, REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS AND ONCE AGAIN SETS OUT.
THAT SERUM MUST BE USED TO DESTROY THEIR MINDS. I'VE GOT TO STOP THAT DOC BEFORE HE DOES MORE DAMAGE.

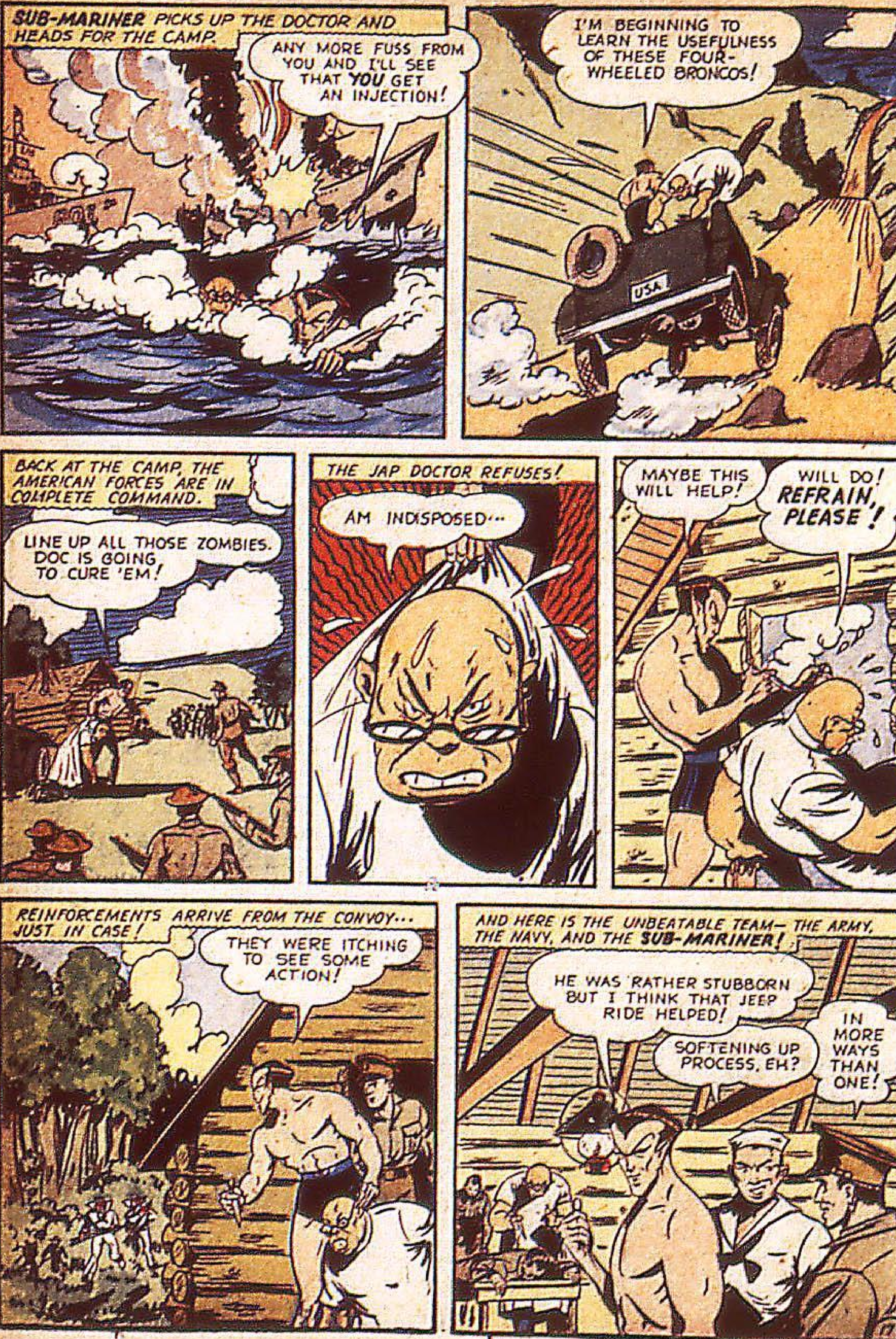

SEARCHING FOR THE CAMP SUB-MARINER COMES UPON A ROAD CREW OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS!
MUST BE NEAR HERE!
THEN··· HE FINDS THE HIDDEN CAMP!
THERE ARE STORES IN THIS BUILDING— AND TRUCKS! THEY'VE SWIPED PLENTY!
THE ROADS ARE FINISHED– BY AMERICAN LABOR!
AND THEY WILL FIGHT FOR US AS WELL. THE WHITE PEOPLE ARE OUR SLAVES NOW!
SUB-MARINER MAKES A QUICK CHANGE AND REAPPEARS AS A YANKEE SOLDIER!
WONDER WHERE OLD SAW-BONES IS?
HE SEES A GROUP OF AMERICANS AND JOINS THE LINE.
GOT A HUNCH DOC IS GOING TO DOPE THESE GUYS··· SO, HERE'S WHERE I BELONG!
HEADQUARTERS
SUB-MARINER REACHES THE GRINNING DOCTOR...
STUTTERING STURGEON! IF HE SEES ME—!
NO PAIN··· NO MEMORY··· NO FEAR! AND EXCELLENT FIGHTERS!
MEDICINE HERE BRING BACK MEMORY— IF SUCH BECOME NECESSARY!

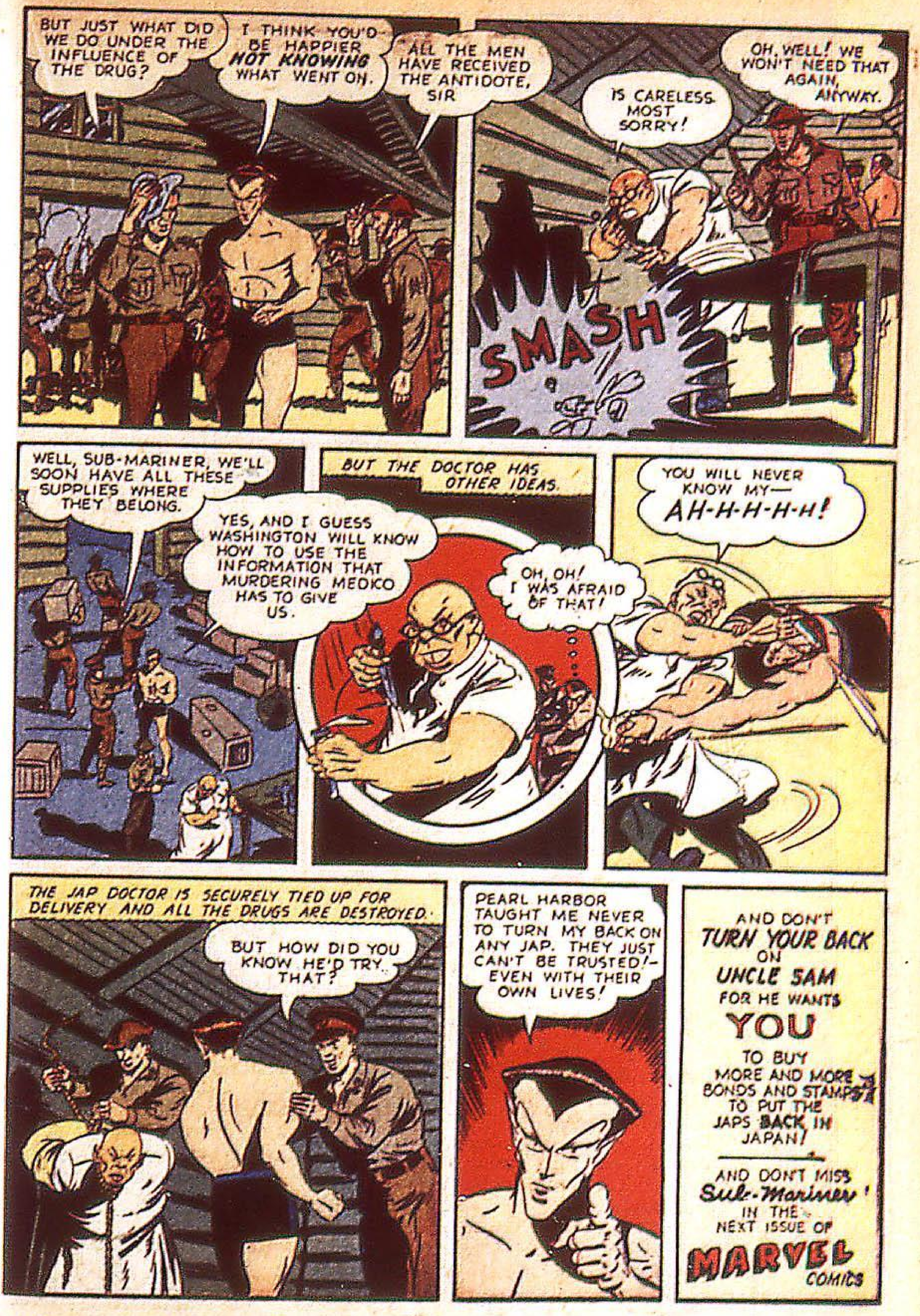

MEMORIES ARE COMPLETELY DESTROYED BY A SINGLE INJECTION!
HOLD UP, DOC!
SUB-MARINER DEFENDS THE HELPLESS MEN!
START USING THAT ANTIDOTE!
CAN'T BE BOTHERED WITH YOU!
SUB-MARINER SNATCHES UP THE PRECIOUS FLUID.
CAN'T LET THAT GUY GET AWAY AGAIN! TAKE OVER, SOLDIER! UNTIE THE OTHERS!
THE DOCTOR'S RETREAT IS COVERED BY A JAP SENTRY.
YOU'RE WORKING OVER-TIME, BUDDY!
YOU'RE IN MY WAY— MOVE OUT!
NAMOR TAKES OVER THE MACHINE GUN..
NOW, FOR A LITTLE MOPPING UP!


THE FREED AMERICAN SOLDIERS ATTEMPT TO REACH THE SUPPLIES. WHILE SUB-MARINER COVERS THEM.
IF THEY COULD GET TO THE EQUIPMENT-
SNEAKING UP BEHIND, AS USUAL!
COME ONE- COME ALL!
THE AMERICANS SEEM TO HAVE THINGS UNDER CONTROL HERE... GUESS I CAN LEAVE.
SUB-MARINER NEEDS FAST TRANSPORTATION- SO...
DOC WOULD TAKE THE ONLY MOTORCYCLE!
JUMPING JEEPS! I'D RATHER SWIM!
U.S.A.
SUB-MARINER ARRIVES AT THE RIVER BANK JUST IN TIME TO SEE A BOAT PULLING AWAY.
THE DOC'S ON BOARD THAT KICKER!


THE JAP BATTLESHIP STILL LIES AT ANCHOR.
I'LL BET HE THINKS HE'LL MAKE A GET-A-WAY!
NOW, IF I CAN CATCH THAT RAILING—
ONE SIDE, BEAVER-TOOTH! I'VE GOT A DATE!
SUB-MARINER GOES BELOW TO FIND THE DOCTOR.
FLABBY'S PROBABLY HIDING DOWN HERE!
THIS TIME I'LL CATCH THAT PILL-PEDDLER. I'M TIRED OF PLAYING HIDE-AND-SEEK!
HE LEAPS FOR THE DOCTOR!
EMERGENCY CALL, DOC!
AMERICAN DESTROYER AND CONVOY SIGHTED ON— YI—!


THE TERRIFIED DOCTOR BOLTS FOR FREEDOM...
STILL RUNNING AWAY EH?
AND RACES TO A WAITING PLANE
THIS TIME, YOU'RE NOT LEAVING ME BEHIND!
THE CATAPULT HURLS THE PLANE OUT OVER THE OCEAN.
FLAPPING FLOUNDERS! I HOPE I HANG TOGETHER!
ONE AMERICAN DESTROYER TURNS TOWARD THE JAP BATTLESHIP!
HM-M-MAYBE I CAN HELP THEM!
SUB-MARINER TWISTS THE RUDDER...
I'LL JUST TURN THE PLANE AND...
AS THE DOCTOR JUMPS, THE PLANE DIVES AT THE JAP SHIP.
THIS IS GOING TO BE CLOSE!
GUESS THE DESTROYER CAN HANDLE THINGS NOW!
THE FLYING TORPEDO BURIES ITSELF IN THE BIG SHIP AND EXPLODES.
WHOOM
16


SUB-MARINER PICKS UP THE DOCTOR AND HEADS FOR THE CAMP.
ANY MORE FUSS FROM YOU AND I'LL SEE THAT *YOU* GET AN INJECTION!
I'M BEGINNING TO LEARN THE USEFULNESS OF THESE FOUR-WHEELED BRONCOS!
U.S.A.
BACK AT THE CAMP, THE AMERICAN FORCES ARE IN COMPLETE COMMAND.
LINE UP ALL THOSE ZOMBIES. DOC IS GOING TO CURE 'EM!
THE JAP DOCTOR REFUSES!
AM INDISPOSED...
MAYBE THIS WILL HELP!
WILL DO! **REFRAIN, PLEASE!**
REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVE FROM THE CONVOY... JUST IN CASE!
THEY WERE ITCHING TO SEE SOME ACTION!
AND HERE IS THE UNBEATABLE TEAM— THE ARMY, THE NAVY, AND THE **SUB-MARINER!**
HE WAS RATHER STUBBORN BUT I THINK THAT JEEP RIDE HELPED!
SOFTENING UP PROCESS, EH?
IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE!


BUT JUST WHAT DID WE DO UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE DRUG?
I THINK YOU'D BE HAPPIER **NOT KNOWING** WHAT WENT ON.
ALL THE MEN HAVE RECEIVED THE ANTIDOTE, SIR
IS CARELESS. MOST SORRY!
OH, WELL! WE WON'T NEED THAT AGAIN, ANYWAY.
SMASH
WELL, SUB-MARINER, WE'LL SOON HAVE ALL THESE SUPPLIES WHERE THEY BELONG.
YES, AND I GUESS WASHINGTON WILL KNOW HOW TO USE THE INFORMATION THAT MURDERING MEDICO HAS TO GIVE US.
BUT THE DOCTOR HAS OTHER IDEAS.
OH, OH! I WAS AFRAID OF THAT!
YOU WILL NEVER KNOW MY— AH-H-H-H-H!
THE JAP DOCTOR IS SECURELY TIED UP FOR DELIVERY AND ALL THE DRUGS ARE DESTROYED.
BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW HE'D TRY THAT?
PEARL HARBOR TAUGHT ME NEVER TO TURN MY BACK ON ANY JAP. THEY JUST CAN'T BE TRUSTED!— EVEN WITH THEIR OWN LIVES!
AND DON'T *TURN YOUR BACK* ON *UNCLE SAM* FOR HE WANTS YOU TO BUY MORE AND MORE BONDS AND STAMPS TO PUT THE JAPS BACK IN JAPAN!
AND DON'T MISS *Sub-Mariner* IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS

Tommy's Taken For a Ride

PRIVATE TOMMY BRONSON, U. S. Army, stood at the side of the highway. He didn't hold up a hand with a thumb pointing southward. That was against Army regulations. But there wasn't any rule against just standing there—hopefully.

Three cars whizzed past. Then a battered old jalopy with brakes squeaking, skidded to a stop. Two men sat in the front seat.

"Hop in kid," one of them blurted out. "How far you goin'?"

"Only to Raleigh on this road; then I'll get a bus. Going that far, sir?"

The driver mumbled something which Tommy didn't get, then spoke in a low voice to his companion but the words were lost to Tommy in the rattle of the car.

Tommy was going home on a furlough and so far he'd played in luck. All week it had rained but today the sun was shining brightly. It hadn't been ten minutes after he left camp early that morning that he was picked up. The man was tops, too. Brought him from the camp near Washington down across Virginia and over the line into North Carolina before he finally reached his destination.

Tommy patted his pocket where the sixty dollars were. Fifty were for his mother; ten he'd keep for himself. There'd be some parties, he hoped and he'd need that little money himself. He imagined what Moms would say.

"Now, son, you shouldn't stint yourself so." But she'd be glad to get the fifty.

Tommy looked even younger than his twenty years. Maybe that was because he wasn't very tall. Maybe his clear blue eyes and wavy brown hair had something to do with it. Maybe it was just the honest, friendly way he met the world.

* * *

THE AIR IN THE CAR was stifling and there was a heavy odor of cigars as the driver puffed lengthily on a long black stogey.

"Watch for a good place to stop Hank!" he growled.

"O.K., Butch."

For the first time since he got into the car, Tommy felt a little apprehensive. He remembered several road houses of all kinds which they'd passed in the last half hour. But he tried not to show it. After all, he was a little tired and he suddenly remembered he hadn't had any lunch. Not a good idea to get jittery. But the thought of the money in his pocket kept popping into his mind. They passed through a village and then out on the highway again.

Altogether they must have gone twenty or thirty miles farther and Tommy was beginning to relax again a little, when the driver swerved the car over to the side of the road and stopped. A dense growth of pines lined one side of the highway. On the other, a little stream wound its way along and under a culvert. Butch turned and looked at Tommy. A week's stubble of beard covered his face and the corners of his mouth were stained with tobacco juice. He wore a tattered old coat.

"Got any dough, buddy?" he spat out. "Me and my pal here, are broke and we sure could use some."

Tommy glanced from the speaker to the other man. What he saw made him do some quick figuring. Hank held a large wrench in his grimey hand.

Tommy's muscles tensed and he drew back his arm slightly. But he realized how foolish that would be. Both men were larger than he and to make matters worse, he was penned up in the back seat. The only doors were in front, opposite the driver's seat.

* * *

TOMMY HAD SOME coins in his trouser's pocket separate from the money in the wallet which he had put in his blouse pocket. Maybe if he gave Butch the change he'd be satisfied. He reached in his pocket and found three quarters, two dimes and some nickles. These he handed to Butch, who took them in a rough, greasy hand.

"That all ya' got, buddy?" he demanded. "How about some folding money?" Tommy didn't answer. Butch got out of the car, walked around to the other side and opened the door. He grabbed Tommy's wrist and twisted it.

"Hold that wrench handy, Hank," he commanded, "while I see what I can find."

Tommy's mind raced. If only they were outside, he'd show these bullies what Army training had done for him but what chance did he have back there in the car with all the odds so strongly against him. Guess they'll win this round, he thought but wait. . . .

Butch located the wallet and transferred it to his own pocket. Meanwhile, Hank held the wrench menacingly. Then Butch grabbed Tommy's arm and jerked him from the car, knocking him to the ground.

"Beat it kid," he growled. "And keep your mouth shut if you know what's good for yu'." He said as he jumped into the car. The rear wheels threw gravel from the roadside into Tommy's face as it sped away.

He made a note of the license number while he was still sprawled on the side of the road. He'd remember the car anywhere, and the men, too. Tommy got up, looked down the highway helplessly and watched the jalopy disappearing around a curve. From the other direction a car was approaching. It was a roadster and as it drew near he observed that a girl was driving.

Tommy snorted. "A girl of all things. . . ." And as if that weren't enough, she was alone. Of course, she'd fly past without even looking at him. That was the right thing for a girl to do. But she didn't. She was slowing down and pulling over to where he stood. She took in Tommy's soiled appearance at a glance. His face was streaked with dust and his uniform was badly in need of brushing.

* * *

"WHAT'S WRONG, soldier?" she asked. Soft brown eyes looked directly into his. Her light curly hair was all disheveled and windblown. About eighteen, Tommy guessed. Any other time, he'd have been glad. . . .

"Plenty's wrong," he snorted. "I've been robbed and thrown out of a car by . . ." He broke off. "But you're only a girl What I need is . . ."

"Oh, is that so? Only a girl . . . get in quick and we'll see about that." Her mouth tightened spoiling the curve of her lips.

Tommy got in and the girl let out the clutch. "Now tell me all about it. Uncle Pete'll want to know all the details and we haven't got much time."

"Who's Uncle Pete?"

"Oh, nobody; just the sheriff of this county. Right now, he's probably poking around in his garage adjusting carburetors.

Tommy told her.

"Sounds like the Henry brothers," she commented. "Uncle would be glad to get them with the evidence."

Within five minutes after they had reached uncle Pete's garage, the sheriff with two deputies, the girl, and Tommy were speeding after the thieves.

"Keep your eyes open, men," Uncle Pete snapped. "You, too, Dorothy." Tommy liked that name. What a brick she was! Plenty of spunk for a girl.

It was Dorothy who saw the muddy tracks leading off the highway on a little used dirt road.

"That's the way they went," she exclaimed.

Less than a mile farther on they sighted the jalopy with its flat tire.

* * *

BUTCH SAW THE CAR coming first.

"Beat it, Hank," he yelled and started running. Hank dropped the tire he was fitting on the wheel and raced after Butch but a bullet whizzing close to him changed his mind.

He turned and threw up his hands. Butch did likewise.

"Thought that would do the trick," Uncle Pete drawled.

Back in the village, Uncle Pete turned the evidence over to the Judge and the Henry brothers, for it was they, who were locked in separate cells.

"The hearing will be tomorrow morning," Uncle Pete announced later after he, Tommy and Dorothy were once more in his office in the garage. "And when these punks are on the way to the pen, this boy'll get his wallet back. What did you say your name was?" he asked, turning toward the youth.

Tommy had washed his face and hands. His uniform was spick and span again. And Dorothy had gotten him a sandwich.

"Tommy Bronson, sir," he replied, "and I'll never be able to thank all of you enough. . ."

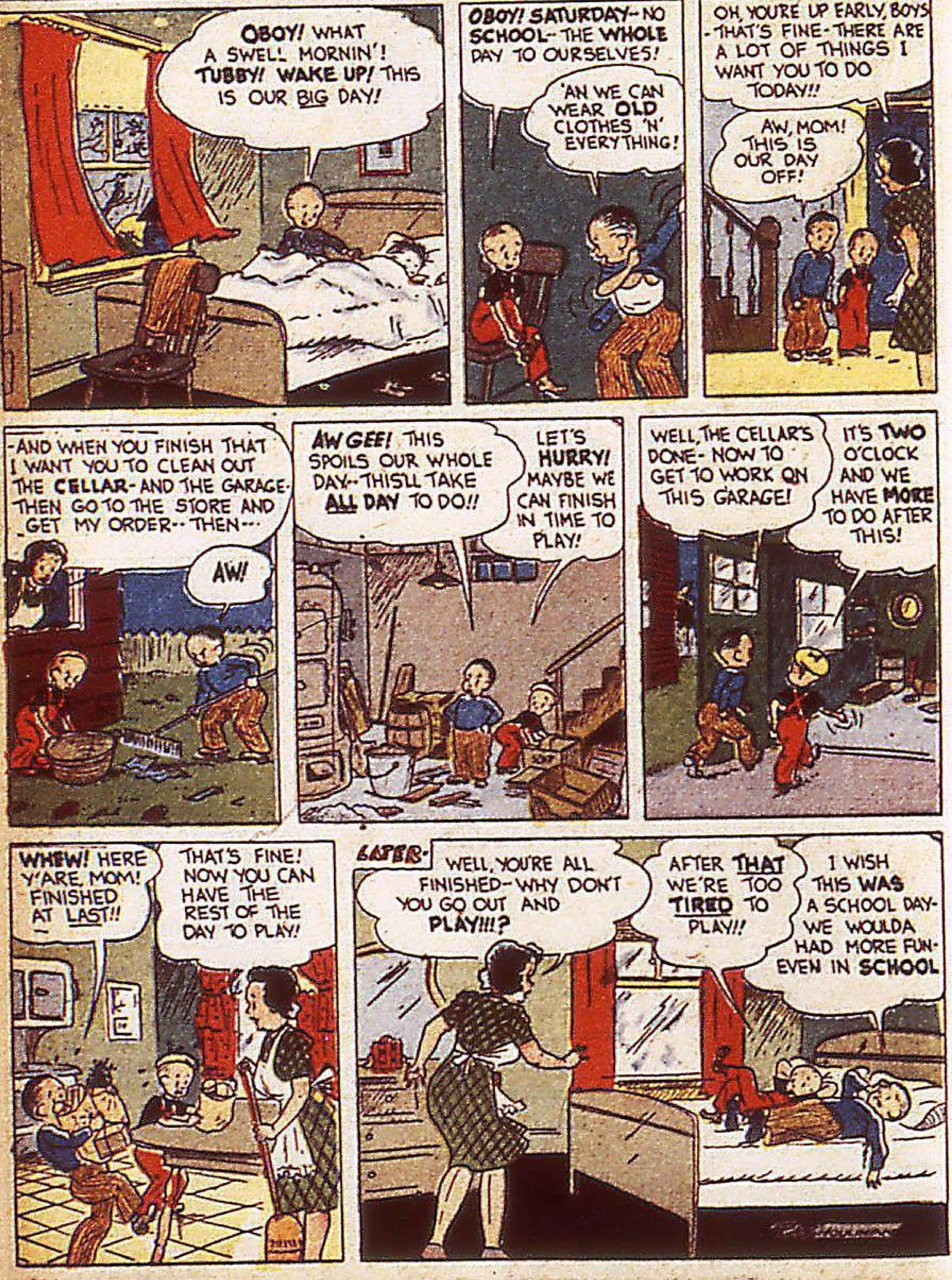
"Bill," Uncle Pete called out to one of the deputies. "How about letting that valve-grinding job wait awhile and taking this soldier boy home. It's not very far."

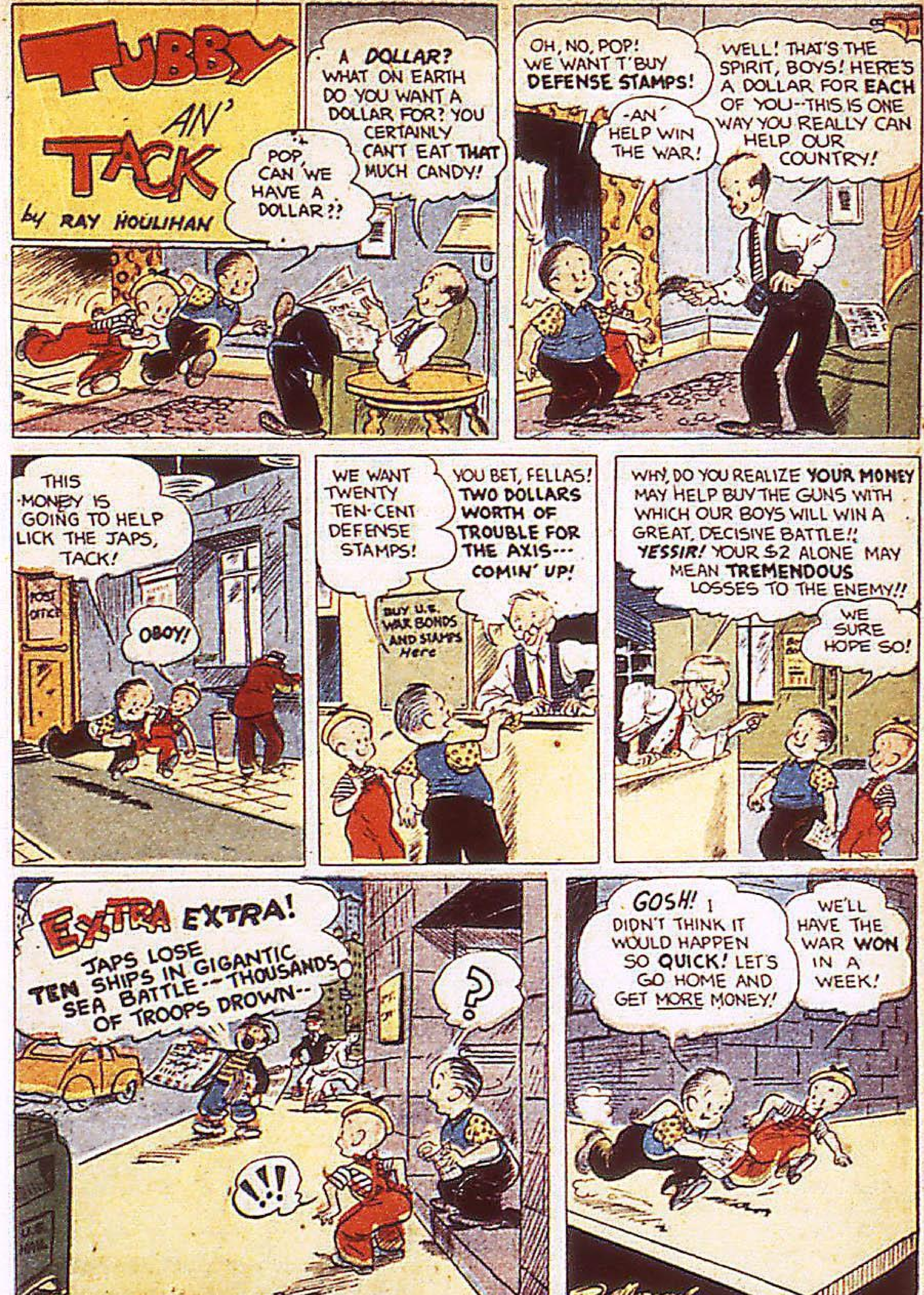
Dorothy's brown eyes opened wide. "Why, Uncle Peter," she said softly. "I'd planned to do that myself. There's a dance near here tomorrow night and Tommy might want to take me, after he gets his money back." She looked over at him and his bright smile assured her he'd like nothing more. "I should know him a little better before I go out with him . . . unless he can find more criminals to catch."

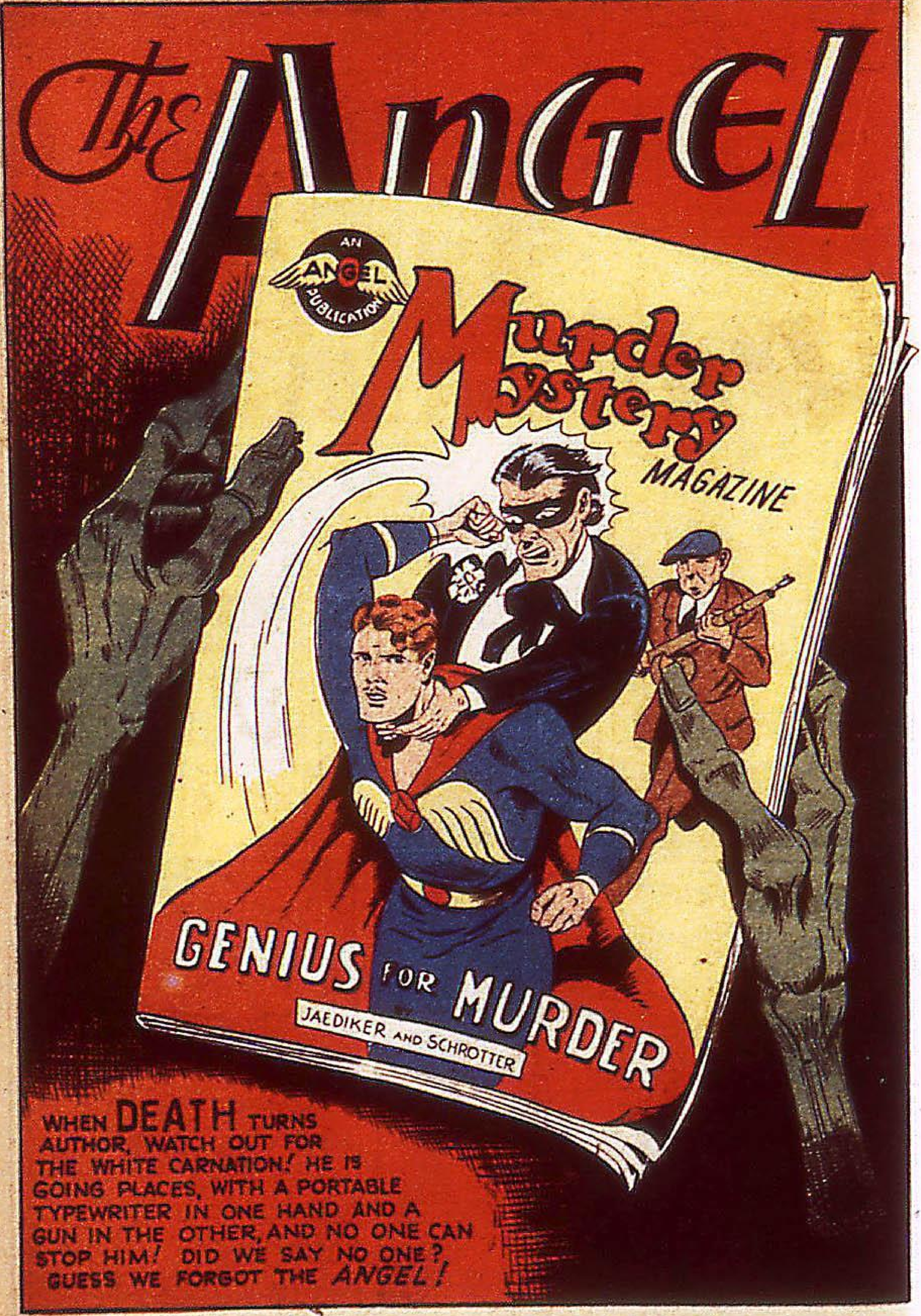
The End

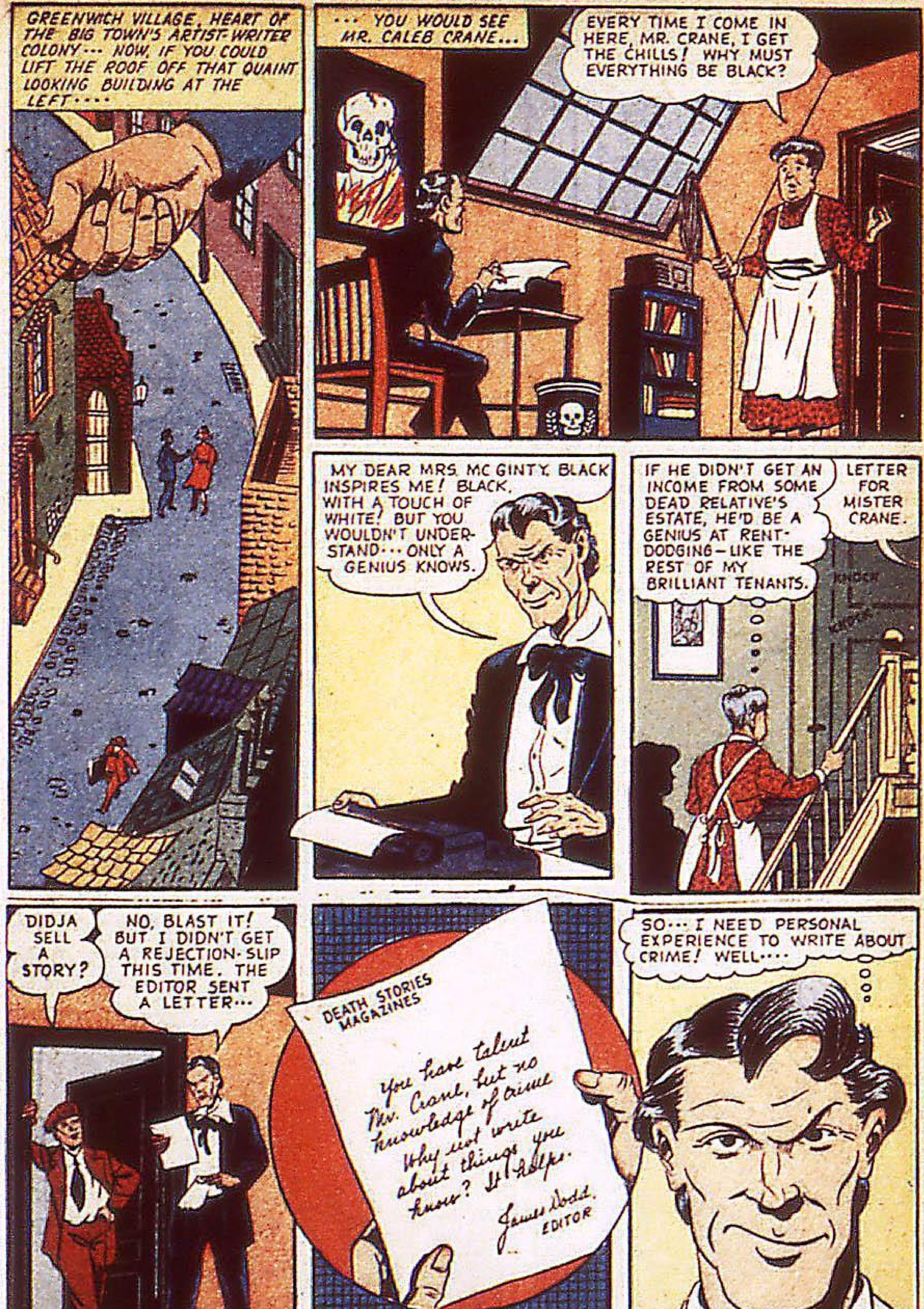
TUBBY and TACK

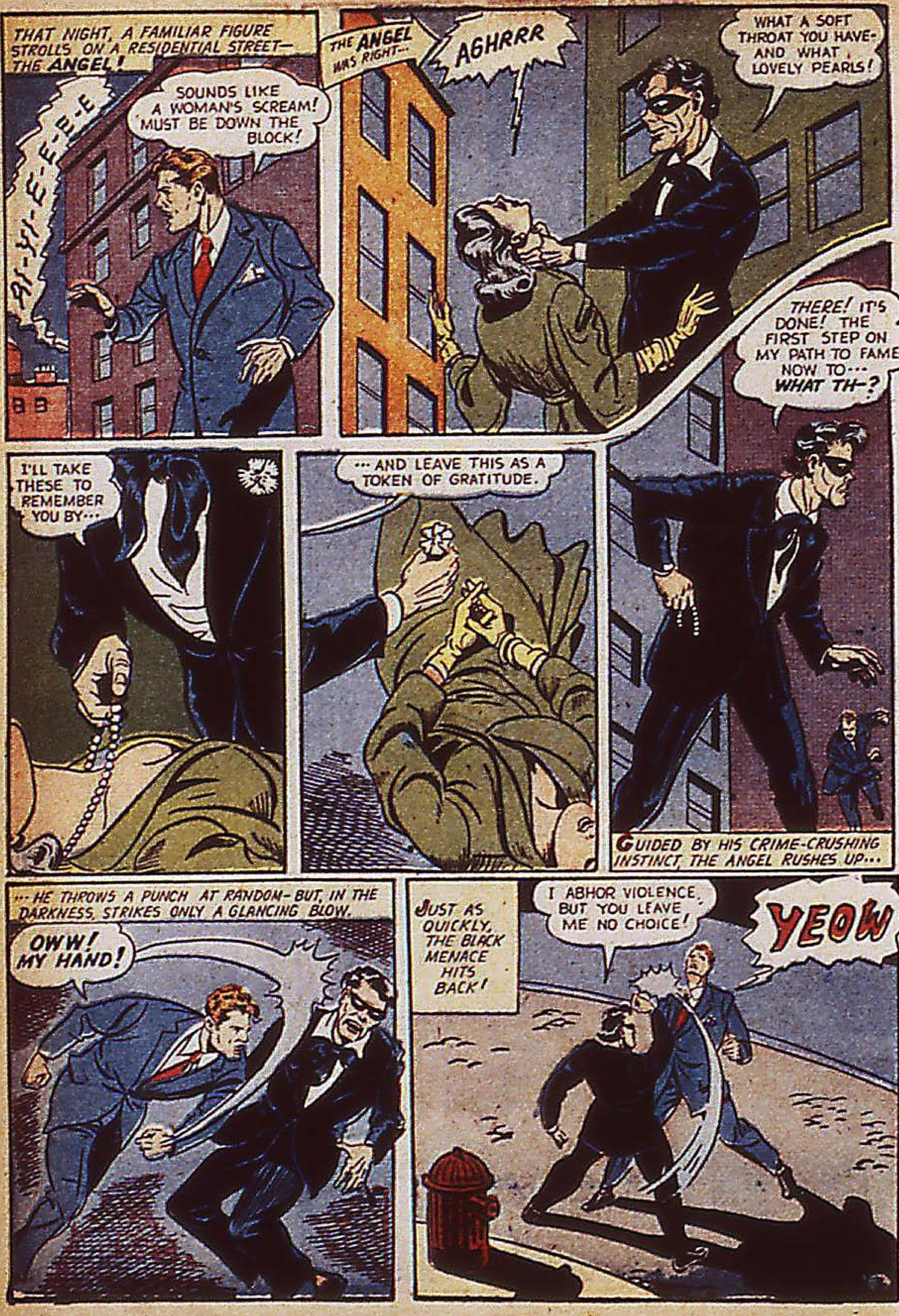
BY RAY HOULIHAN

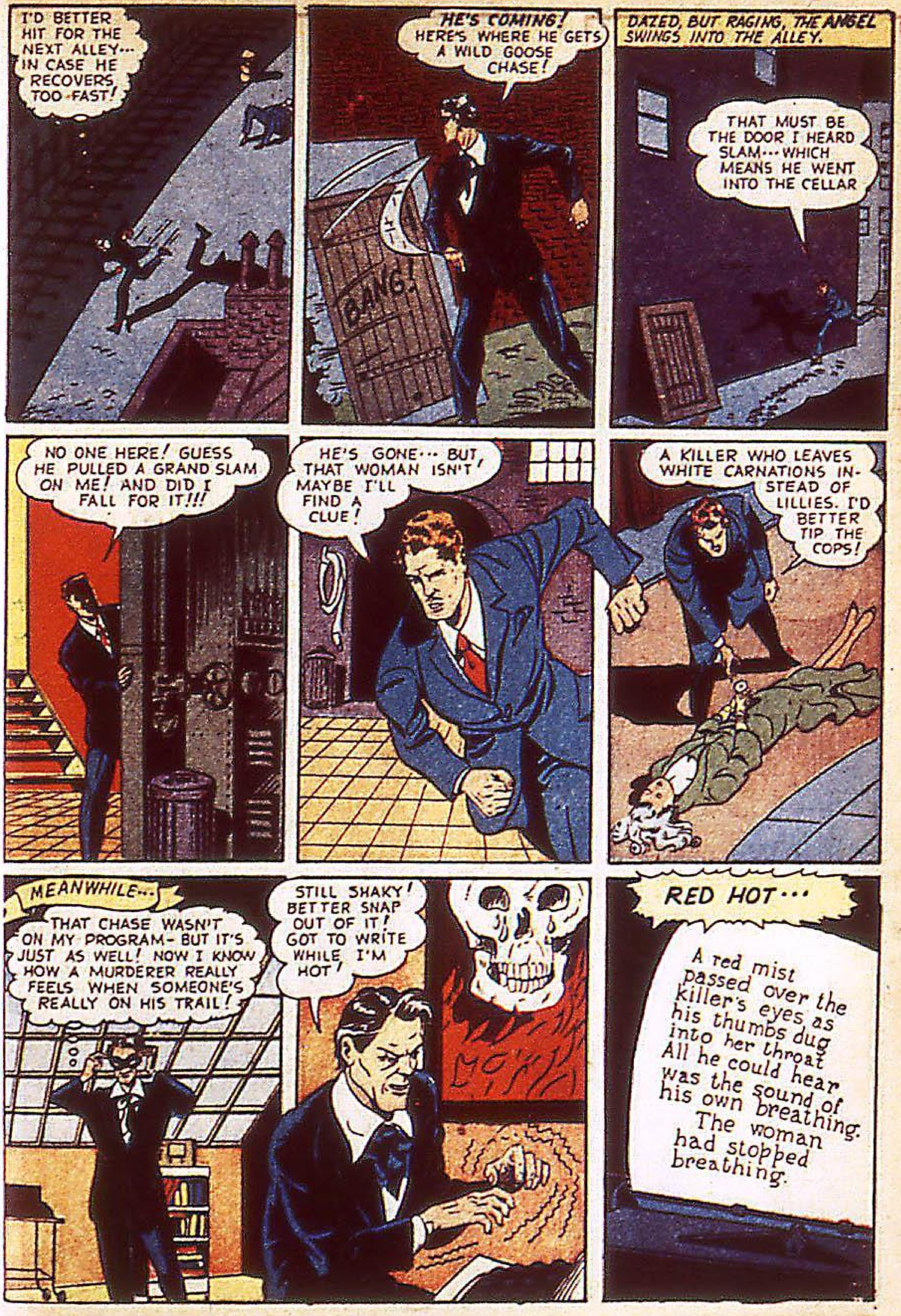

OBOY! WHAT A SWELL MORNIN'! TUBBY! WAKE UP! THIS IS OUR BIG DAY!
OBOY! SATURDAY-- NO SCHOOL-- THE WHOLE DAY TO OURSELVES!
'AN WE CAN WEAR OLD CLOTHES 'N' EVERYTHING!
OH, YOU'RE UP EARLY, BOYS -THAT'S FINE- THERE ARE A LOT OF THINGS I WANT YOU TO DO TODAY!!
AW, MOM! THIS IS OUR DAY OFF!
-AND WHEN YOU FINISH THAT I WANT YOU TO CLEAN OUT THE CELLAR- AND THE GARAGE- THEN GO TO THE STORE AND GET MY ORDER-- THEN---
AW!
AW GEE! THIS SPOILS OUR WHOLE DAY-- THIS'LL TAKE ALL DAY TO DO!!
LET'S HURRY! MAYBE WE CAN FINISH IN TIME TO PLAY!
WELL, THE CELLAR'S DONE- NOW TO GET TO WORK ON THIS GARAGE!
IT'S TWO O'CLOCK AND WE HAVE MORE TO DO AFTER THIS!
WHEW! HERE Y'ARE, MOM! FINISHED AT LAST!!
THAT'S FINE! NOW YOU CAN HAVE THE REST OF THE DAY TO PLAY!
LATER-
WELL, YOU'RE ALL FINISHED- WHY DON'T YOU GO OUT AND PLAY!!!?
AFTER THAT WE'RE TOO TIRED TO PLAY!!
I WISH THIS WAS A SCHOOL DAY- WE WOULDA HAD MORE FUN- EVEN IN SCHOOL

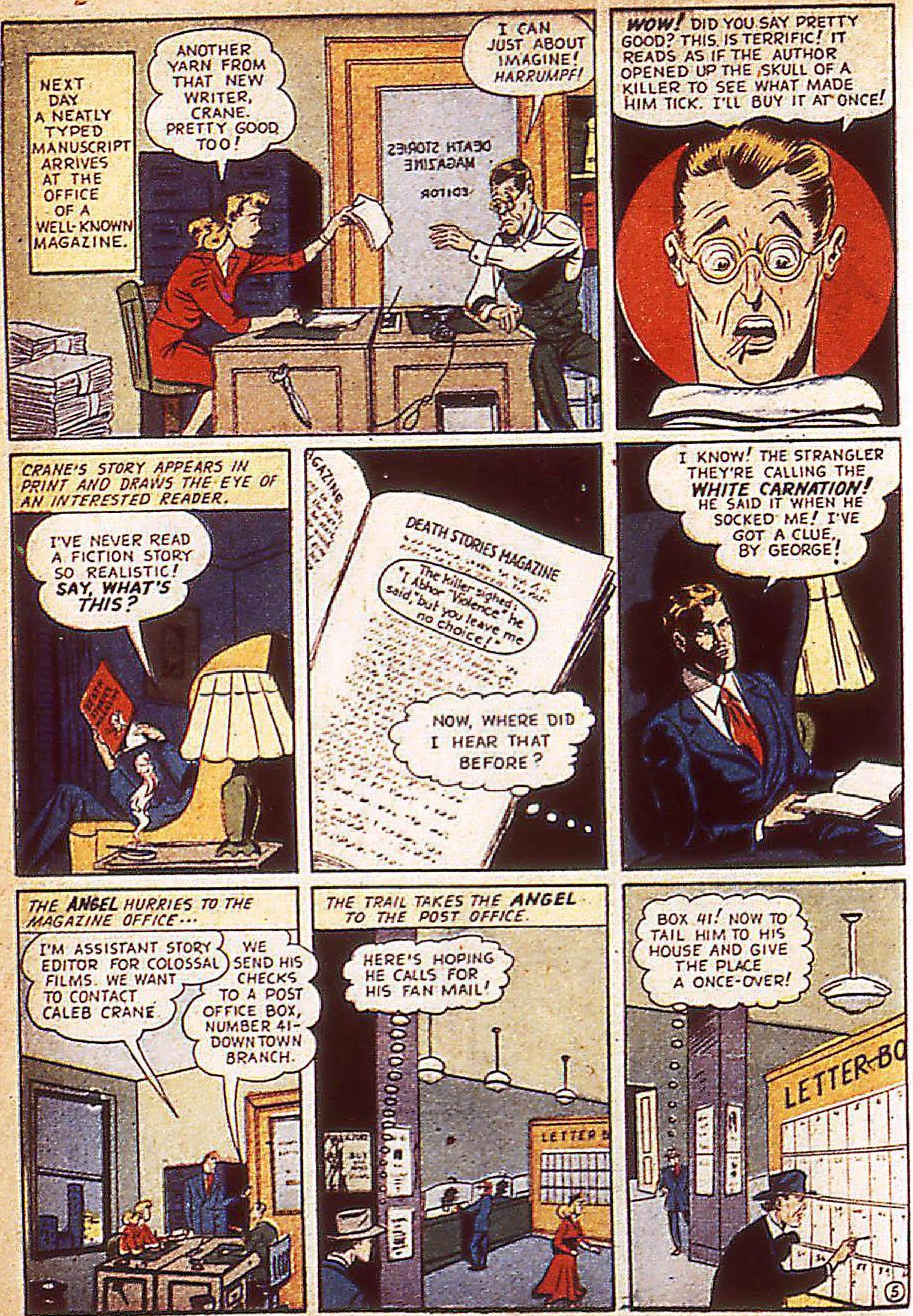

TUBBY AN' TACK
by RAY HOULIHAN
POP, CAN WE HAVE A DOLLAR??
A DOLLAR? WHAT ON EARTH DO YOU WANT A DOLLAR FOR? YOU CERTAINLY CAN'T EAT THAT MUCH CANDY!
OH, NO, POP! WE WANT T'BUY DEFENSE STAMPS!
-AN' HELP WIN THE WAR!
WELL! THAT'S THE SPIRIT, BOYS! HERE'S A DOLLAR FOR EACH OF YOU--THIS IS ONE WAY YOU REALLY CAN HELP OUR COUNTRY!
THIS MONEY IS GOING TO HELP LICK THE JAPS, TACK!
OBOY!
POST OFFICE
WE WANT TWENTY TEN-CENT DEFENSE STAMPS!
YOU BET, FELLAS! TWO DOLLARS WORTH OF TROUBLE FOR THE AXIS--- COMIN' UP!
BUY U.S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS Here
WHY, DO YOU REALIZE YOUR MONEY MAY HELP BUY THE GUNS WITH WHICH OUR BOYS WILL WIN A GREAT, DECISIVE BATTLE!! YESSIR! YOUR $2 ALONE MAY MEAN TREMENDOUS LOSSES TO THE ENEMY!!
WE SURE HOPE SO!
EXTRA EXTRA! JAPS LOSE TEN SHIPS IN GIGANTIC SEA BATTLE--THOUSANDS OF TROOPS DROWN--
?
!!!
U.S. MAIL
GOSH! I DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD HAPPEN SO QUICK! LET'S GO HOME AND GET MORE MONEY!
WE'LL HAVE THE WAR WON IN A WEEK!
Ray Houlihan

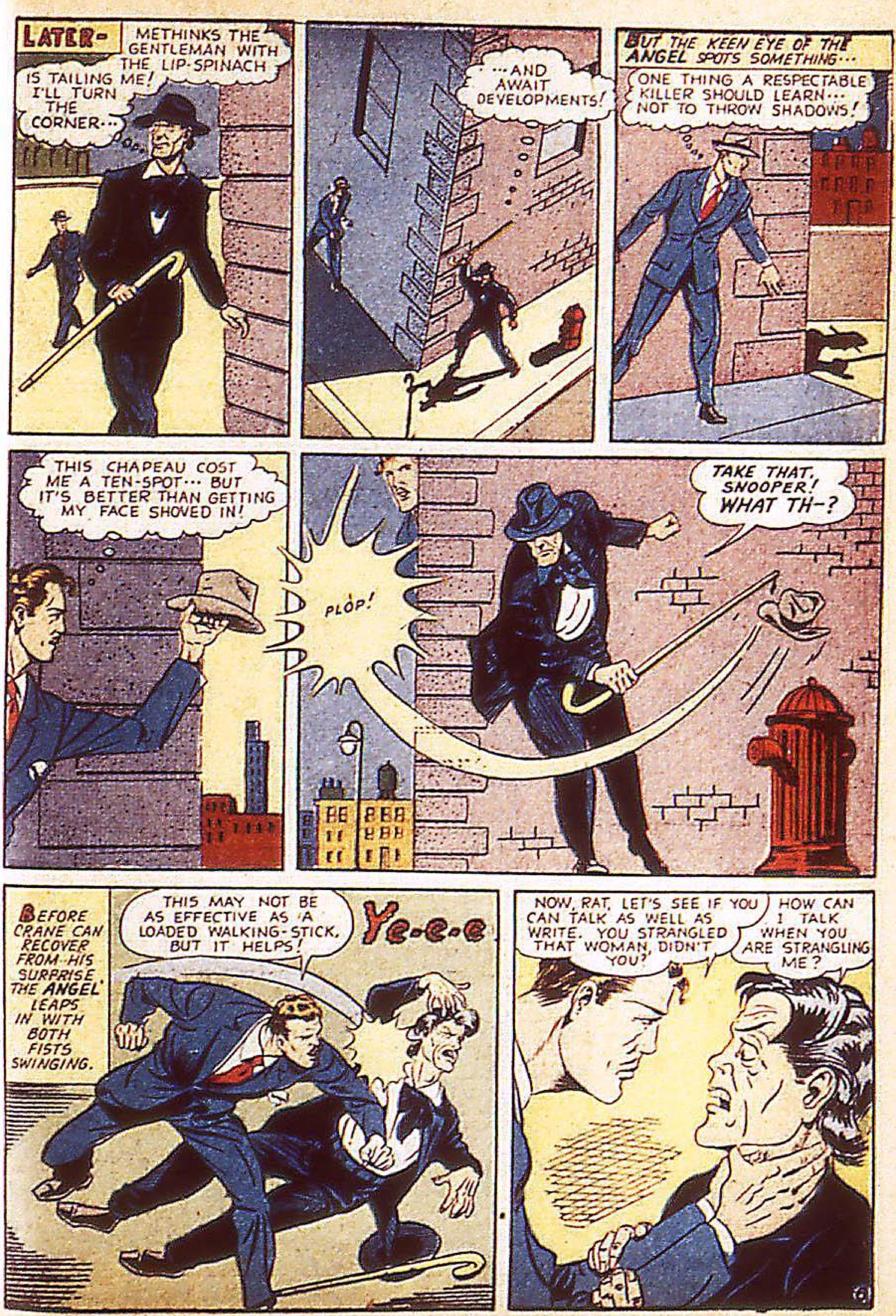

The ANGEL
AN ANGEL PUBLICATION
Murder Mystery MAGAZINE
GENIUS FOR MURDER
JAEDIKER AND SCHROTTER
WHEN DEATH TURNS AUTHOR, WATCH OUT FOR THE WHITE CARNATION! HE IS GOING PLACES, WITH A PORTABLE TYPEWRITER IN ONE HAND AND A GUN IN THE OTHER, AND NO ONE CAN STOP HIM! DID WE SAY NO ONE? GUESS WE FORGOT THE *ANGEL!*

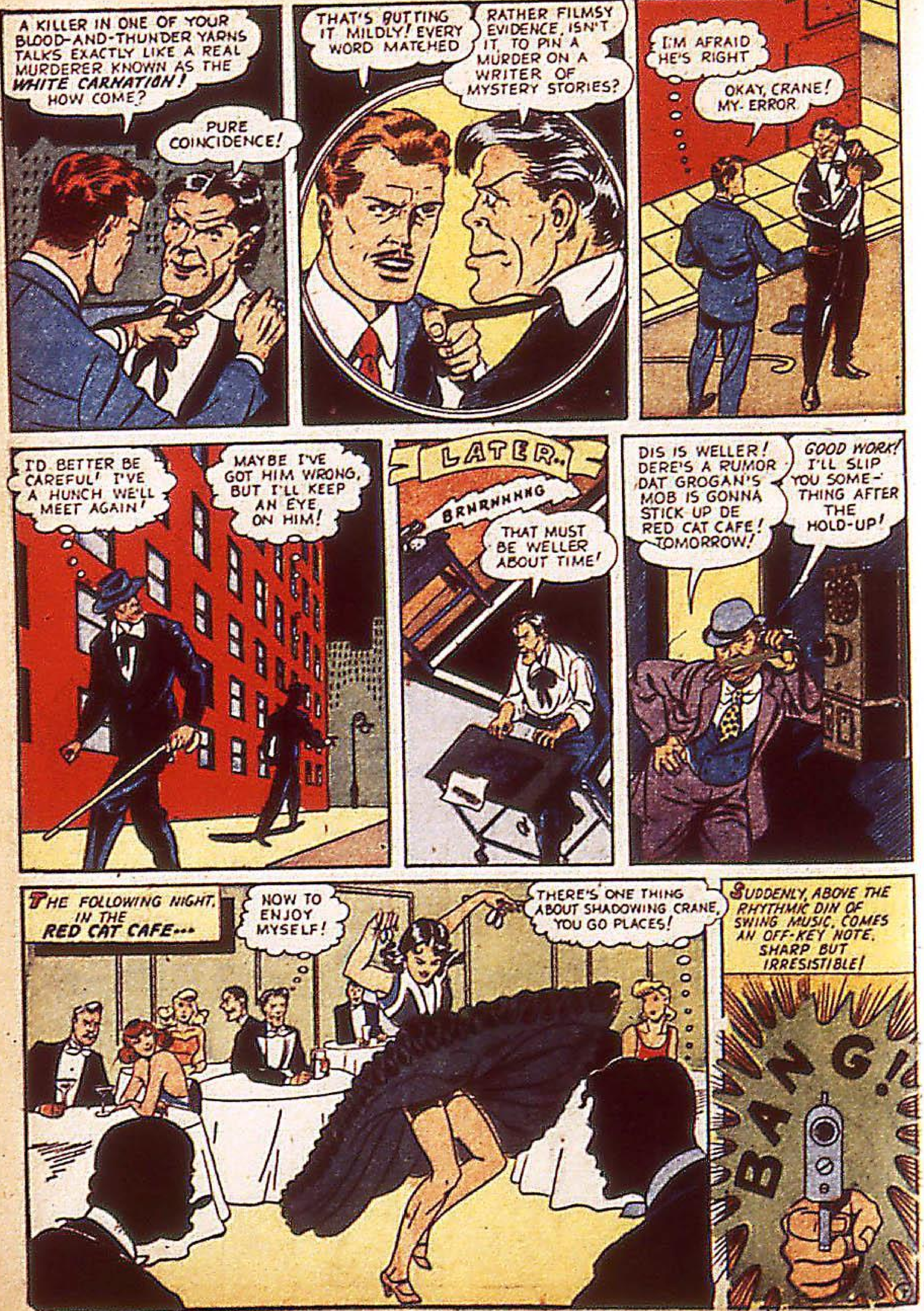

GREENWICH VILLAGE, HEART OF THE BIG TOWN'S ARTIST-WRITER COLONY··· NOW, IF YOU COULD LIFT THE ROOF OFF THAT QUAINT LOOKING BUILDING AT THE LEFT···
··· YOU WOULD SEE MR. CALEB CRANE···
EVERY TIME I COME IN HERE, MR. CRANE, I GET THE CHILLS! WHY MUST EVERYTHING BE BLACK?
MY DEAR MRS. MC GINTY, BLACK INSPIRES ME! BLACK, WITH A TOUCH OF WHITE! BUT YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND··· ONLY A GENIUS KNOWS.
IF HE DIDN'T GET AN INCOME FROM SOME DEAD RELATIVE'S ESTATE, HE'D BE A GENIUS AT RENT-DODGING—LIKE THE REST OF MY BRILLIANT TENANTS.
LETTER FOR MISTER CRANE.
KNOCK
KNOCK
DIDJA SELL A STORY?
NO, BLAST IT! BUT I DIDN'T GET A REJECTION-SLIP THIS TIME. THE EDITOR SENT A LETTER···
DEATH STORIES MAGAZINES
You have talent Mr. Crane, but no knowledge of crime Why not write about things you know? It helps.
James Dodd.
EDITOR
SO··· I NEED PERSONAL EXPERIENCE TO WRITE ABOUT CRIME! WELL····

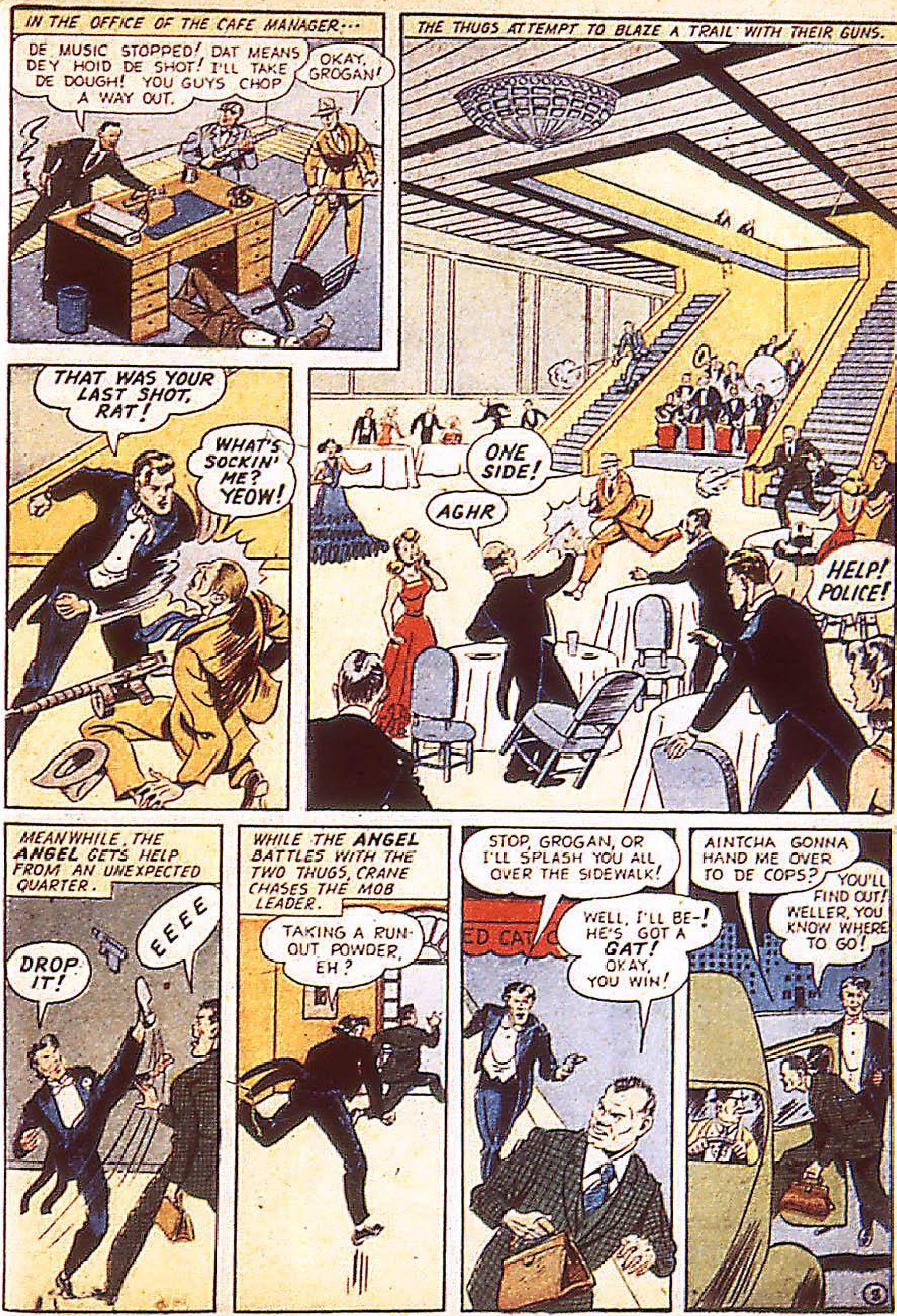

THAT NIGHT, A FAMILIAR FIGURE STROLLS ON A RESIDENTIAL STREET— THE ANGEL!
AI-YI-E-E-E-E
SOUNDS LIKE A WOMAN'S SCREAM! MUST BE DOWN THE BLOCK!
THE ANGEL WAS RIGHT...
AGHRRR
WHAT A SOFT THROAT YOU HAVE- AND WHAT LOVELY PEARLS!
THERE! IT'S DONE! THE FIRST STEP ON MY PATH TO FAME! NOW TO... WHAT TH-?
I'LL TAKE THESE TO REMEMBER YOU BY...
...AND LEAVE THIS AS A TOKEN OF GRATITUDE.
GUIDED BY HIS CRIME-CRUSHING INSTINCT, THE ANGEL RUSHES UP...
...HE THROWS A PUNCH AT RANDOM- BUT, IN THE DARKNESS, STRIKES ONLY A GLANCING BLOW.
OWW! MY HAND!
JUST AS QUICKLY, THE BLACK MENACE HITS BACK!
I ABHOR VIOLENCE, BUT YOU LEAVE ME NO CHOICE!
YEOW

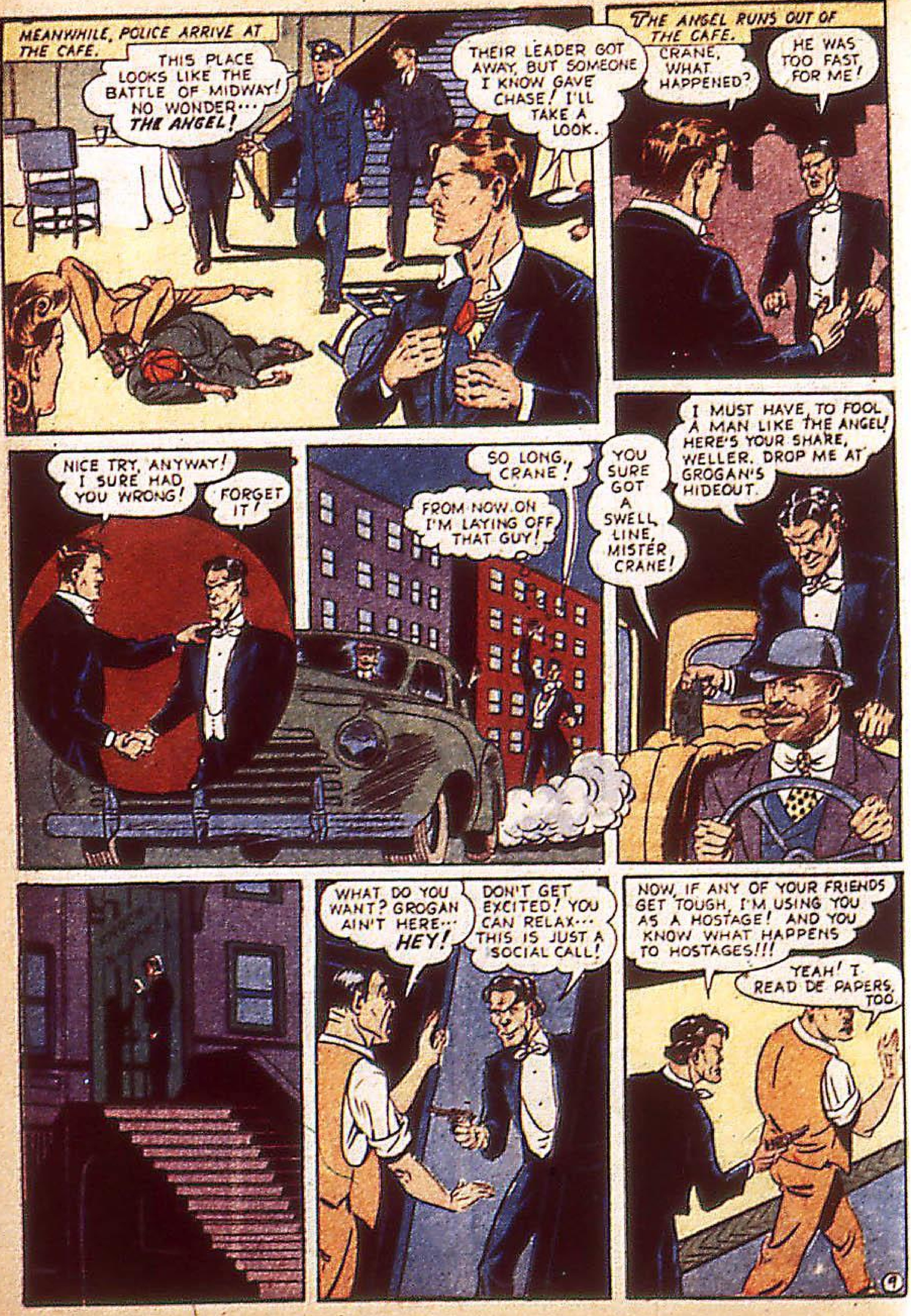

I'D BETTER HIT FOR THE NEXT ALLEY... IN CASE HE RECOVERS TOO FAST!
HE'S COMING! HERE'S WHERE HE GETS A WILD GOOSE CHASE!
BANG!
DAZED, BUT RAGING, THE ANGEL SWINGS INTO THE ALLEY.
THAT MUST BE THE DOOR I HEARD SLAM... WHICH MEANS HE WENT INTO THE CELLAR
NO ONE HERE! GUESS HE PULLED A GRAND SLAM ON ME! AND DID I FALL FOR IT!!!
HE'S GONE... BUT, THAT WOMAN ISN'T MAYBE I'LL FIND A CLUE!
A KILLER WHO LEAVES WHITE CARNATIONS INSTEAD OF LILLIES. I'D BETTER TIP THE COPS!
MEANWHILE...
THAT CHASE WASN'T ON MY PROGRAM- BUT IT'S JUST AS WELL! NOW I KNOW HOW A MURDERER REALLY FEELS WHEN SOMEONE'S REALLY ON HIS TRAIL!
STILL SHAKY! BETTER SNAP OUT OF IT! GOT TO WRITE WHILE I'M HOT!
RED HOT...
A red mist passed over the killer's eyes as his thumbs dug into her throat All he could hear was the sound of his own breathing. The woman had stopped breathing.

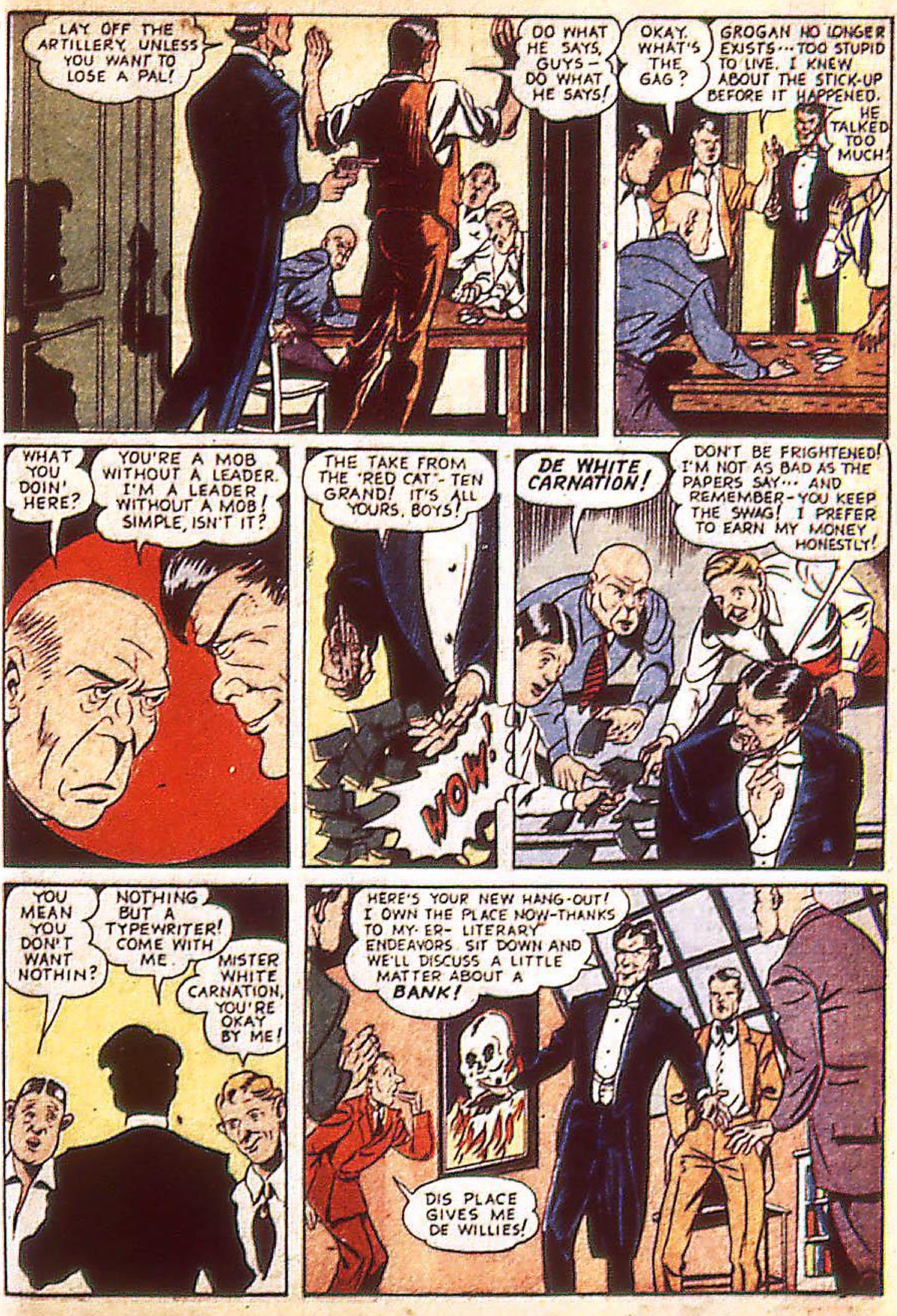

NEXT DAY A NEATLY TYPED MANUSCRIPT ARRIVES AT THE OFFICE OF A WELL-KNOWN MAGAZINE.
ANOTHER YARN FROM THAT NEW WRITER, CRANE. PRETTY GOOD TOO!
I CAN JUST ABOUT IMAGINE! *HARRUMPF!*
DEATH STORIES MAGAZINE EDITOR
WOW! DID YOU SAY PRETTY GOOD? THIS IS TERRIFIC! IT READS AS IF THE AUTHOR OPENED UP THE SKULL OF A KILLER TO SEE WHAT MADE HIM TICK. I'LL BUY IT AT ONCE!
CRANE'S STORY APPEARS IN PRINT AND DRAWS THE EYE OF AN INTERESTED READER.
I'VE NEVER READ A FICTION STORY SO REALISTIC! **SAY, WHAT'S THIS?**
MAGAZINE
DEATH STORIES MAGAZINE
The killer sighed: "I Abhor Violence" he said, "but you leave me no choice!"
NOW, WHERE DID I HEAR THAT BEFORE?
I KNOW! THE STRANGLER THEY'RE CALLING THE **WHITE CARNATION!** HE SAID IT WHEN HE SOCKED ME! I'VE GOT A CLUE, BY GEORGE!
*THE **ANGEL** HURRIES TO THE MAGAZINE OFFICE...*
I'M ASSISTANT STORY EDITOR FOR COLOSSAL FILMS. WE WANT TO CONTACT CALEB CRANE.
WE SEND HIS CHECKS TO A POST OFFICE BOX, NUMBER 41– DOWNTOWN BRANCH.
*THE TRAIL TAKES THE **ANGEL** TO THE POST OFFICE.*
HERE'S HOPING HE CALLS FOR HIS FAN MAIL!
LETTER B
BOX 41! NOW TO TAIL HIM TO HIS HOUSE AND GIVE THE PLACE A ONCE-OVER!
LETTER-BO
5

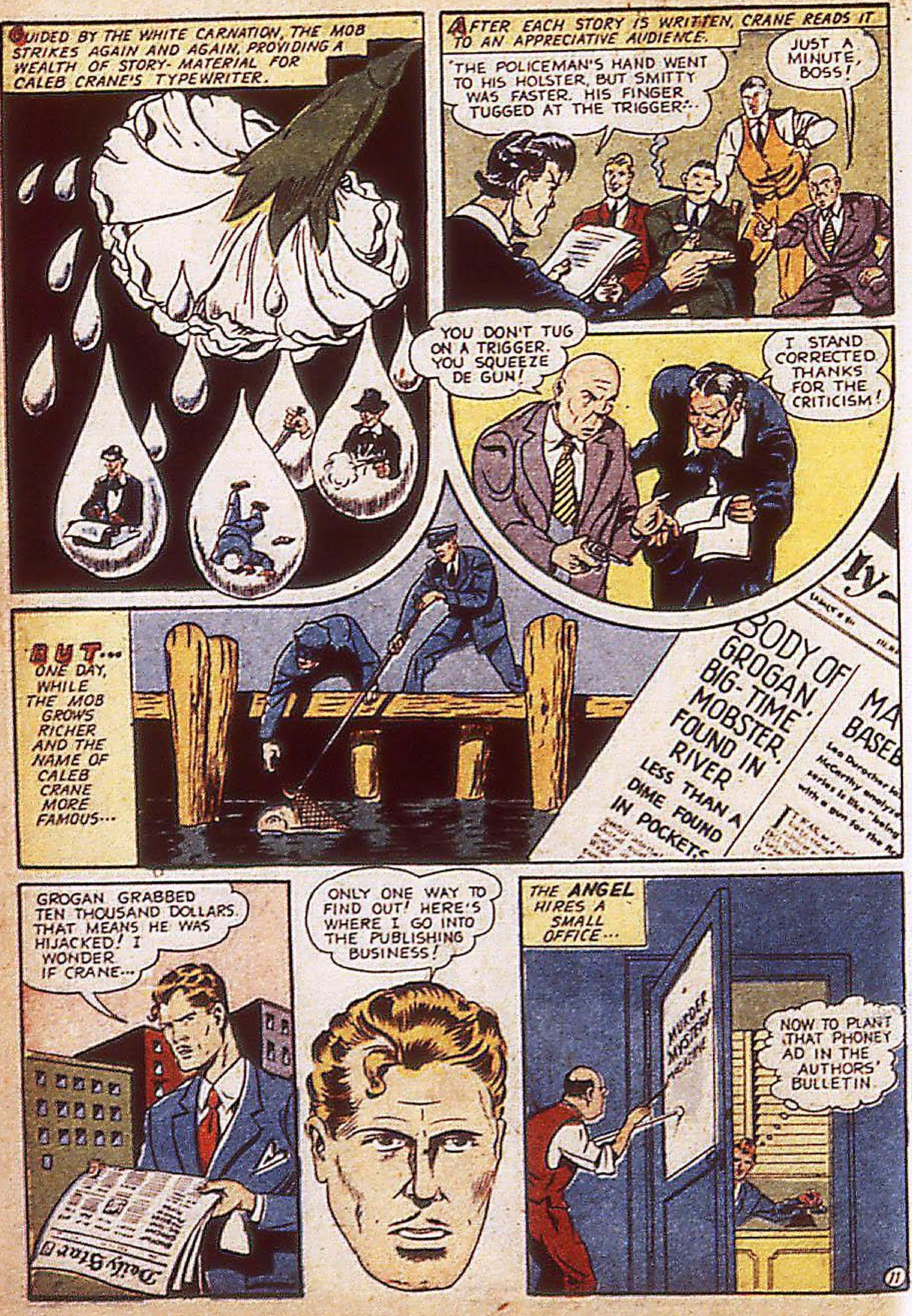

LATER-
METHINKS THE GENTLEMAN WITH THE LIP-SPINACH IS TAILING ME! I'LL TURN THE CORNER...
...AND AWAIT DEVELOPMENTS!
BUT THE KEEN EYE OF THE ANGEL SPOTS SOMETHING...
ONE THING A RESPECTABLE KILLER SHOULD LEARN... NOT TO THROW SHADOWS!
THIS CHAPEAU COST ME A TEN-SPOT... BUT IT'S BETTER THAN GETTING MY FACE SHOVED IN!
PLOP!
TAKE THAT, SNOOPER! WHAT TH-?
BEFORE CRANE CAN RECOVER FROM HIS SURPRISE THE ANGEL LEAPS IN WITH BOTH FISTS SWINGING.
THIS MAY NOT BE AS EFFECTIVE AS A LOADED WALKING-STICK, BUT IT HELPS!
Ye-e-e
NOW, RAT, LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN TALK AS WELL AS WRITE. YOU STRANGLED THAT WOMAN, DIDN'T YOU?
HOW CAN I TALK WHEN YOU ARE STRANGLING ME?

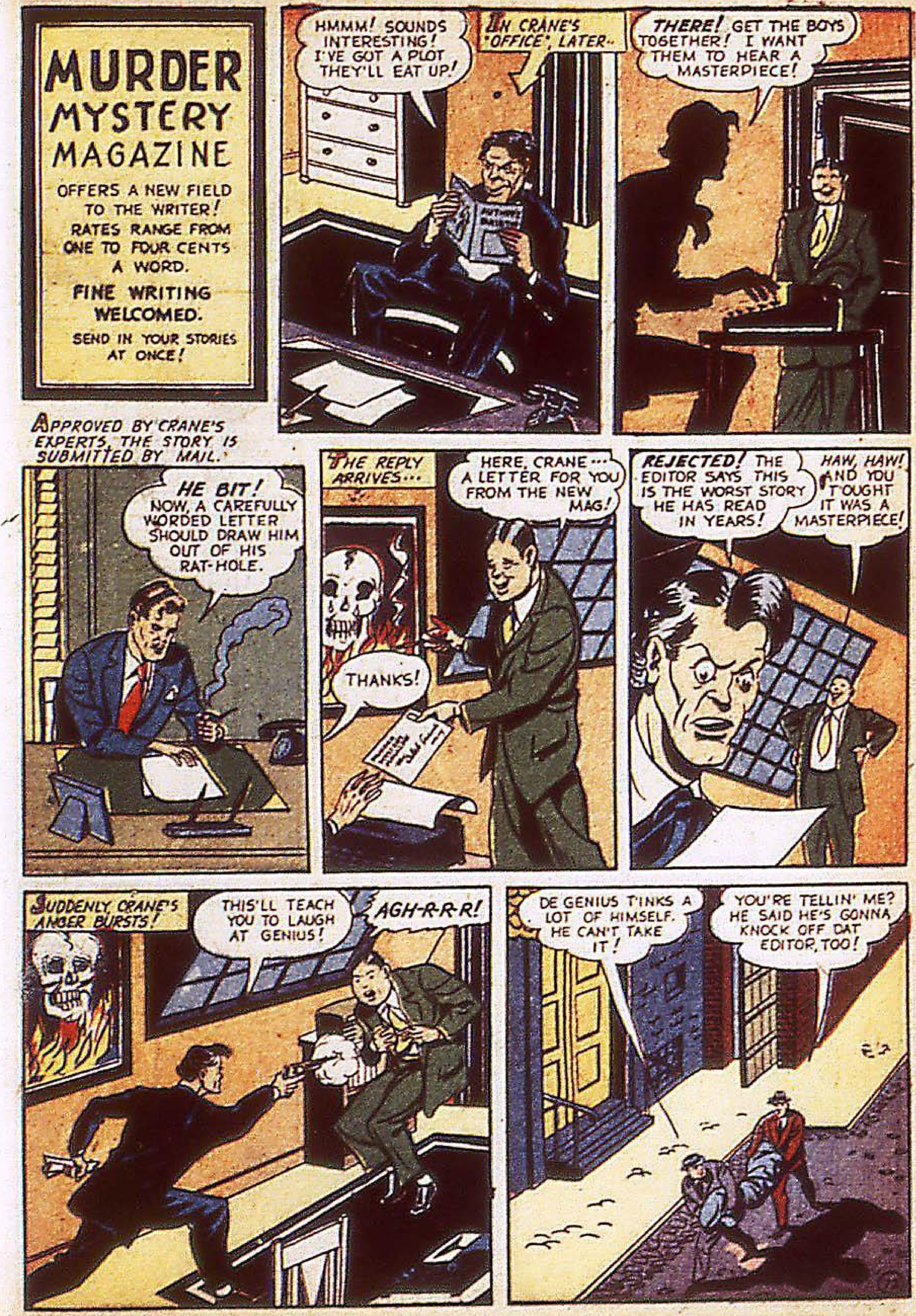

A KILLER IN ONE OF YOUR BLOOD-AND-THUNDER YARNS TALKS EXACTLY LIKE A REAL MURDERER KNOWN AS THE *WHITE CARNATION!* HOW COME?
PURE COINCIDENCE!
THAT'S PUTTING IT MILDLY! EVERY WORD MATCHED
RATHER FILMSY EVIDENCE, ISN'T IT, TO PIN A MURDER ON A WRITER OF MYSTERY STORIES?
I'M AFRAID HE'S RIGHT
OKAY, CRANE! MY- ERROR.
I'D BETTER BE CAREFUL! I'VE A HUNCH WE'LL MEET AGAIN!
MAYBE I'VE GOT HIM WRONG, BUT I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON HIM!
LATER..
BRHRNHNNG
THAT MUST BE WELLER ABOUT TIME!
DIS IS WELLER! DERE'S A RUMOR DAT GROGAN'S MOB IS GONNA STICK UP DE RED CAT CAFE! TOMORROW!
GOOD WORK! I'LL SLIP YOU SOME-THING AFTER THE HOLD-UP!
THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, IN THE ***RED CAT CAFE...***
NOW TO ENJOY MYSELF!
THERE'S ONE THING ABOUT SHADOWING CRANE, YOU GO PLACES!
SUDDENLY, ABOVE THE RHYTHMIC DIN OF SWING MUSIC, COMES AN OFF-KEY NOTE, SHARP BUT IRRESISTIBLE!
BANG!

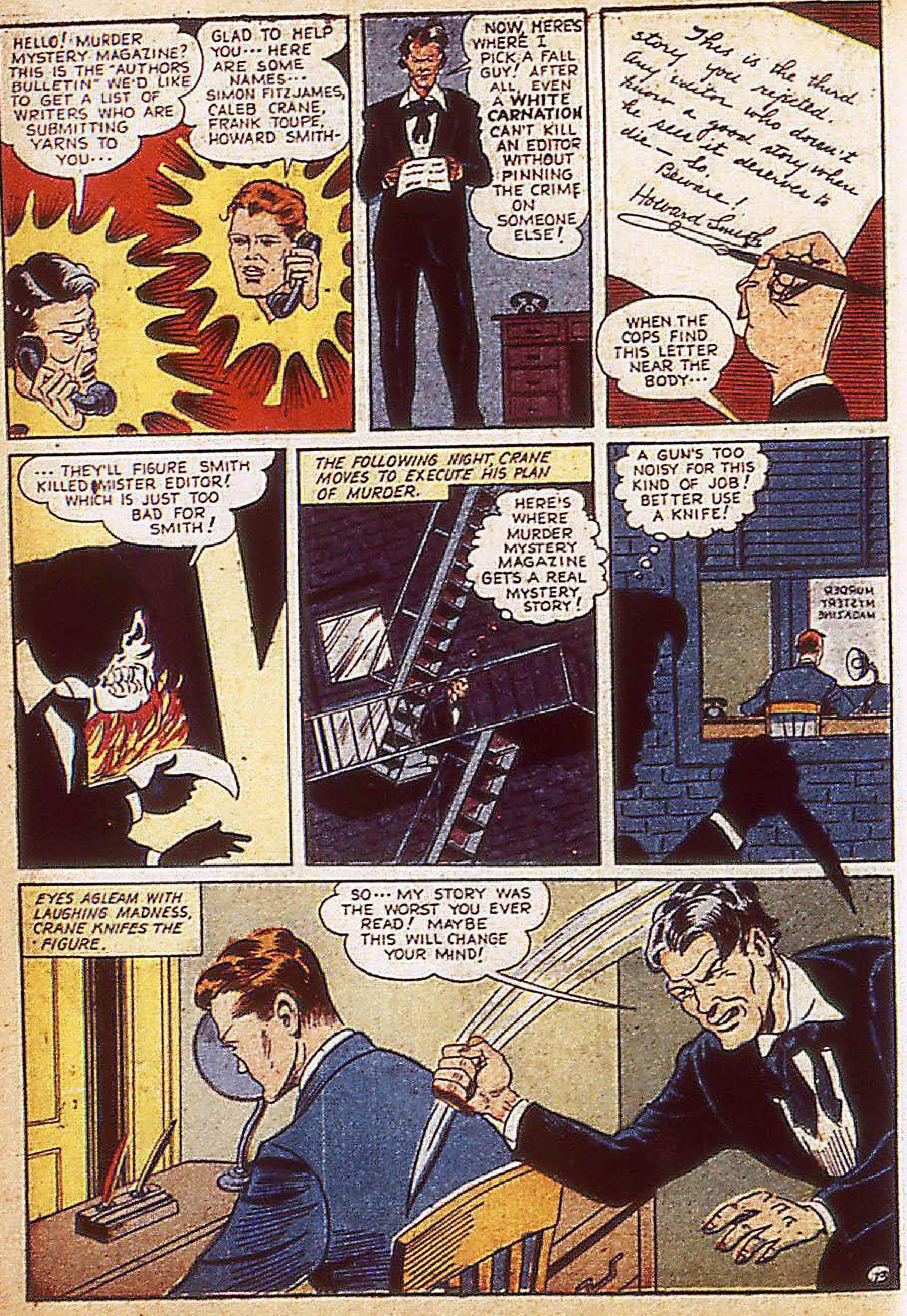

IN THE OFFICE OF THE CAFE MANAGER...
DE MUSIC STOPPED! DAT MEANS DEY HOID DE SHOT! I'LL TAKE DE DOUGH! YOU GUYS CHOP A WAY OUT.
OKAY, GROGAN!
THE THUGS ATTEMPT TO BLAZE A TRAIL WITH THEIR GUNS.
ONE SIDE!
AGHR
HELP! POLICE!
THAT WAS YOUR LAST SHOT, RAT!
WHAT'S SOCKIN' ME? YEOW!
MEANWHILE, THE ANGEL GETS HELP FROM AN UNEXPECTED QUARTER.
DROP IT!
EEEE
WHILE THE ANGEL BATTLES WITH THE TWO THUGS, CRANE CHASES THE MOB LEADER.
TAKING A RUN-OUT POWDER, EH?
STOP, GROGAN, OR I'LL SPLASH YOU ALL OVER THE SIDEWALK!
ED CAT C
WELL, I'LL BE-! HE'S GOT A GAT! OKAY, YOU WIN!
AINTCHA GONNA HAND ME OVER TO DE COPS?
YOU'LL FIND OUT! WELLER, YOU KNOW WHERE TO GO!

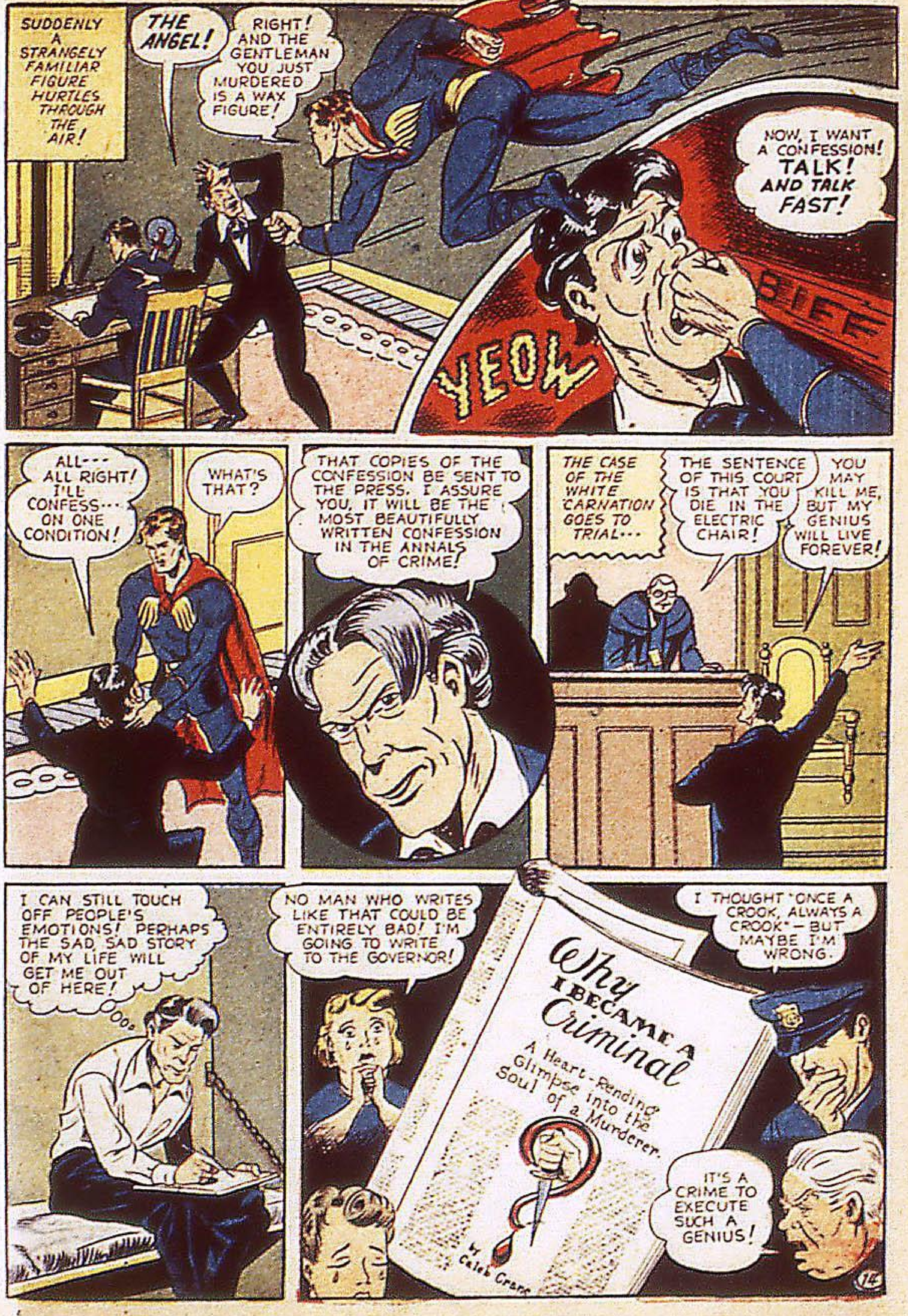

MEANWHILE, POLICE ARRIVE AT THE CAFE.
THIS PLACE LOOKS LIKE THE BATTLE OF MIDWAY! NO WONDER... *THE ANGEL!*
THEIR LEADER GOT AWAY, BUT SOMEONE I KNOW GAVE CHASE! I'LL TAKE A LOOK.
THE ANGEL RUNS OUT OF THE CAFE.
CRANE, WHAT HAPPENED?
HE WAS TOO FAST FOR ME!
NICE TRY, ANYWAY! I SURE HAD YOU WRONG!
FORGET IT!
SO LONG, CRANE!
FROM NOW ON I'M LAYING OFF THAT GUY!
YOU SURE GOT A SWELL LINE, MISTER CRANE!
I MUST HAVE TO FOOL A MAN LIKE THE ANGEL! HERE'S YOUR SHARE, WELLER. DROP ME AT GROGAN'S HIDEOUT.
WHAT DO YOU WANT? GROGAN AIN'T HERE... *HEY!*
DON'T GET EXCITED! YOU CAN RELAX... THIS IS JUST A SOCIAL CALL!
NOW, IF ANY OF YOUR FRIENDS GET TOUGH, I'M USING YOU AS A HOSTAGE! AND YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS TO HOSTAGES!!!
YEAH! I READ DE PAPERS, TOO.

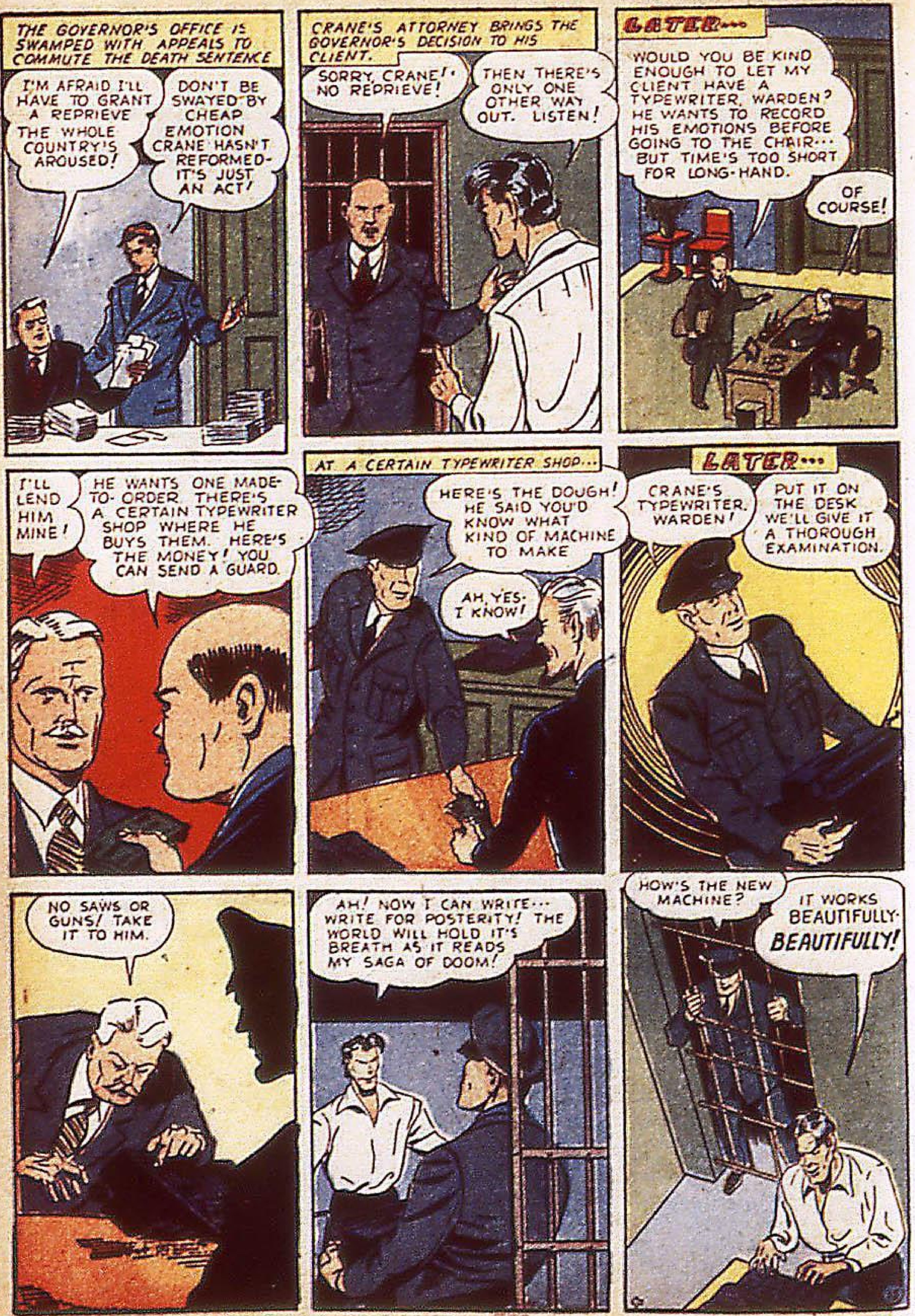

LAY OFF THE ARTILLERY, UNLESS YOU WANT TO LOSE A PAL!
DO WHAT HE SAYS, GUYS — DO WHAT HE SAYS!
OKAY. WHAT'S THE GAG?
GROGAN NO LONGER EXISTS··· TOO STUPID TO LIVE. I KNEW ABOUT THE STICK-UP BEFORE IT HAPPENED. HE TALKED TOO MUCH!
WHAT YOU DOIN' HERE?
YOU'RE A MOB WITHOUT A LEADER. I'M A LEADER WITHOUT A MOB! SIMPLE, ISN'T IT?
THE TAKE FROM THE 'RED CAT'- TEN GRAND! IT'S ALL YOURS, BOYS!
WOW!
DE WHITE CARNATION!
DON'T BE FRIGHTENED! I'M NOT AS BAD AS THE PAPERS SAY··· AND REMEMBER - YOU KEEP THE SWAG! I PREFER TO EARN MY MONEY HONESTLY!
YOU MEAN YOU DON'T WANT NOTHIN?
NOTHING BUT A TYPEWRITER! COME WITH ME.
MISTER WHITE CARNATION, YOU'RE OKAY BY ME!
HERE'S YOUR NEW HANG-OUT! I OWN THE PLACE NOW-THANKS TO MY- ER- LITERARY ENDEAVORS. SIT DOWN AND WE'LL DISCUSS A LITTLE MATTER ABOUT A BANK!
DIS PLACE GIVES ME DE WILLIES!

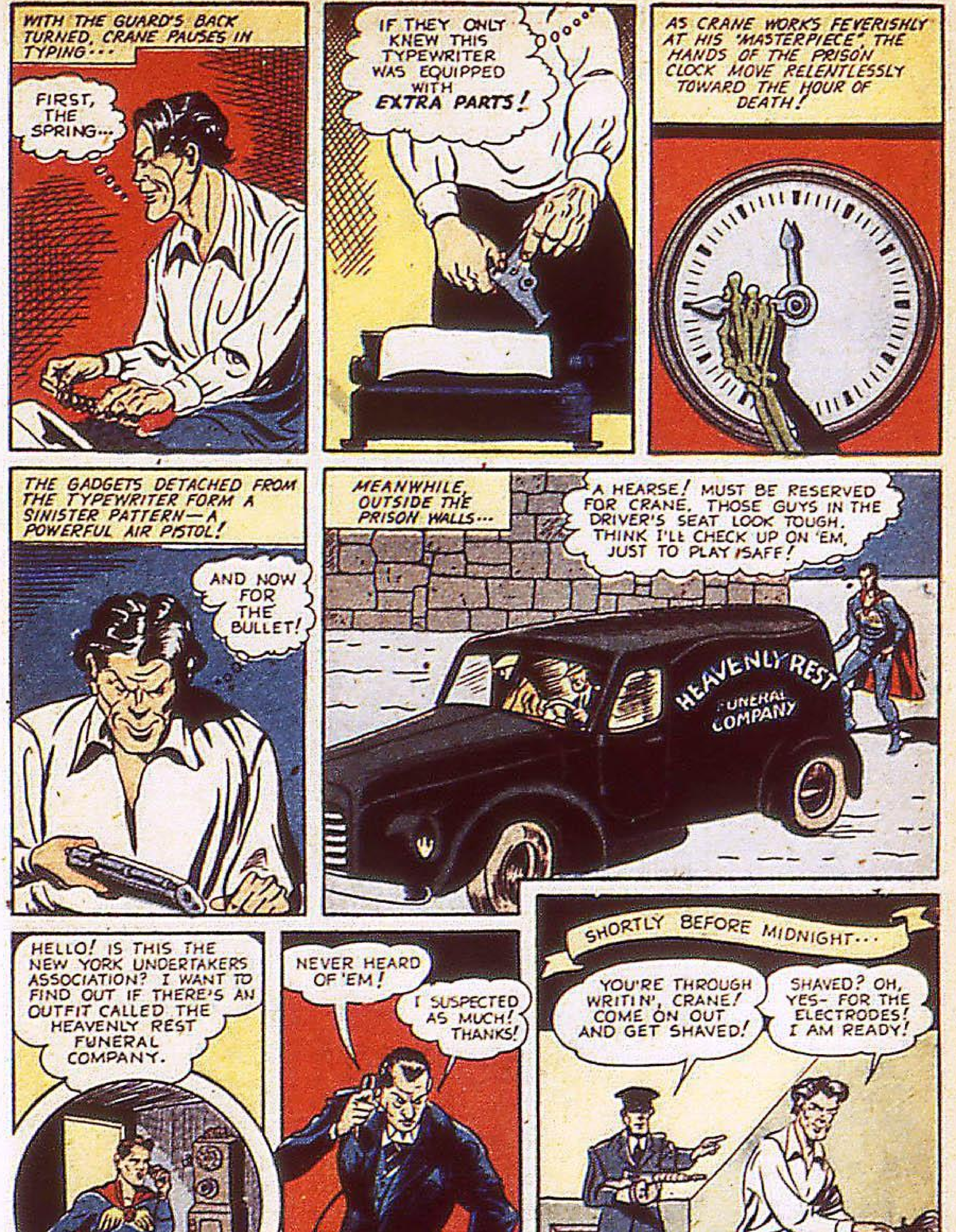

GUIDED BY THE WHITE CARNATION, THE MOB STRIKES AGAIN AND AGAIN, PROVIDING A WEALTH OF STORY-MATERIAL FOR CALEB CRANE'S TYPEWRITER.
AFTER EACH STORY IS WRITTEN, CRANE READS IT TO AN APPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE.
"THE POLICEMAN'S HAND WENT TO HIS HOLSTER, BUT SMITTY WAS FASTER. HIS FINGER TUGGED AT THE TRIGGER..."
JUST A MINUTE, BOSS!
YOU DON'T TUG ON A TRIGGER. YOU SQUEEZE DE GUN!
I STAND CORRECTED. THANKS FOR THE CRITICISM!
BUT... ONE DAY, WHILE THE MOB GROWS RICHER AND THE NAME OF CALEB CRANE MORE FAMOUS...
BODY OF GROGAN, BIG-TIME MOBSTER, FOUND IN RIVER
LESS THAN A DIME FOUND IN POCKETS
MA
BASEB
GROGAN GRABBED TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS. THAT MEANS HE WAS HIJACKED! I WONDER IF CRANE...
Daily Star
ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT! HERE'S WHERE I GO INTO THE PUBLISHING BUSINESS!
THE ANGEL HIRES A SMALL OFFICE...
MURDER MYSTERY
NOW TO PLANT THAT PHONEY AD IN THE AUTHORS' BULLETIN.

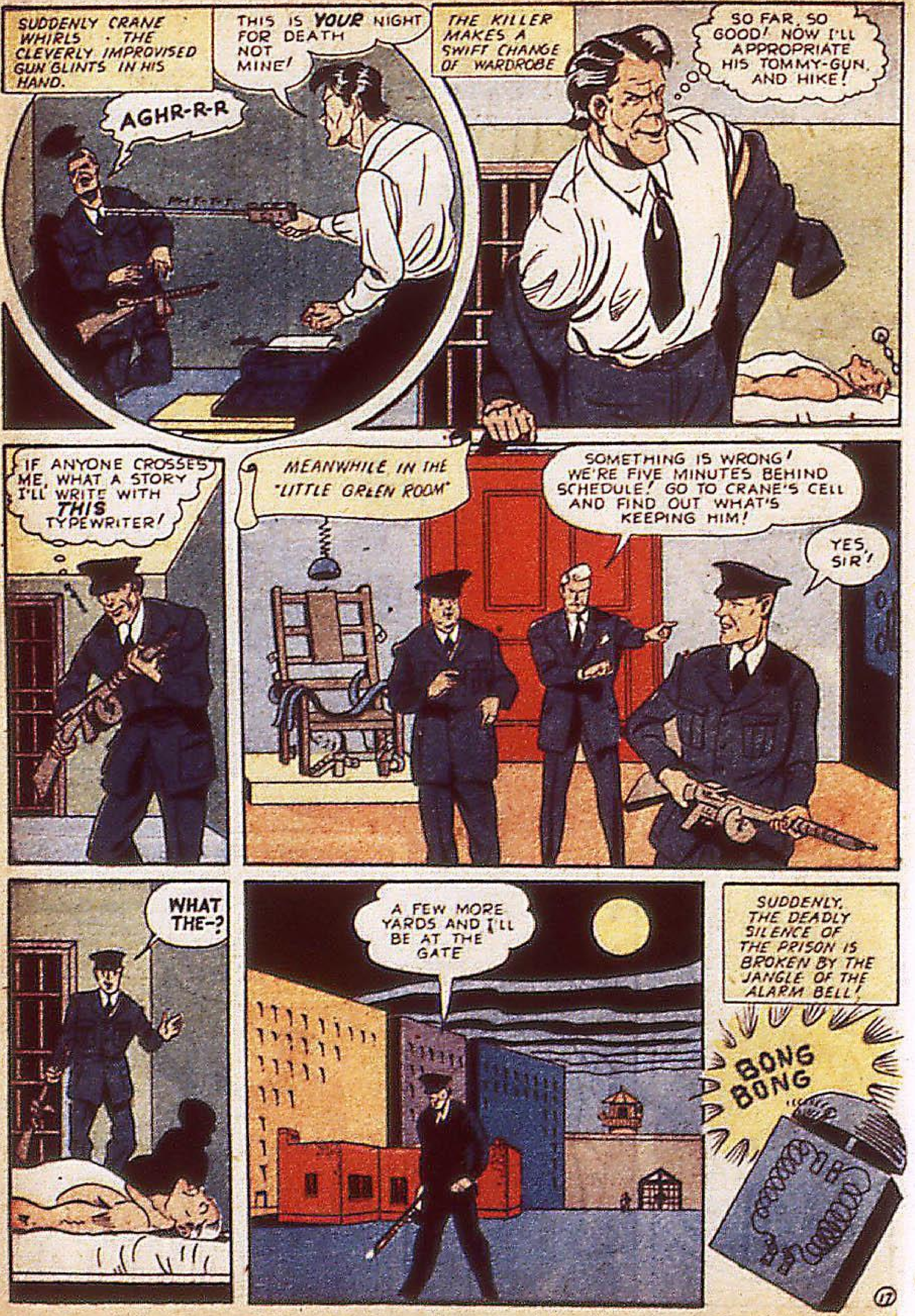

MURDER MYSTERY MAGAZINE
OFFERS A NEW FIELD TO THE WRITER! RATES RANGE FROM ONE TO FOUR CENTS A WORD.
FINE WRITING WELCOMED.
SEND IN YOUR STORIES AT ONCE!
HMMM! SOUNDS INTERESTING! I'VE GOT A PLOT THEY'LL EAT UP!
IN CRANE'S 'OFFICE', LATER..
THERE! GET THE BOYS TOGETHER! I WANT THEM TO HEAR A MASTERPIECE!
APPROVED BY CRANE'S EXPERTS, THE STORY IS SUBMITTED BY MAIL.
HE BIT! NOW, A CAREFULLY WORDED LETTER SHOULD DRAW HIM OUT OF HIS RAT-HOLE.
THE REPLY ARRIVES...
HERE, CRANE... A LETTER FOR YOU FROM THE NEW MAG!
THANKS!
REJECTED! THE EDITOR SAYS THIS IS THE WORST STORY HE HAS READ IN YEARS!
HAW, HAW! AND YOU T'OUGHT IT WAS A MASTERPIECE!
SUDDENLY CRANE'S ANGER BURSTS!
THIS'LL TEACH YOU TO LAUGH AT GENIUS!
AGH-R-R-R!
DE GENIUS T'INKS A LOT OF HIMSELF. HE CAN'T TAKE IT!
YOU'RE TELLIN' ME? HE SAID HE'S GONNA KNOCK OFF DAT EDITOR, TOO!

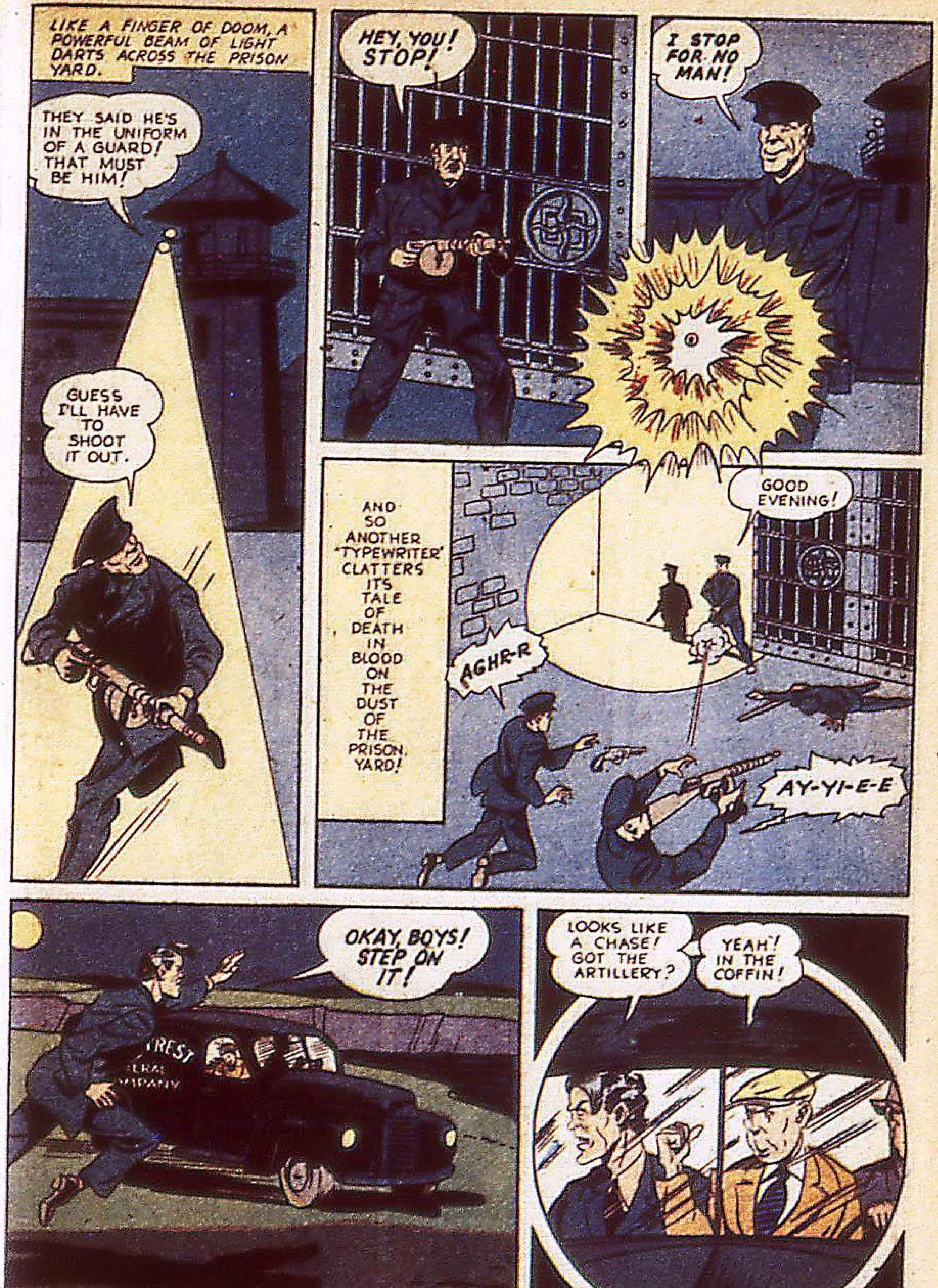

HELLO! MURDER MYSTERY MAGAZINE? THIS IS THE "AUTHORS BULLETIN" WE'D LIKE TO GET A LIST OF WRITERS WHO ARE SUBMITTING YARNS TO YOU···
GLAD TO HELP YOU··· HERE ARE SOME NAMES··· SIMON FITZJAMES, CALEB CRANE, FRANK TOUPE, HOWARD SMITH-
NOW, HERE'S WHERE I PICK A FALL GUY! AFTER ALL, EVEN A **WHITE CARNATION** CAN'T KILL AN EDITOR WITHOUT PINNING THE CRIME ON SOMEONE ELSE!
This is the third story you rejected. Any editor who doesn't know a good story when he sees it deserves to die — So. Beware! Howard Smith
WHEN THE COPS FIND THIS LETTER NEAR THE BODY···
... THEY'LL FIGURE SMITH KILLED MISTER EDITOR! WHICH IS JUST TOO BAD FOR SMITH!
THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, CRANE MOVES TO EXECUTE HIS PLAN OF MURDER.
HERE'S WHERE MURDER MYSTERY MAGAZINE GETS A REAL MYSTERY STORY!
A GUN'S TOO NOISY FOR THIS KIND OF JOB! BETTER USE A KNIFE!
EYES AGLEAM WITH LAUGHING MADNESS, CRANE KNIFES THE FIGURE.
SO··· MY STORY WAS THE WORST YOU EVER READ! MAYBE THIS WILL CHANGE YOUR MIND!
13

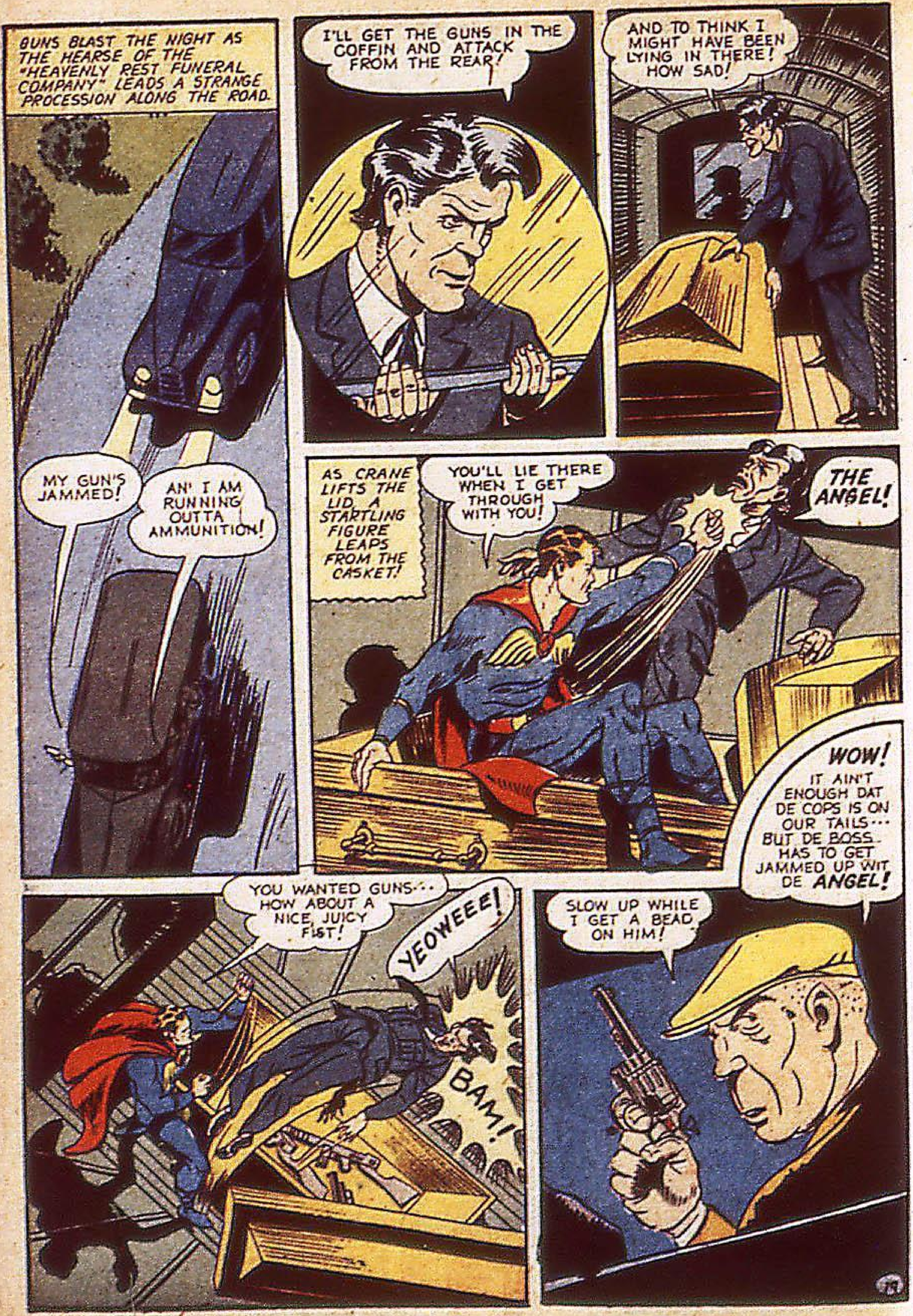

SUDDENLY A STRANGELY FAMILIAR FIGURE HURTLES THROUGH THE AIR!
THE ANGEL!
RIGHT! AND THE GENTLEMAN YOU JUST MURDERED IS A WAX FIGURE!
NOW, I WANT A CONFESSION! TALK! AND TALK FAST!
BIFF
YEOW
ALL--- ALL RIGHT! I'LL CONFESS... ON ONE CONDITION!
WHAT'S THAT?
THAT COPIES OF THE CONFESSION BE SENT TO THE PRESS. I ASSURE YOU, IT WILL BE THE MOST BEAUTIFULLY WRITTEN CONFESSION IN THE ANNALS OF CRIME!
THE CASE OF THE WHITE CARNATION GOES TO TRIAL...
THE SENTENCE OF THIS COURT IS THAT YOU DIE IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!
YOU MAY KILL ME, BUT MY GENIUS WILL LIVE FOREVER!
I CAN STILL TOUCH OFF PEOPLE'S EMOTIONS! PERHAPS THE SAD, SAD STORY OF MY LIFE WILL GET ME OUT OF HERE!
NO MAN WHO WRITES LIKE THAT COULD BE ENTIRELY BAD! I'M GOING TO WRITE TO THE GOVERNOR!
Why I BECAME A Criminal
A Heart-Rending Glimpse into the Soul of a Murderer.
by Caleb Crane
I THOUGHT 'ONCE A CROOK, ALWAYS A CROOK' — BUT MAYBE I'M WRONG.
IT'S A CRIME TO EXECUTE SUCH A GENIUS!

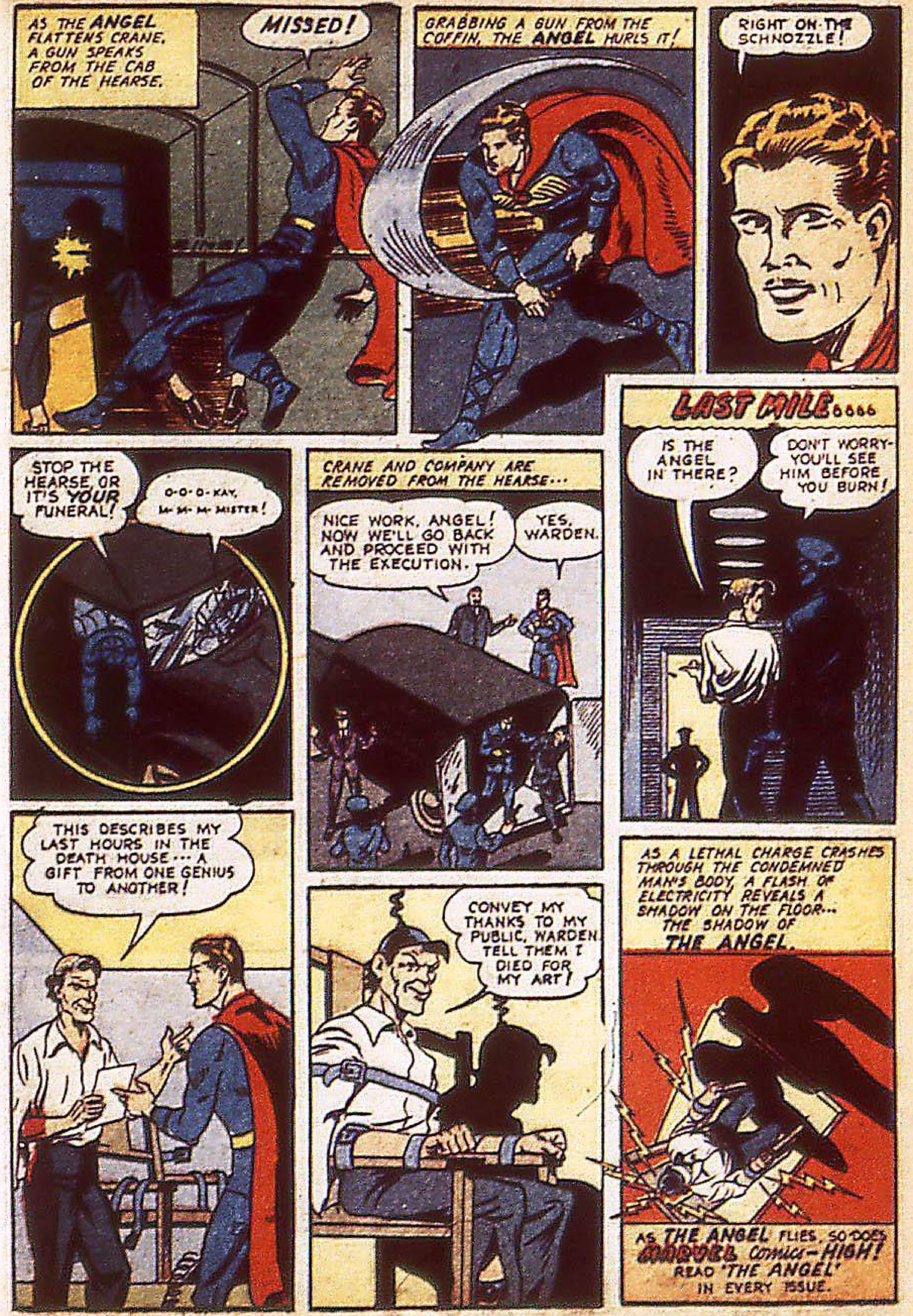

THE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE IS SWAMPED WITH APPEALS TO COMMUTE THE DEATH SENTENCE
I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO GRANT A REPRIEVE THE WHOLE COUNTRY'S AROUSED!
DON'T BE SWAYED BY CHEAP EMOTION CRANE HASN'T REFORMED- IT'S JUST AN ACT!
CRANE'S ATTORNEY BRINGS THE GOVERNOR'S DECISION TO HIS CLIENT.
SORRY, CRANE! NO REPRIEVE!
THEN THERE'S ONLY ONE OTHER WAY OUT. LISTEN!
LATER...
WOULD YOU BE KIND ENOUGH TO LET MY CLIENT HAVE A TYPEWRITER, WARDEN? HE WANTS TO RECORD HIS EMOTIONS BEFORE GOING TO THE CHAIR... BUT TIME'S TOO SHORT FOR LONG-HAND.
OF COURSE!
I'LL LEND HIM MINE!
HE WANTS ONE MADE-TO-ORDER. THERE'S A CERTAIN TYPEWRITER SHOP WHERE HE BUYS THEM. HERE'S THE MONEY! YOU CAN SEND A GUARD.
AT A CERTAIN TYPEWRITER SHOP...
HERE'S THE DOUGH! HE SAID YOU'D KNOW WHAT KIND OF MACHINE TO MAKE
AH, YES. I KNOW!
LATER...
CRANE'S TYPEWRITER, WARDEN!
PUT IT ON THE DESK WE'LL GIVE IT A THOROUGH EXAMINATION.
NO SAWS OR GUNS! TAKE IT TO HIM.
AH! NOW I CAN WRITE... WRITE FOR POSTERITY! THE WORLD WILL HOLD IT'S BREATH AS IT READS MY SAGA OF DOOM!
HOW'S THE NEW MACHINE?
IT WORKS BEAUTIFULLY. BEAUTIFULLY!

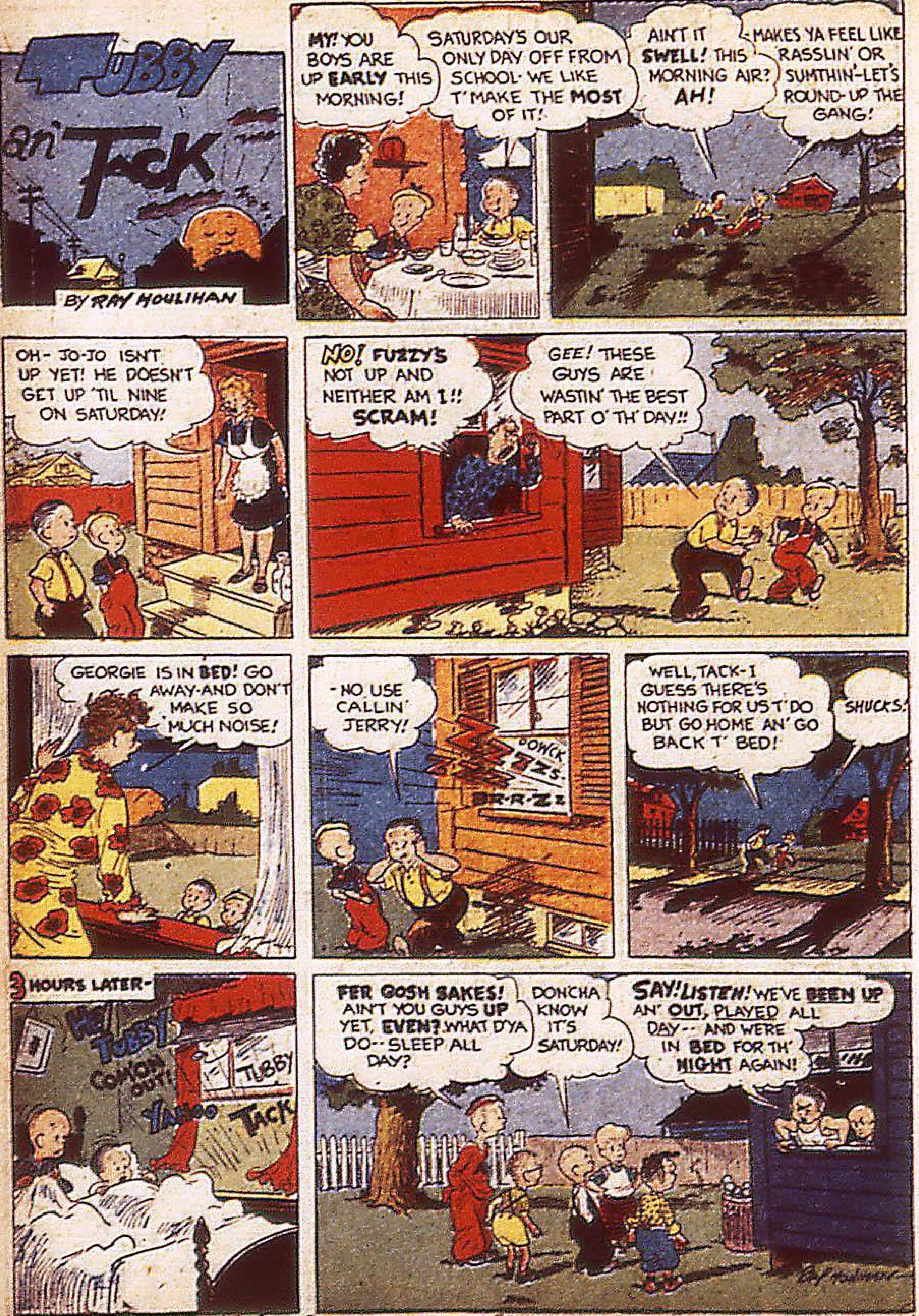

WITH THE GUARD'S BACK TURNED, CRANE PAUSES IN TYPING...
FIRST, THE SPRING...
IF THEY ONLY KNEW THIS TYPEWRITER WAS EQUIPPED WITH EXTRA PARTS!
AS CRANE WORKS FEVERISHLY AT HIS 'MASTERPIECE', THE HANDS OF THE PRISON CLOCK MOVE RELENTLESSLY TOWARD THE HOUR OF DEATH!
THE GADGETS DETACHED FROM THE TYPEWRITER FORM A SINISTER PATTERN—A POWERFUL AIR PISTOL!
AND NOW FOR THE BULLET!
MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE THE PRISON WALLS...
A HEARSE! MUST BE RESERVED FOR CRANE. THOSE GUYS IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT LOOK TOUGH. THINK I'LL CHECK UP ON 'EM, JUST TO PLAY SAFE!
HEAVENLY REST FUNERAL COMPANY
HELLO! IS THIS THE NEW YORK UNDERTAKERS ASSOCIATION? I WANT TO FIND OUT IF THERE'S AN OUTFIT CALLED THE HEAVENLY REST FUNERAL COMPANY.
NEVER HEARD OF 'EM!
I SUSPECTED AS MUCH! THANKS!
SHORTLY BEFORE MIDNIGHT...
YOU'RE THROUGH WRITIN', CRANE! COME ON OUT AND GET SHAVED!
SHAVED? OH, YES- FOR THE ELECTRODES! I AM READY!
16


SUDDENLY CRANE WHIRLS · THE CLEVERLY IMPROVISED GUN GLINTS IN HIS HAND.
THIS IS YOUR NIGHT FOR DEATH NOT MINE!
AGHR-R-R
THE KILLER MAKES A SWIFT CHANGE OF WARDROBE
SO FAR, SO GOOD! NOW I'LL APPROPRIATE HIS TOMMY-GUN, AND HIKE!
IF ANYONE CROSSES ME, WHAT A STORY I'LL WRITE WITH THIS TYPEWRITER!
MEANWHILE IN THE "LITTLE GREEN ROOM"
SOMETHING IS WRONG! WE'RE FIVE MINUTES BEHIND SCHEDULE! GO TO CRANE'S CELL AND FIND OUT WHAT'S KEEPING HIM!
YES, SIR!
WHAT THE-?
A FEW MORE YARDS AND I'LL BE AT THE GATE
SUDDENLY, THE DEADLY SILENCE OF THE PRISON IS BROKEN BY THE JANGLE OF THE ALARM BELL!
BONG BONG


LIKE A FINGER OF DOOM, A POWERFUL BEAM OF LIGHT DARTS ACROSS THE PRISON YARD.
THEY SAID HE'S IN THE UNIFORM OF A GUARD! THAT MUST BE HIM!
GUESS I'LL HAVE TO SHOOT IT OUT.
HEY, YOU! STOP!
I STOP FOR NO MAN!
AND SO ANOTHER 'TYPEWRITER' CLATTERS ITS TALE OF DEATH IN BLOOD ON THE DUST OF THE PRISON YARD!
GOOD EVENING!
AGHR-R
AY-YI-E-E
OKAY, BOYS! STEP ON IT!
LOOKS LIKE A CHASE! GOT THE ARTILLERY?
YEAH! IN THE COFFIN!


GUNS BLAST THE NIGHT AS THE HEARSE OF THE "HEAVENLY REST FUNERAL COMPANY" LEADS A STRANGE PROCESSION ALONG THE ROAD.
MY GUN'S JAMMED!
AN' I AM RUNNING OUTTA AMMUNITION!
I'LL GET THE GUNS IN THE COFFIN AND ATTACK FROM THE REAR!
AND TO THINK I MIGHT HAVE BEEN LYING IN THERE! HOW SAD!
AS CRANE LIFTS THE LID, A STARTLING FIGURE LEAPS FROM THE CASKET!
YOU'LL LIE THERE WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH YOU!
THE ANGEL!
YOU WANTED GUNS... HOW ABOUT A NICE, JUICY FIST!
YEOWEEE!
BAM!
WOW! IT AIN'T ENOUGH DAT DE COPS IS ON OUR TAILS... BUT DE BOSS HAS TO GET JAMMED UP WIT DE ANGEL!
SLOW UP WHILE I GET A BEAD ON HIM!


AS THE ANGEL FLATTENS CRANE, A GUN SPEAKS FROM THE CAB OF THE HEARSE.
MISSED!
GRABBING A GUN FROM THE COFFIN, THE ANGEL HURLS IT!
RIGHT ON THE SCHNOZZLE!
STOP THE HEARSE, OR IT'S YOUR FUNERAL!
O-O-O-KAY, M-M-M-MISTER!
CRANE AND COMPANY ARE REMOVED FROM THE HEARSE...
NICE WORK, ANGEL! NOW WE'LL GO BACK AND PROCEED WITH THE EXECUTION.
YES, WARDEN.
LAST MILE....
IS THE ANGEL IN THERE?
DON'T WORRY-YOU'LL SEE HIM BEFORE YOU BURN!
THIS DESCRIBES MY LAST HOURS IN THE DEATH HOUSE... A GIFT FROM ONE GENIUS TO ANOTHER!
CONVEY MY THANKS TO MY PUBLIC, WARDEN. TELL THEM I DIED FOR MY ART!
AS A LETHAL CHARGE CRASHES THROUGH THE CONDEMNED MAN'S BODY, A FLASH OF ELECTRICITY REVEALS A SHADOW ON THE FLOOR... THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL.
AS THE ANGEL FLIES, SO DOES MARVEL Comics-HIGH! READ 'THE ANGEL' IN EVERY ISSUE.


TUBBY an' TACK
BY RAY HOULIHAN
MY! YOU BOYS ARE UP EARLY THIS MORNING!
SATURDAY'S OUR ONLY DAY OFF FROM SCHOOL- WE LIKE T'MAKE THE MOST OF IT!
AIN'T IT SWELL! THIS MORNING AIR? AH!
MAKES YA FEEL LIKE RASSLIN' OR SUMTHIN'-LET'S ROUND-UP THE GANG!
OH- JO-JO ISN'T UP YET! HE DOESN'T GET UP 'TIL NINE ON SATURDAY!
NO! FUZZY'S NOT UP AND NEITHER AM I!! SCRAM!
GEE! THESE GUYS ARE WASTIN' THE BEST PART O' TH' DAY!!
GEORGIE IS IN BED! GO AWAY-AND DON'T MAKE SO MUCH NOISE!
-NO USE CALLIN' JERRY!
Z-Z-Z POWCK ZZZS. BR-R-Z
WELL, TACK-I GUESS THERE'S NOTHING FOR US T' DO BUT GO HOME AN' GO BACK T' BED!
SHUCKS!
3 HOURS LATER-
HEY TUBBY COM'ON OUT! TUBBY YAHOO TACK
FER GOSH SAKES! AIN'T YOU GUYS UP YET, EVEN? WHAT D'YA DO-- SLEEP ALL DAY?
DONCHA KNOW IT'S SATURDAY!
SAY! LISTEN! WE'VE BEEN UP AN' OUT, PLAYED ALL DAY-- AND WERE IN BED FOR TH' NIGHT AGAIN!
RAY HOULIHAN

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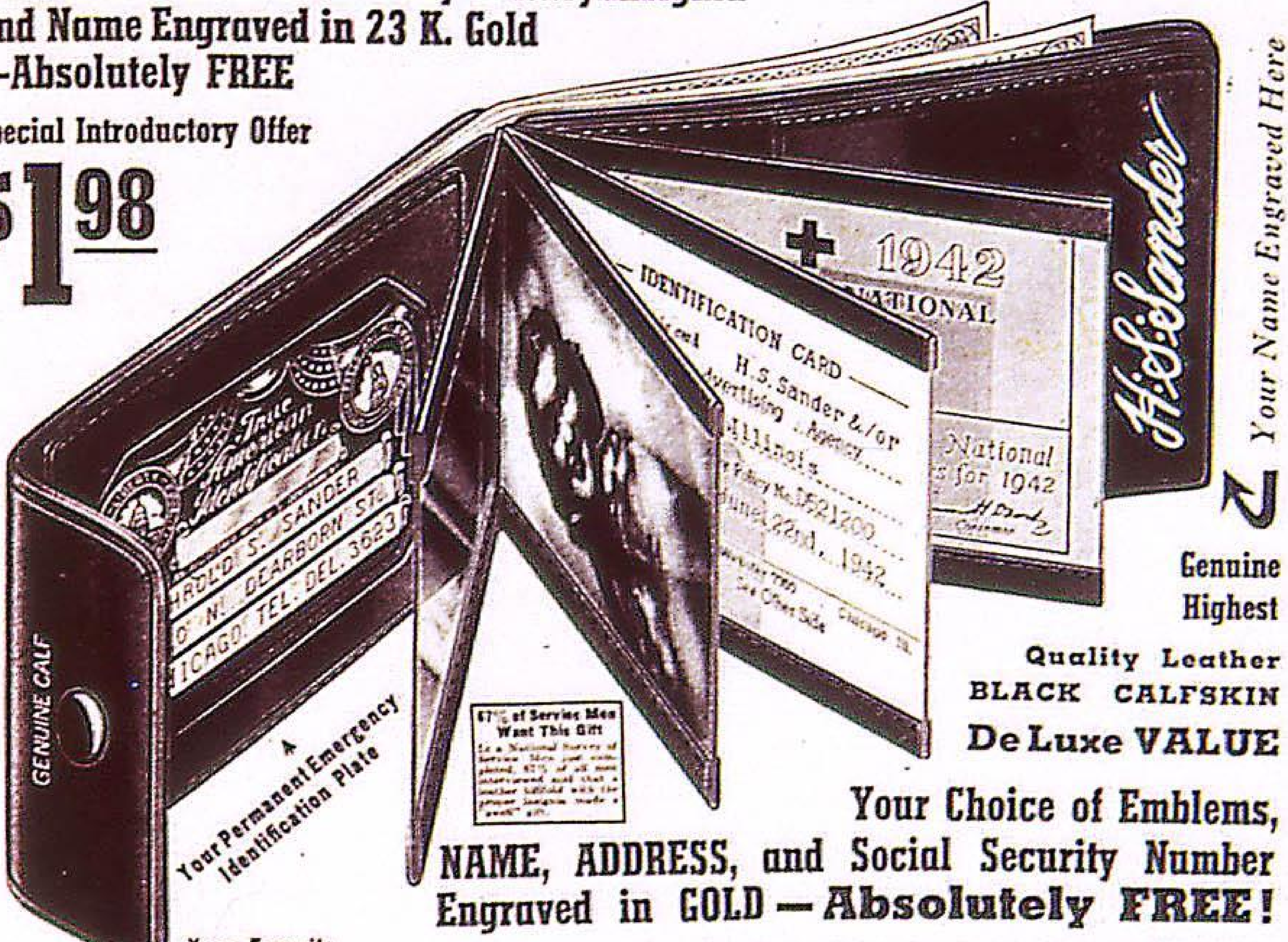
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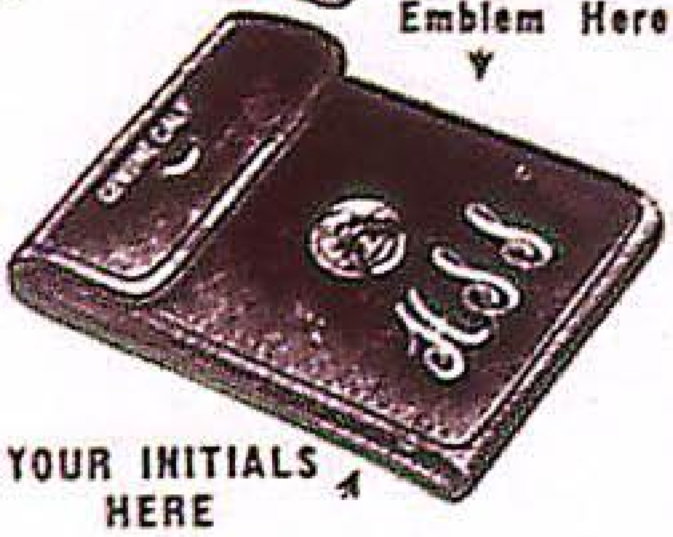

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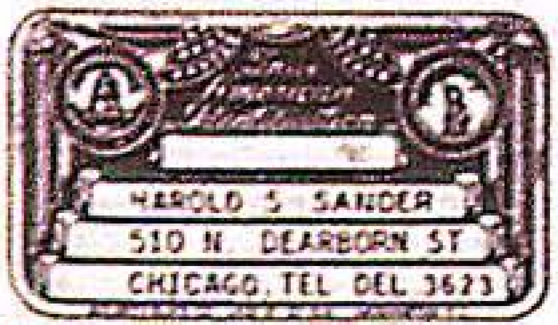
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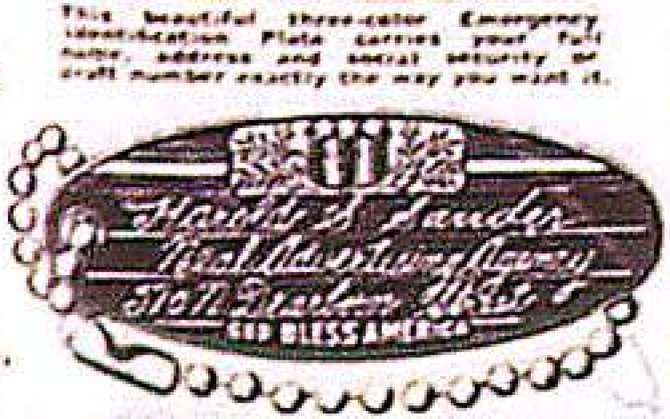
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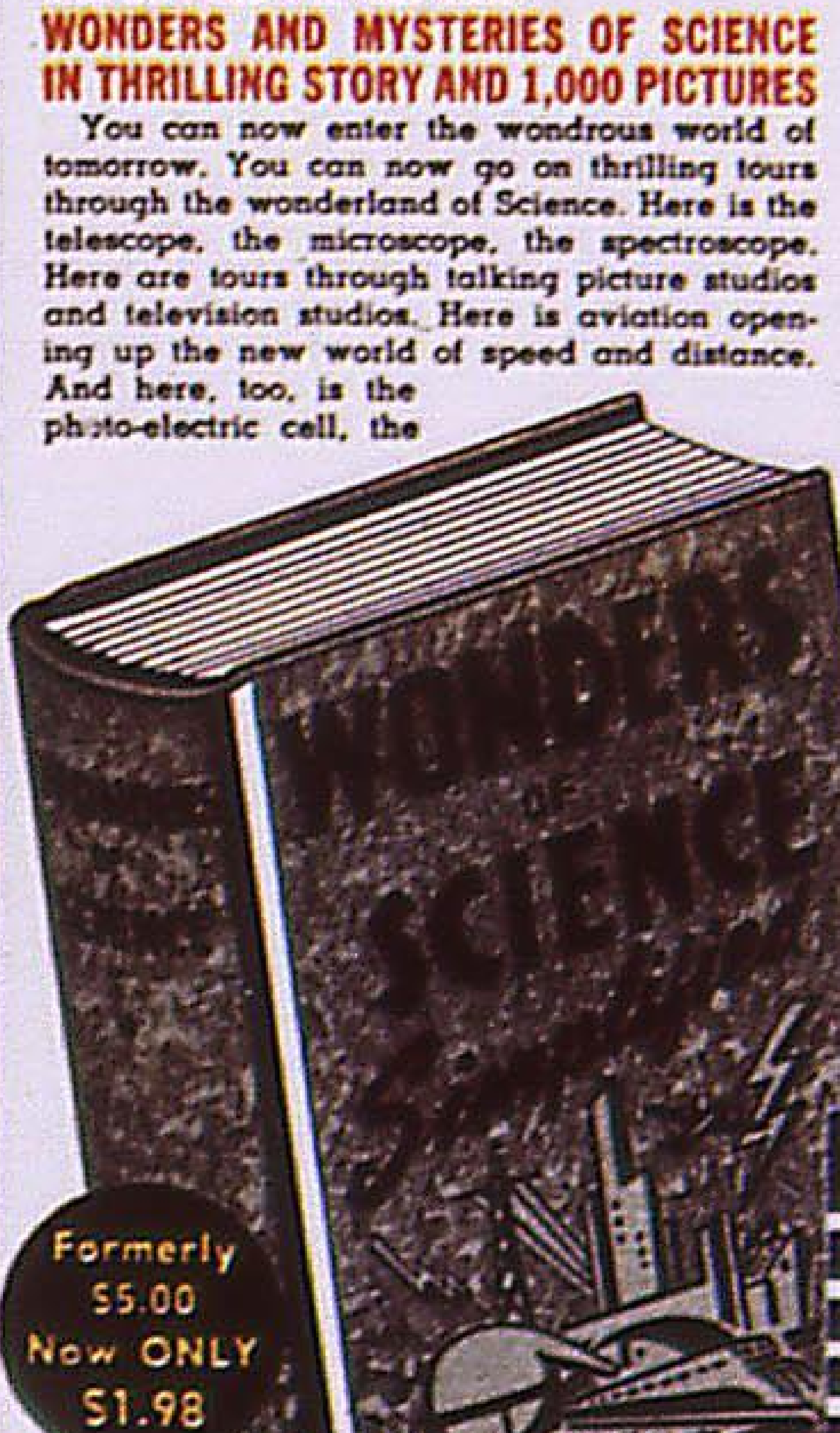

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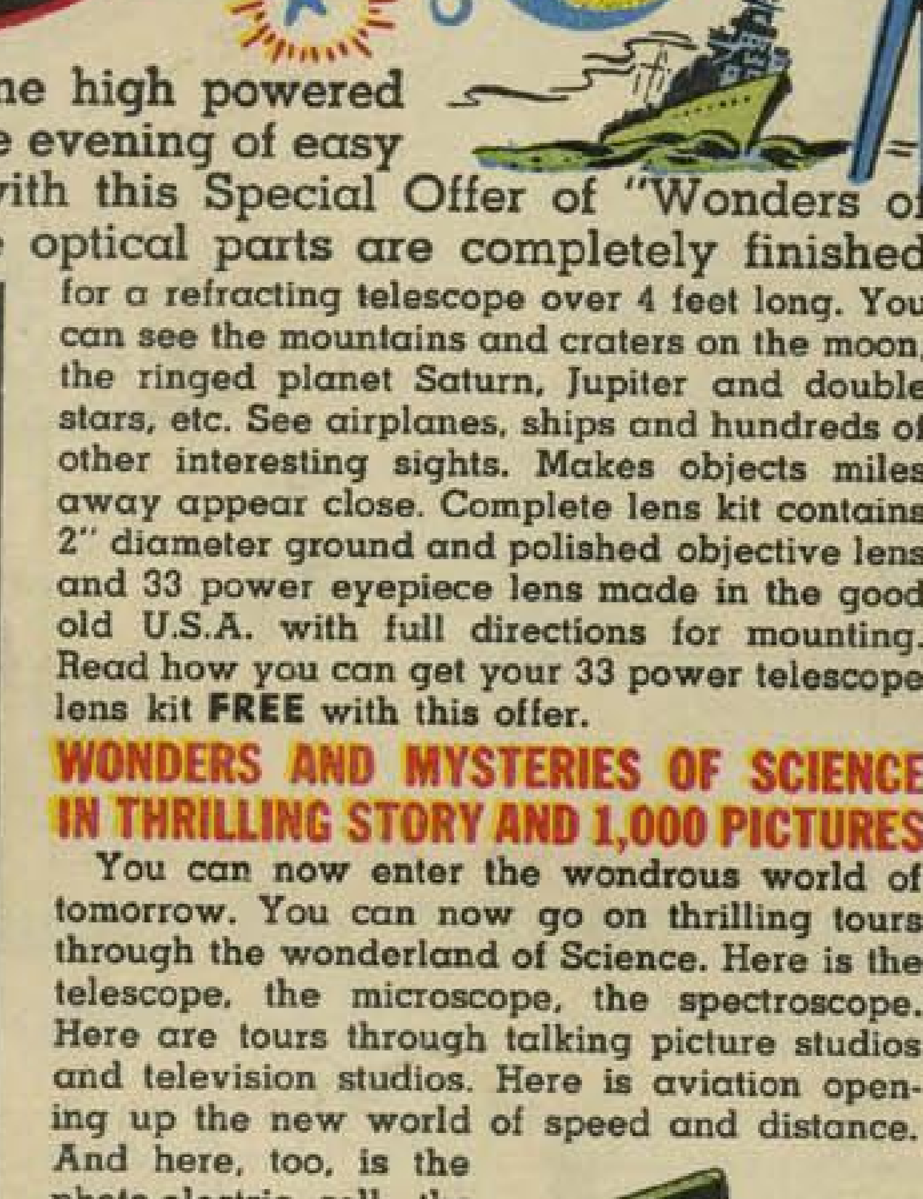

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